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CALVIN COOLIDGE

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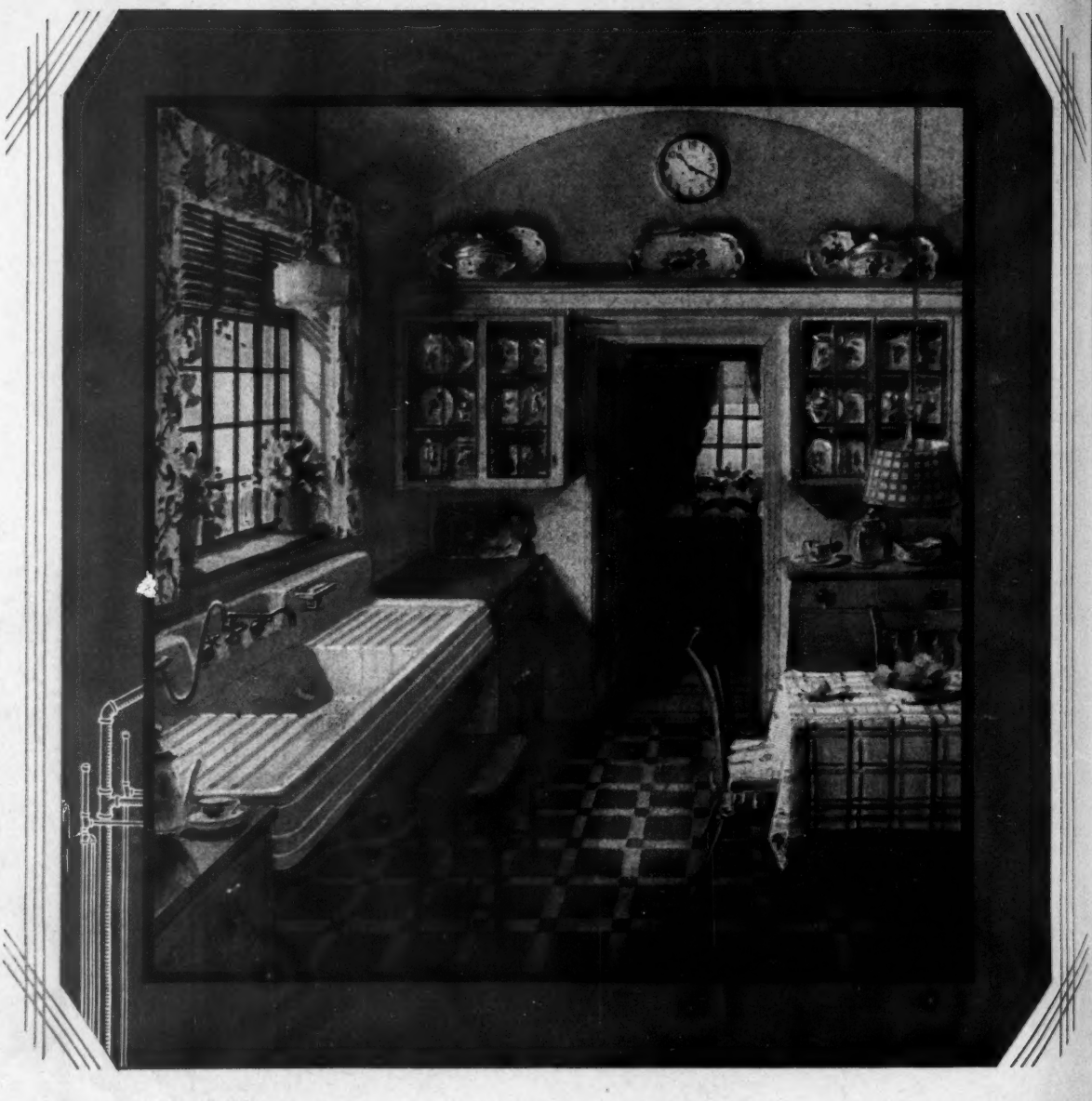
WHY I DID NOT CHOOSE TO RUN"



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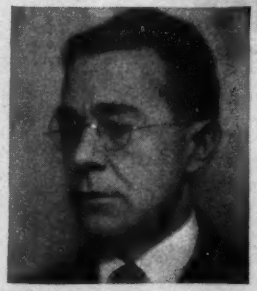

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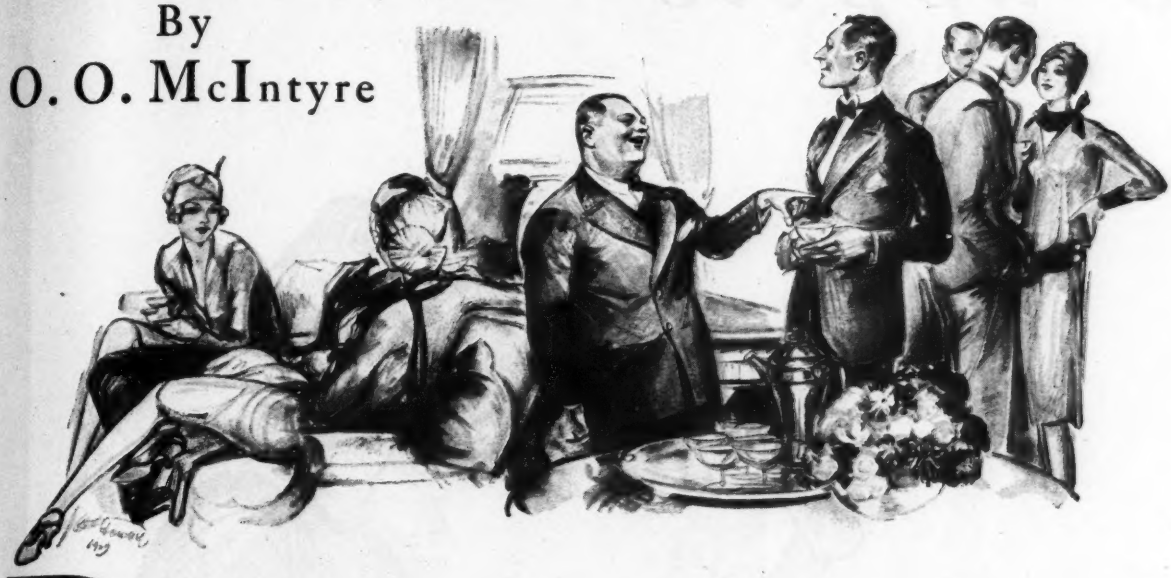
MAY, 1929

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG Editor

By O. O. McIntyre



Don't *slap my back*

AMERICA has suddenly acquired a dignity as stiff, to borrow the late Jack Conway's aphorism, as a dress shirt. There is no longer a place for the cut-up, the life of the party or the little ray of sunshine that so often illuminated the far-away corner of a darkened grill. I know, for I used to be a case myself. Ask anybody.

But you should see me now. My aloof manner suggests an archbishop in the family or a niece married to a Paramount theater usher. You know, just a modulated "how-je-du" and a second-story hand-shake. I no longer recite with gestures or do my perfectly killing imitation of Fannie Brice's burlesque of the "Spring Song"—"Hear the little boidies—tra-la-la!"

And when a host tells me one of his off-color Pullman-car Decamerons, instead of slapping him on the back with a "ha, ha, ha, I'll-have-another-cocktail," I merely smile one of those sad dry little smiles and archly inquire if he expects to summer in Aw-meer-ika. Disarming dignity but gentle. I'm off the rough stuff.

In the past no person has been more democratic and easy to meet than I. Elevator boys in my hotel called me "Mac" and taxi-drivers opened their doors with a "Hop in, kid!"

But when uncouth persons slip up behind me these days with a hearty thump and rowdy "How are you?" they receive my meanest scowl clear up to their ears.

Nothing in the moving panorama of life during the past year has been pronounced as the passing of the good fellow. He has gone out like a light. The best he gets is a yawn and a dirty look. You never hear of the Doug Fairbankses entertaining clowns. A duke or a comtesse, yes. And look where they are!

In England recently one of the most impressive things to me was the sentiment crystallizing for a renunciation of the throne by the frivolous Prince of Wales in favor of the more serious-minded Duke of York.

In America familiarity is breeding its inevitable disdain, too. Thousands hailed the popular Alfred E. Smith as "Al," slapped his back, cheered his brown derby to the echo, but voted for another. The hypocrites!

Gene Tunney quit the ring, married an heiress, landed in the Social Register as James J. and became overnight the most unpopular champion the ring had ever known.

But in a few months' time the booing did not rate a whisper and Tunney has so grown in popularity that sporting experts concede it likely that he may return to America as one of Fistiana's greatest idols.

After the war there sprang up a diversion known as wise-cracking. The wise-cracker became the white-haired boy—the wow at teas, swank dinners and night clubs. He was there with lacquered hair, big pleated pants and smart nifties. But today he pays his own check and is as welcome as typhus.

EVEN jesters of the stage are conscious dignity is an asset. There are no longer whangs on the sit spot, dead pans and loose pies. Willie Collier and Chic Sale are William and Charles, and the knighted Sir Harry Lauder is one of the most popular and highly paid comedians.

Perhaps the three most popular Americans at this writing are Coolidge, Lindbergh and Hoover, and not one of them was ever known to utter a wise-crack.

I know any number of people who are hailing the jaunty and jovial Mayor Walker of New York as "Jimmy" and are secretly waiting for the next election, provided he runs, to knife him at the polls.

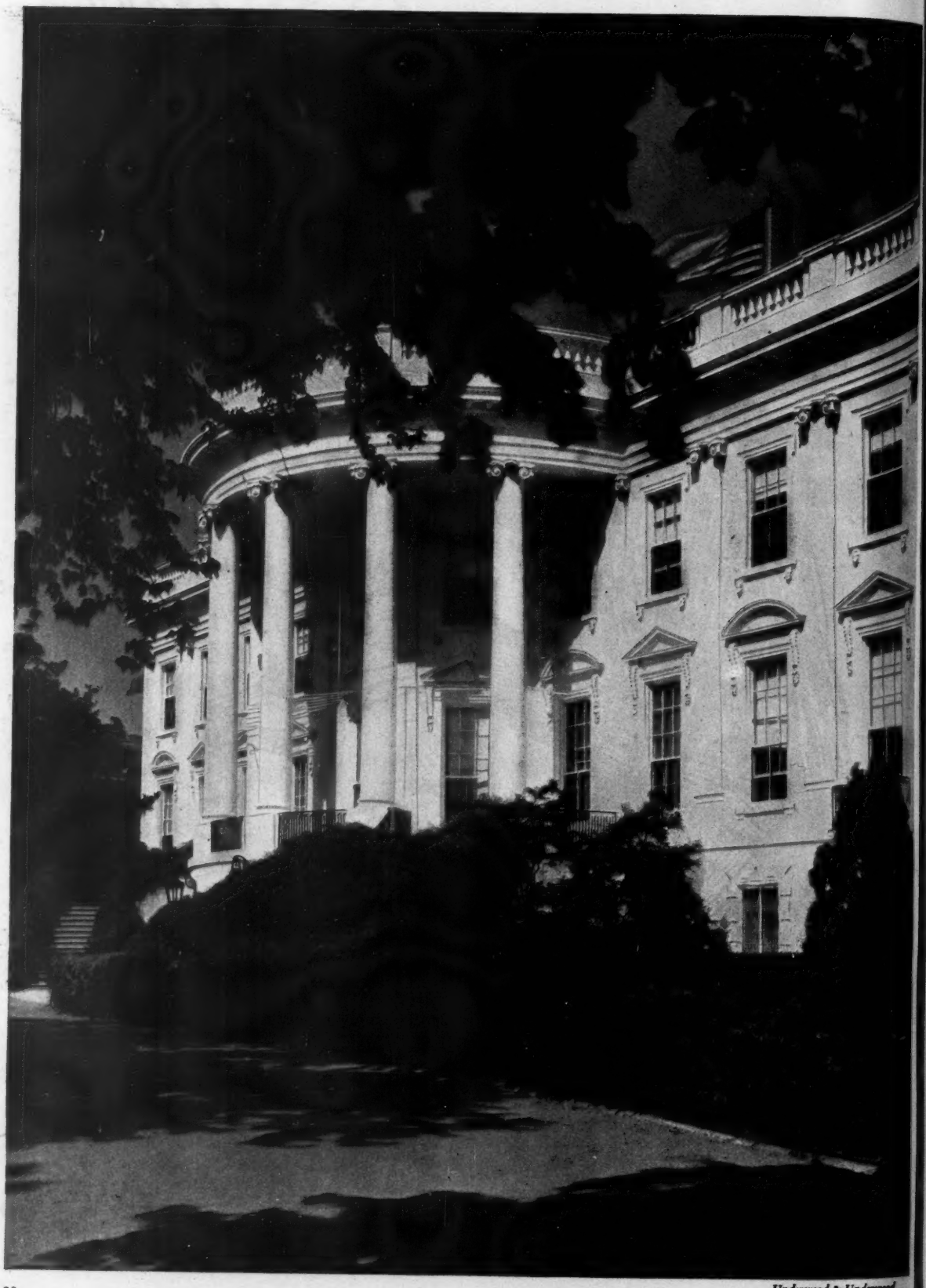
We somehow thrill to a drum-major haughtiness. Look over your millionaires and I'll wager a pretty—well, a becoming one at least—penny not one can tell you the latest *mot* of Dorothy Parker or the fast one Harry Richman pulled at his club last night.

Dignity may be painful, but there seems to be gold in them thar eye-lifts!

Puppets

By Charles Dana Gibson

By CALVIN



Underwood & Underwood

COOLIDGE

Why I Did Not *Choose to* Run,

and

What I Did to *Stop* My Nomination

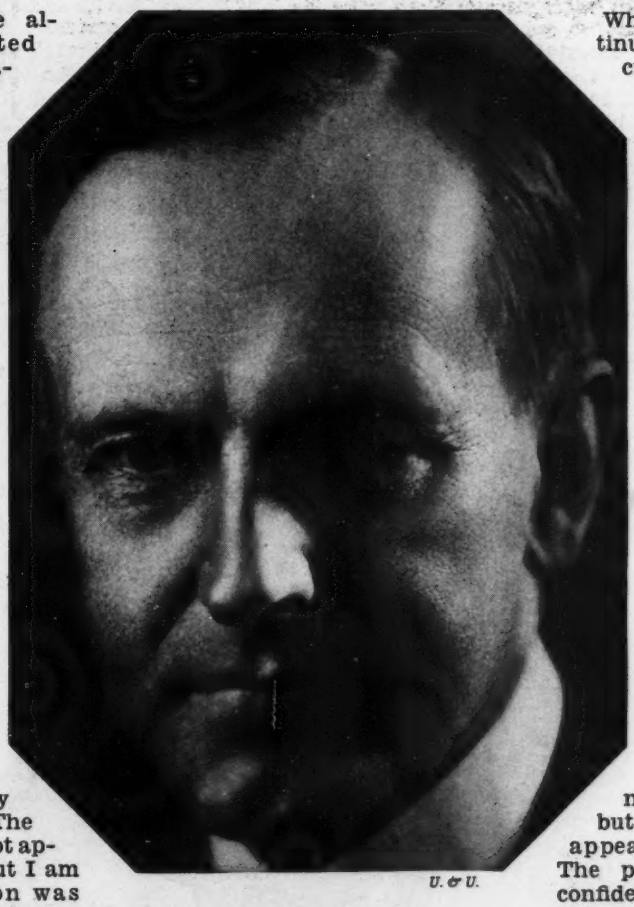
PERHAPS I have already indicated some of the reasons why I did not desire to be a candidate to succeed myself.

The Presidential office takes a heavy toll of those who occupy it and those who are dear to them. While we should not refuse to spend and be spent in the service of our country, it is hazardous to attempt what we feel is beyond our strength to accomplish.

I had never wished to run in 1928 and had determined to make a public announcement at a sufficiently early date so that the party would have ample time to choose someone else. An appropriate occasion for that announcement seemed to be the fourth anniversary of my taking office. The reasons I can give may not appear very convincing, but I am confident my decision was correct.

My personal and official relations have all been peculiarly pleasant. The Congress has not always done all that I wished, but they have done very little that I did not approve. So far as I can judge, I have been especially fortunate in having the approbation of the country.

But irrespective of the third-term policy, the Presidential office is of such a nature that *it is difficult to conceive how one man can successfully serve the country for a term of more than eight years.*



U. & U.

Next month in these pages Mr. Coolidge will lead you through "The Scenes *of* My Boyhood" And there, as here, he will talk to you as friend to friend

While I am in favor of continuing the long-established custom of the country in relation to a third term for a President, yet I do not think that the practise applies to one who has succeeded to part of a term as Vice-President. Others might argue that it does, but I doubt if the country would so consider it.

Although my own health has been practically perfect, yet the duties are very great and ten years would be a very heavy strain. It would be especially long for the mistress of the White House. Mrs. Coolidge has been in more than usual good health, but I doubt if she could have stayed there for ten years without some danger of impairment of her strength.

A President should not only not be selfish, but he ought to avoid the appearance of selfishness. The people would not have confidence in a man that appeared to be grasping for office.

It is difficult for men in high office to avoid the malady of self-delusion. They are always surrounded by worshipers. They are constantly, and for the most part sincerely, assured of their greatness.

They live in an artificial atmosphere of adulation and exaltation which sooner or later impairs their judgment. They are in grave danger of becoming careless and arrogant.

The chances of having wise and faithful public service are increased by a change in the

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Presidential office after a moderate length of time.

It is necessary for the head of the nation to differ with many people who are honest in their opinions. As his term progresses, the number who are disappointed accumulates. Finally, there is so large a body who have lost confidence in him that he meets a rising opposition which makes his efforts less effective.

In the higher ranges of public service men appear to come forward to perform a certain duty. When it is performed their work is done. They usually find it impossible to readjust themselves in the thought of the people so as to pass on successfully to the solution of new public problems.

An examination of the records of those Presidents who have served eight years will disclose that in almost every instance the latter part of their term has shown very little in the way of constructive accomplishment. They have often been clouded with grave disappointments.

While I had a desire to be relieved of the pretensions and delusions of public life, it was not because of any attraction of pleasure or idleness.

We draw our Presidents from the people. It is a wholesome thing for them to return to the people. I came from them. *I wish to be one of them again.*

Although all our Presidents have had back of them a good heritage of blood, very few have been born to the purple. Fortunately, they are not supported at public expense after leaving office, so they are not expected to set an example encouraging to a leisure class.

They have only the same title to nobility that belongs to all our citizens, which is the one based on achievement and character, so they need not assume superiority. It is becoming for them to engage in some dignified employment where they can be of service as others are.

Our country does not believe in idleness. It honors hard work. I wanted to serve the country again as a private citizen.

In making my public statement I was careful in the use of words. There were some who reported that they were mystified as to my meaning when I said, "I do not choose to run."

Although I did not know it at the time, months later I found that Washington said practically the same thing. Certainly he said no more in his Farewell Address, where he announced that "choice and prudence" invited him to retire.

There were others who constantly demanded that I should state that if nominated I would refuse to accept. Such a statement would not be in accordance with my conception of the requirements of the Presidential office. I never stated or formulated in my own mind what I should do under such circumstances, but I was determined not to have that contingency arise.

I therefore sent the Secretary to the President, Everett Sanders, a man of great ability and discretion, to Kansas City with instructions to notify several of the leaders of state delegations not to vote for me. *Had I not done so, I am told, I should have been nominated.*

The report that he had talked with me on the telephone after his arrival, and I had told him I would not accept if nominated, was a pure fabrication. I had no communication with him of any kind after he left Washington and did not give him any such instruction or message at any time.

I thought if I could prevent being nominated, which I was able to do, it would never be necessary for me to decide the other question. But in order to be perfectly free, I sent this notice, so that if I declined no one could say I had misled him into supposing that I was willing to receive his vote.

I felt sure that the party and the country were in so strong a position that they could easily nominate and elect some other candidate. The events have confirmed my judgment.

In the primary campaign I was careful to make it known that I was not presenting any candidate. The friends of several of them no doubt represented that their candidate was satisfactory to me, which was true as far as it went.

I can conceive a situation in which a President might be warranted in exercising the influence of his office in selecting his successor. That condition did not exist in the last primary. The party had plenty of material, which was available, and the candidate really should be the choice of the people themselves. This is especially so now that so many of the States have

(*Cont. on page 118*)

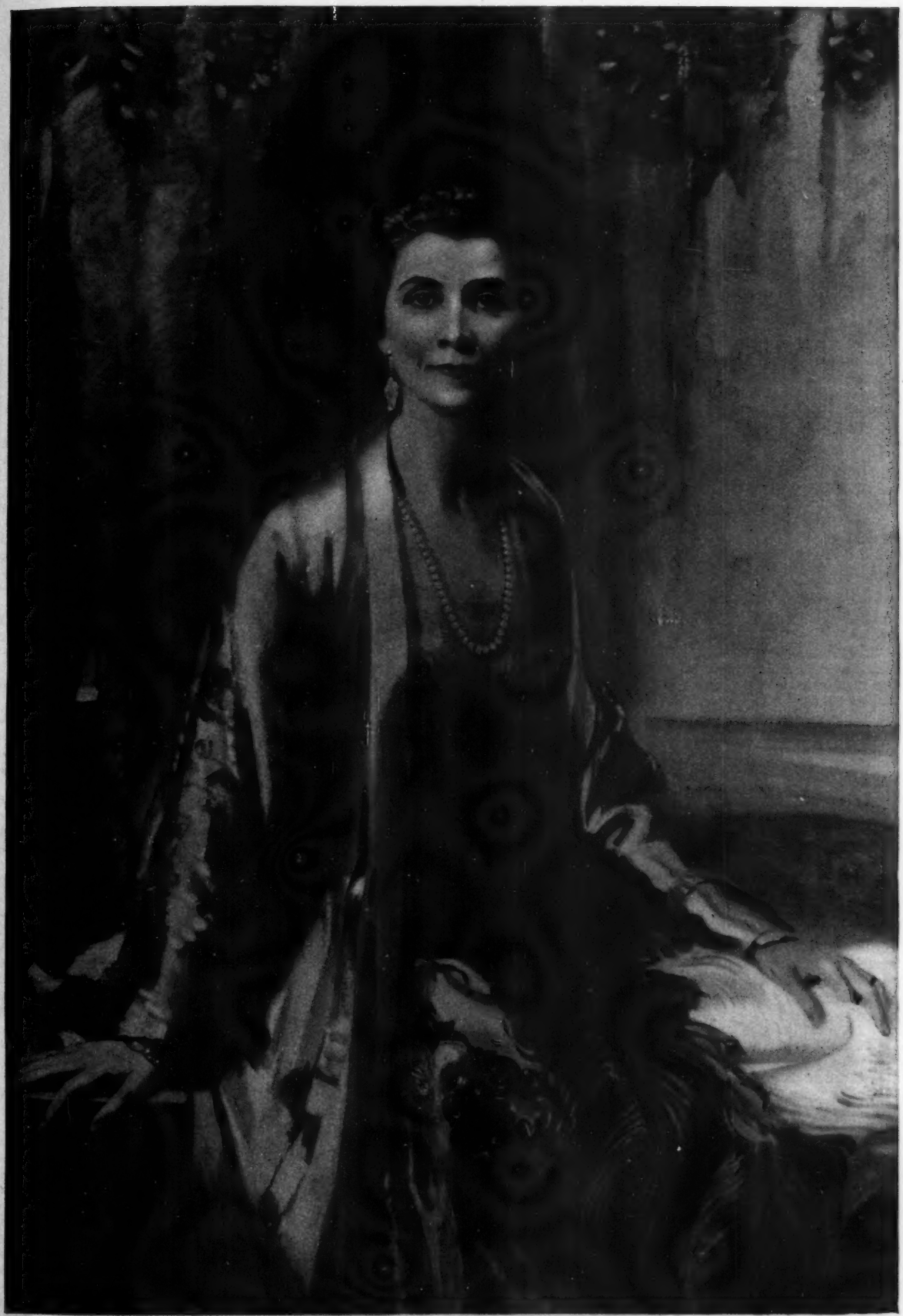
"A Man of Great Ability and Discretion"

Everett Sanders at the Kansas City Convention

Wide World

"I THEREFORE sent the Secretary to the President, Everett Sanders, a man of great ability and discretion, to Kansas City with instructions to notify several of the leaders of state delegations not to vote for me. *Had I not done so, I am told, I should have been nominated.*"

Thus does Mr. Coolidge in this humanly dramatic article take you behind the scenes at the Kansas City Convention—a highly important service to all of us Americans.



Portrait of Mrs. Coolidge by Frank O. Salisbury.

Photo—Wide World

¶ *"Mrs. Coolidge," says Mr. Coolidge, "has been in more than usual good health, but I doubt if she could have stayed in the White House for ten years without some danger of impairment of her strength."*

The Man in the Blue Overcoat

By S. S. Van Dine

Foreword:

THE story of "The Man in the Blue Overcoat" was related to Markham and me by Mr. Philo Vance recently as we sat together in a corner of the lounge-room of the old Stuyvesant Club. Pursuing the subject of actual police detection versus the deductions of fictional sleuths, Vance cited this famous Austrian case by way of proving that *truth is stranger and oftentimes more incredible than fiction.*

In my notebook I wrote down (as nearly as I could remember) Vance's exact introductory words to his recital of the "blue-overcoat" case; and I append them here:

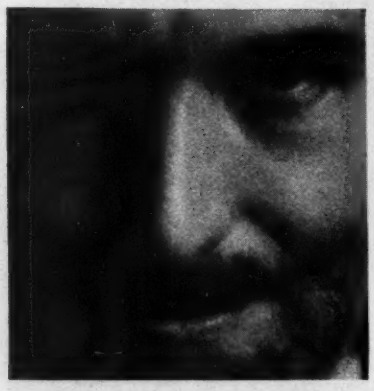
"Y'know, Markham, actual criminological history beggars the loftiest flights of the fiction writer's imagination. Not only do we possess, in the police records of Europe, criminal plots that outstrip the ingenuity of the master criminals of fiction, but in the matter of actual police detection we find instances that rank with the greatest feats of the most famous fictional detectives.

"Regard, for example, the case of the man in the blue overcoat, which occurred in Vienna in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is one of the great cases of classic detection in police history. With a single slender clue the police ran to earth one of the most vicious and brutal murderers in Europe.

"Heinrich Jünemann, who solved the case, carved for himself a conspicuous niche in the Hall of Detectival Fame. No sleuth of fiction—from the romantic Monsieur Lecoq to the scientific Doctor Thorndyke—has surpassed the analytic and painstaking deductions of this famous Austrian detective."

I have not attempted here to tell the story as Vance recounted it, but have sought merely to set down the facts—which, in themselves, it seems to me, are sufficiently remarkable to justify reportorial presentation.

S. S. VAN DINE



S. S. Van Dine, who has created some of the most interesting mystery stories of our times, declares that he could not invent a mystery so baffling as this case of the man in the blue overcoat.

He takes you clue by clue through to the solution, recorded as one of the greatest bits of detective work in the history of criminology.

IN THE early part of the nineteenth century Abbé Johann Konrad Blank, Imperial Councilor, was the professor of mathematics in the class of architecture at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. He was a man of seventy years, a well-known figure in Austria's gay capital, loved and respected by pupils and teachers alike.

He had formerly been an instructor at the famous Pleban Institute, and this fact was one day to assist the Austrian police in bringing justice home to a particularly brutal murderer; for in the Abbé's class had been a young nobleman who later played a conspicuous and bloody rôle in the criminal history of the dual monarchy.

At eight o'clock on the morning of February 14th, 1827, the class of architecture had assembled at the academy for their daily lecture; but though the Abbé was a man of clocklike punctuality he failed to put in an appearance. At half past eight two of the students, worried by the absence of their beloved old teacher, went to his home at 978 Johannesgasse—a flat dwelling named *"zur eisernen Birn."*

Mounting directly to the fourth floor, where he had his quarters, they knocked. There was no response, and they knocked again. Still no answer; and now they opened the door, which was unlocked, and stepped inside.

The curtains were drawn, but enough daylight filtered in to reveal the Abbé's body lying on the floor of the living-room, viciously murdered. He had received fourteen wounds from a sharp, doubled-edged instrument—seven in the head, two in the breast, and five in the lower part of the body.

The crime created a tremendous sensation in Vienna. Superintendent of Police von Persa, in his report to Count Sedlnitzky, the head of the Imperial Police, waxed unusually eloquent.

"Whereas," he wrote, "after the above-mentioned findings, the Criminal Courts Commission having gone their country way with zeal, the police are leaving no stone unturned in order to discover the tracks of the perpetrator of this abominable deed, which has filled the entire public with the utmost horror and aversion."

But in accord with the customs of the time, the newspapers printed nothing beyond a bare statement of the fact that Abbé Blank had been found dead and that the authorities were investigating. Indeed, the Wiener Zeitung, the leading Vienna journal, took no public cognizance of the murder until nine days had elapsed, and then, under the heading of "Deaths," we find merely:

"Herr Johann Konrad Blank, Abbé, Councilor, and Professor at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts (*k. k. Akademie der bildenden Künste*), seventy years old, was found dead in his flat in the city on the fourteenth instant, and his body was examined by the authorities on the fifteenth instant at the City Hospital (*Allgemeines Krankenhaus*)."

Europe in those days evidently lacked the beneficent blessings of the tabloid press, and even murders were committed with reticence and dignity.

But if Vienna in 1827 was ultra-conservative journalistically, it possessed a police department that

whose Mystery Stories *are one of* MR. COOLIDGE'S

Recreations in Reading

Illustration by Rico Tomaso

functioned with a zest and up-to-dateness which would have put to shame the sluggish and ponderous methods of our modern procedure. The manner in which the Blank murder was dealt with constitutes one of the outstanding epics in criminological history.

THE moment the police had been notified the investigation was placed in the hands of Criminal Councilor (*Kriminalrat*) Heinrich Jünemann, whose admirable and efficient work places him among the great detectives of all time—Vidocq, Gustave Macé, Froest, Arthur Ward, Melville, Cappa and Breitenfeld.

Arriving at the apartment at nine A. M., he was confronted by the difficulty that Abbé Blank, being of a retiring and somewhat morbid disposition, had always lived alone and had had few intimates—a fact he ascertained from the students who had discovered the body. After weighing the situation Jünemann adopted the tentative hypothesis of murder for robbery, and pursued his investigation from this standpoint.

Inquiries on the spot failed to elicit any information as to the Abbé's means. Blank had been particularly reticent about his financial affairs, and Jünemann straightway made a detailed search of the apartment in the hope of turning up some clue. In an old envelop he found a will dated November 12th, 1826, together with a letter addressed to the Imperial Court Valet (*Kaiserlicher Kammerdiener*) Kaspar Kalb, who (*Continued on page 126*)

Find this Man!

He wore a blue overcoat. That's all that was known. And there were 50,000 men wearing blue overcoats like it in Vienna that winter.

By Sinclair Lewis

"For heaven's sake, will you shut up?" someone said when Haddon tried to fight a waiter. And in a state of hurt and noble dignity he went home.

He had a Brother

IT WAS the familiar morning guilt, the old-fashioned evangelical American sense of guilt, which oppressed Haddon even more than the anguish beating in his temples, the rancid taste in his mouth, the dryness of his hands. He could not escape; he had to admit that on the evening before he had again played the fool. But as long as possible he protected his aching mind from reviewing the especial sorts of idiocy he had committed, while he tried to protect his body—curious racked body that once had lived so peacefully and sweetly with him—from the tortures of every light-ray, every yammer of the street.

He smoothed his pillow; he beat it as though it were an enemy. In his temporary insanity of a hang-over he sat up and banged it with his fists. Then he collapsed against its cool smoothness and tried to find surcease from the agony of going on living.

He could not hide, even in the pillow's tolerance, from last evening's folly—along with a few recollections of other evenings the past week. Was it possible that he, this decent, well-meaning Charles Haddon lying here, had got into a brawl with that filthy little bounder, Jalmers, had offered to fight him, had wept and gone on demanding a fight, while the other guests laughed at him and sneered?

Slowly, but inescapably as fire creeping into the

Beginning *a Group of Short Stories—the first this*

Distinguished Novelist

has written in 8 Years

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

cotton-wool that was his brain, he remembered standing in the butler's pantry of his host, offering to help mix another cocktail and having his help contemptuously refused; trying to fish an olive from a bottle, dropping the bottle and hearing it smash; hearing the hostess say, "Oh, it doesn't *matter!*" in a way which indicated that it did matter; and all the time weeping, "Jalmers insulted my bes' frien'. I'm going smash 'is face."

And who was it that had snapped, "Oh, do shut up"?

He felt cold to remember how many people had made that suggestion last evening. It seemed thousands.

Right now, at serene and sober breakfast tables, they were probably talking about him and saying, "Drinking himself to death."

Thank heaven, Micky McShea had taken him away from——

Now where the deuce had all this been, this party where he had rowed with Jalmers? Oh, yes, at Mrs. Oscala's. He remembered—his body motionless, his head still motionless in the depths of the pillow but his brain whirling like a propeller—that Micky and he had gone up to Mrs. Oscala's for a drink after the theater.

Neither of them had been too sober. There had been such a convenient drug store next door to the theater, a drug store that dealt in sodas, magazines, gin, and cannibal sandwiches, and possibly even in drugs. (For it is not true that there are no New York drug stores which handle drugs. I know several.)

And they had panhandled a drink from a friend's flask between acts.

He groaned. He, the highly respectable Mr. Charles Haddon, attorney, of the eminent New York firm of Arnault, Vexler and Haddon, had at forty-two become as much a panhandler as any hobo on the road. He had almost begged that fellow for a drink. And he was rather sure, now, that Micky and he had intruded upon Mrs. Oscala's party—that he would never again be invited to her gold-scarlet-purple-onyx-black-glass apartment.

How dry his mouth was!

And after Mrs. Oscala's, just where had they gone?

He realized that he did not know. The last he remembered was lacrimously shaking hands with little Jalmers, and being forgiven. Well! He was, for five seconds, almost proud. After all this, he had taken hold of himself and got himself home, had somehow performed the drunk's familiar miracle of mountain-climbing up into a taxi, giving the driver an address, paying him, getting himself through the lobby of his hotel and into the elevator, undressing himself and decently going to bed.

It was just then that Charles Haddon realized that—no hope!—he could not go back to sleep, however much his dizzy brain and shaky body wailed for it. He must face the new day's judicial realization of his idiocy.

And he realized that he had not, after all, undressed himself quite so neatly as he had believed. His trembly hand crept out and discovered that he was clad not in pajamas but in his undergarments, his socks and his dress trousers—he knew they were dress trousers as his

fingers crept down the double braid at the trousers-seam.

He sat bolt up. He was perplexed to see that he had not gone to bed in his bedroom but in the living-room of his suite at the Hotel Shropshire—the hotel where he had made a pretense of making a home ever since his wife had divorced him with an amiable and excoriating Paris divorce. Hm! He must have been even drunker than he had thought, to have fallen asleep here. He must——

And then Mr. Charles Haddon, of Arnault, Vexler and Haddon, attorneys at law, discovered that he was in a strange room, in an absolutely strange flat, partly undressed, lying on a couch, with a silken coverlet thrown over him. He hadn't the filmiest notion where he was, how he had got there. Had he passed out at Mrs. Oscala's? Was he still there? No. Her drawing-room was all "modernistic," galloping triangles and hysterical brass, while this room was serene with white paneling and old Chippendale.

He threw his legs over the side of the couch, gripping his forehead to keep it from bursting with sudden agony, and wrapped the coverlet around his silly undershirted shoulders. There was no one to be seen, no sound anywhere from whatever unknown rooms might stretch beyond. Was it night or day?

The damask curtains were drawn at the tall windows at the end of the long room, but a gap let in a pallid light like that of early morning. Haddon groped for his watch, in the evening waistcoat which lay in a messy heap with his dress shirt, his coat and collar and tie and one shoe, in a disdainful wing-chair beside the couch. It was only seven. Thank the Lord! He could escape before his unknown host came in.

He would have given a great sum for a long cold glass of water, for the chance to wash his stinging eyes, but he dared not prowl. Why! The owner of the apartment might not even know he was here! In his drunken somnambulism he might have come here after the owner had gone to bed. Staggering, groaning a little, he huddled into his wrinkled dress shirt, with a red wine stain across it, and, puffing, sat down to draw on his shoes.

He did not know how to find his way out of the apartment. There were three doors to the room. He decided on the door at the other end from the windows, but he stood before it uneasily for half a minute. Suppose it should open on a bedroom and a startled host—a frightened host reaching for a revolver—a screaming woman?

He edged the door open with hands nervous as snakes. Cheers! It led to a corridor and what must be the outer door. Creeping past closed doors behind which he imagined scores of enemies, he bolted into the vestibule and, as the elevator came to his ringing, he felt safe.

But, glancing into the elevator mirror, he almost snarled at his image—Charles Haddon, the immaculate, in wrinkled dress coat, streaked shirt-front, at seven of a June morning. And the elevator-runner seemed doubtful; the hallman in the pretentious Moorish-Gothic-Chinese lobby below almost stopped him. With a feeling of being reprieved from execution, Haddon scrambled through the bronze-proud doors, and into a taxi.

Then he faced his thoughts.

He told himself—no Salvation Army brigadier could have done it better—exactly how many kinds of a blasted fool he had been. But he had done that before, a good many times. Now there was a new agitation in him. If he had, he warned himself, actually so passed out that he had gone, or had been taken, to a strange apartment in his stupor, what else might he not have done? Why! He might have awakened this morning in a police cell, charged with murder; might have killed with no memory of it.

He shuddered. Then: "I've been saying I ought to go on the water wagon. No 'going to go on it' now! I'm *on* it, right this minute! Scared, not to be. No tapering off! Quit cold! Not another drink, not one, for——"

All the way to his hotel he argued it out: whether to be dry for a week, for a month, or forever. With a gloating feeling of having accomplished vast victories, he fixed on three months.

It was much easier to be firm in his mind about the

three months than about this same morning. All through his edifying resolves he was aching, "I wish I had a drink right now!" It was hard to keep from feeling for his pocket-flask to see if that useful object, empty before nine last evening, hadn't perhaps miraculously filled itself. But in a glow, ignoring the way in which the servants in the Hotel Shropshire lobby tried to ignore the spectacle of a guest arriving in soiled evening clothes at seven-thirty in the morning, he went up to his apartment and crawled righteously under a cold shower.

It hurt.

Feeling better, he tramped to the ice-box in his kitchenette and inaugurated his new life of temperance by having two stiff whisky-and-sodas, shuddering as they brought him to life again, changed him from an abject Mr. Hyde to a complacent Dr. Jekyll. He managed to keep from hearing his own scornful remarks to himself, and he was able to drink a cup of coffee and eat half of a fried egg without feeling sick—not very sick.

He was even able, after reading the newspaper, including the want-ads and the summer-resort advertisements, to dress and go to the office and arrive there only an hour late.

¶ *"My doc has given me six months to live, Charles, if I—oh, you know!" said Micky. "I could live for another twenty years if I quit drinking, but I can't! I'm gone!"*

BY TWELVE, when he had had two more drinks—sneaking them down in the wash-room of the office—he was radiant enough to explain that he really wasn't a dirty dog and a traitor to himself and to his honor to take these drinks. He pointed out, as though he were judge, jury, and attorney for the defense all in one, that of course he had never for a second, in "going on the water wagon," meant to include today. Naturally, he couldn't! Not feeling the way he did after last night! But starting tomorrow—absolutely, and for three straight months!

And at twelve o'clock he convinced himself again that it was entirely due to Prohibition and to having been divorced by his wife that he, the Charles Haddon who ten years ago had never been drunk in his life, had taken to hiding himself from the boredom of living in the pink clouds of alcohol.

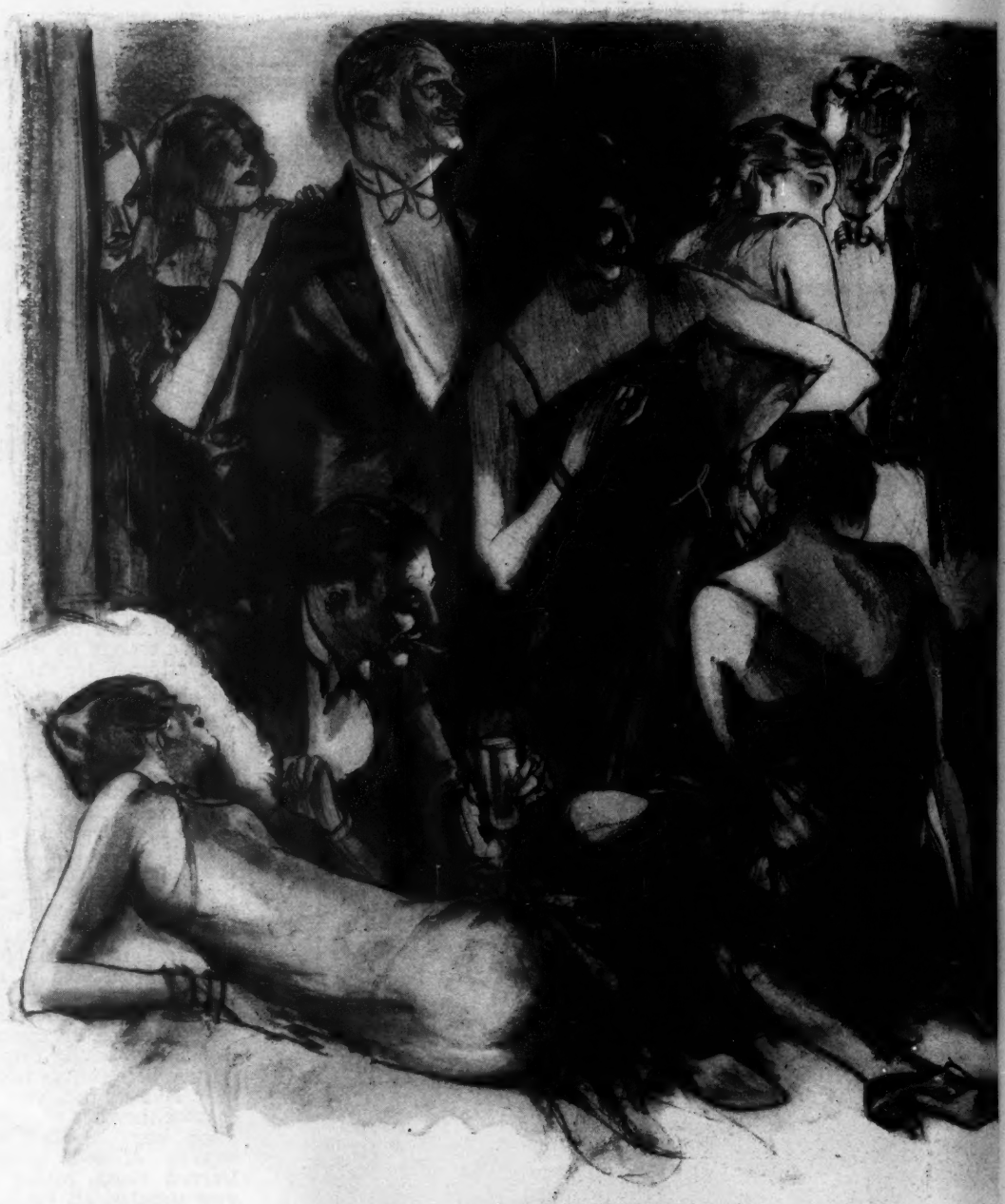
And at twelve he telephoned to Micky McShea, his companion of the disastrous evening before.

They were curious friends, Haddon and Micky, and very good ones. Neither they nor anyone else understood why. Haddon was reticent, smartly dressed, grave, given to learned books, rather a snob, not very popular, an excellent corporation lawyer, and a hater of any sport more vigorous than motoring.

Micky McShea, otherwise Mr. Vincent Carruthers Van Valkenberg McShea, Princeton 1906, polo star and tennis champion till he had grown too fat and short-winded, inheritor and president of the exalted Rio and Eastern Importing Company, was the darling of any not-too-highbrow gathering. He knew all the off-color stories that had ever been told. His laugh was like subway blasting, and the liquor that was a lust, a longing and a torment to Charles Haddon was apparently only an agreeable tickler to Mick McShea.

About the only things that they had in common were their clubs, their mild wealth and the fact that both had been divorced by their wives with Whisky named as co-respondent.

Haddon and Micky were not



uncommonly agreeable to each other. At bridge, their remarks on overbidding would have caused a shooting, in the more correct days of Cripple Creek. Yet they were together almost every evening, and the only time when Micky became more violent than in his abuse of Haddon was when someone else dared to hint that he didn't like Haddon's vocabulary or his wrist watch. (Haddon wore a wrist watch. Micky didn't. But then, Micky had been only a major of artillery on the Western Front in the war, whereas Haddon had talked strongly about going into the intelligence department, if the war lasted till 1920 or so.)

When the psychologists have finally explained why men go to war, why men rave over one feminine nose and abhor another of precisely the same dimensions and pinkiness, why certain men are willing to endure the horrible limelight-soaked lack of privacy involved in being President of the United States, then they might turn to something really difficult, and explain why friends like each other.

Certainly there was nothing particularly amiable in the address of Mr. Charles Haddon to Mr. Micky McShea on the telephone:

"Say, where did you get to last night, anyway?"

And Micky sounded as though he were addressing a debtor:

"Yuh, and a fine guy you were! Oh, Lord, what a hang-over I had this morning!"

"Say, where did we go after—— Uh, doing anything for lunch?"

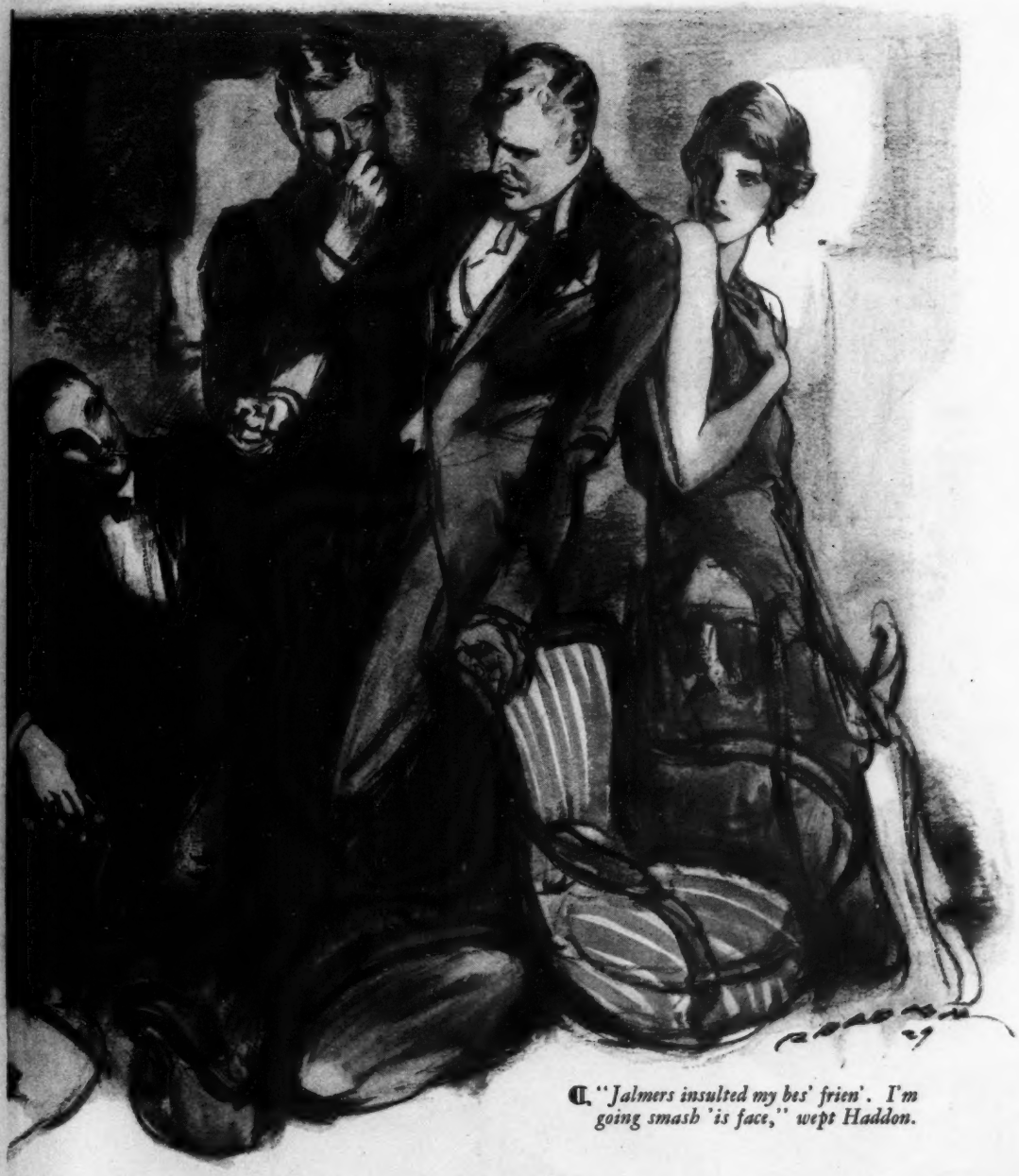
"Certainly not!" growled Micky. "Suppose anybody that's decent would be seen with me when they know I run around with you? Meet you at the Bond Club at one-fifteen. Try to stay sober till then!"

At one-twenty, when Haddon arrived at the club, he had a private snifter in the wash-room.

At one-twenty-five, when Micky arrived, he invited Haddon to have a drink, and Haddon, after being peculiarly snooty about "drinking so early in the day," accepted the invitation—twice. Then they looked happy and slightly vague.

They lunched beside the half-block of windows in their peculiarly American sort of club, more American than sugar-corn or Will Rogers: the twenty-second story of a sky-scraper looking down on North River, with tugs streaking across the harbor and freighters for Singapore and Saloniki trudging out to sea.

"Say, just where did we go after Mrs. Oscala's last



¶ *"Jalmers insulted my bes' frien'. I'm going smash 'is face," wept Haddon.*

night, Micky? To tell you the truth, I'm a little hazy."

Micky looked at him pityingly. For so plump and ruddy-faced and glossily bald a man, with his hectic striped scarf and his too-well-cut waistcoat, Micky sounded almost tender. "You poor kid, you did get it bad! Don't you remember at all?"

"Of course I do!" testily. "But there's some details——"

"Don't you remember that Grout, the admiralty lawyer, was at Mother Oscala's, and he and Mrs. Grout were going home same time we were, and you insisted on their taking us up to their place on Park Avenue and giving us another drink? They didn't cotton to the idea much, but they took us along, and you said that if Grout had his rights, he'd be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and then you said his gin was rotten—as it was!—and then you tried to make love to Mrs. Grout, and you said you were a little tired and wanted to lie down just for a second, and you passed out, blam!

"When we tried to get you up, you wanted to fight the whole bunch of us. You said Grout was a 'dirty little ambulance-chasing shyster.' We finally had to let you stay there on the couch, and me—oh, golly, I wasn't any too sober, myself!—I came home.

"Now listen, kid. The Grouts were awful nice about it. They knew you were drunk and not responsible. But same time—— Mind you, I guess I've drunk as much hard liquor as most people in this town, and from *temps* to *temps*, as we say in Paris, I've tried to lick taxi-drivers. But same time, old boy, you've got to stop——"

Haddon did not hear Micky's temperance lecture. He was still with horror and self-hatred. Judge Grout, though not at all a teetotaler, was a dignified, restrained, rather irritable pundit who belonged to the Century Club and St. Thomas' Church; he was precisely the kind whose murmurs could turn Charles Haddon from a respectable and responsible attorney into a gutter-rat—into such a gutter-rat as he had felt himself to be at seven that morning.

All that afternoon he did not have a drink—oh, except the one or two that his twitchy nerves demanded before he could talk to weighty clients.

At five-thirty he bravely decided not to go to the cocktail party given by Judge Rigadon (the one who gave those dreadfully stiff sentences to bootleggers). In fact, he went home and, lonely though he found that brocaded barrenness of (*Continued on page 201*)

Painted by Montague Dawson Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

The Flyin' Gull

A Story of a Ship that Broke Its Heart

By Joan Lowell

FOR seventeen years I lived on board my father's four-masted wind-jammer trading in the South Seas, exchanging with the natives of atoll islands, calicoes, nails and scented soap for pearl-shell, bird-of-paradise feathers and sandalwood. I was the only girl on board the ship with a crew which included my father, the captain, two mates, a Chinese cook and twelve sailors.

I was not the pampered darling of the crew that landlubber novelists of the sea so often portray in a captain's daughter. I spoke when I was spoken to, did my share of ship's work, wore overalls and rough sweaters, and learned to stand my trick at the wheel in rough or calm weather.

I got my education first-hand—life from actual experience on a ship—so although you can stump me on landlubber things like sex appeal, psychology and débutantes, I know my ships; and because I know them and love them so well I want to make you know them and love them too.

To me a steamer is a terrible, dirty monster that is driving from the sea the beautiful, clean, alive ships that I love.

"Alive?" you say, and laugh. Well, laugh if you like but I know that ships are alive, that they have feelings like human beings—loving, hating, but never forgetting. And when you sail them you come to love them, and they love you. It's quite logical for a ship to be called "she," for a feeling grows up between a captain and his ship—a love such as you can find on land only between a rare woman and an unusual man.

You've heard tales of heroic rescues at sea, of captains who brought ships safely through storms. No captain ever did that by himself. No man—no crew could do it alone. The ship helped every time. Ships know. That isn't a superstition—it's a truth of the sea that people ashore aren't able to understand.

But the old shellback sailors know; just as they feel the souls and spirits of things haunting the winds and following in the wake of sailing ships, so they know that in real danger the heart of the ship means more for safety than all a man's skill. No thoroughbred ship will stand being lashed and driven and cursed. Love her, treat her right and she'll stick her nose into a typhoon and only lose a stick or two and a rag of canvas, but if you are rough and unfeeling in your handling of her she'll wallow in the doldrums and refuse to stay on her course.

It doesn't sound credible, does it?—that a ship can be driven to her death just through unkindness. But I want to tell you the story of a ship that killed herself for love of her captain, just as a woman kills herself for a broken heart. It was told me years ago by an old sailorman who believed it. I believe it too, for it is one of the epic stories of the sea that sailors tell each other in the fo'c'sle, or in the quiet hours of the watch at night, and that never get to the ears of land-folk at all.

Her name was the Flyin' Gull, and she was a three-masted barkentine, sailing from Valparaiso round the Horn with nitrates and wool. Her skipper was Andrew Murdock. For twenty years he had sailed her through fair winds and foul and he loved her as a sailorman knows how to love his ship. It wasn't the beauty of her sails or the shine of her brass-work or the curves of her hull that made old Andrew Murdock love her, because she certainly was no ripsnorting beauty to look at.

An old woman, you'd call the Flyin' Gull. Time had raised hob with her body just as time changes all womenfolk. On her bowsprit a figurehead of a mermaid looked out ahead, never tiring of her watch for shoals; one of her breasts had been broken off by a storm, but Captain Murdock never seemed to notice. He was old too, and age sees the true worth of things—not just the appearance.

Captain Murdock had put all his lifetime savings into buying a small share in his ship and he dreamed of some day owning all of her. That's why he treated her so carefully—so tenderly, I should have said.

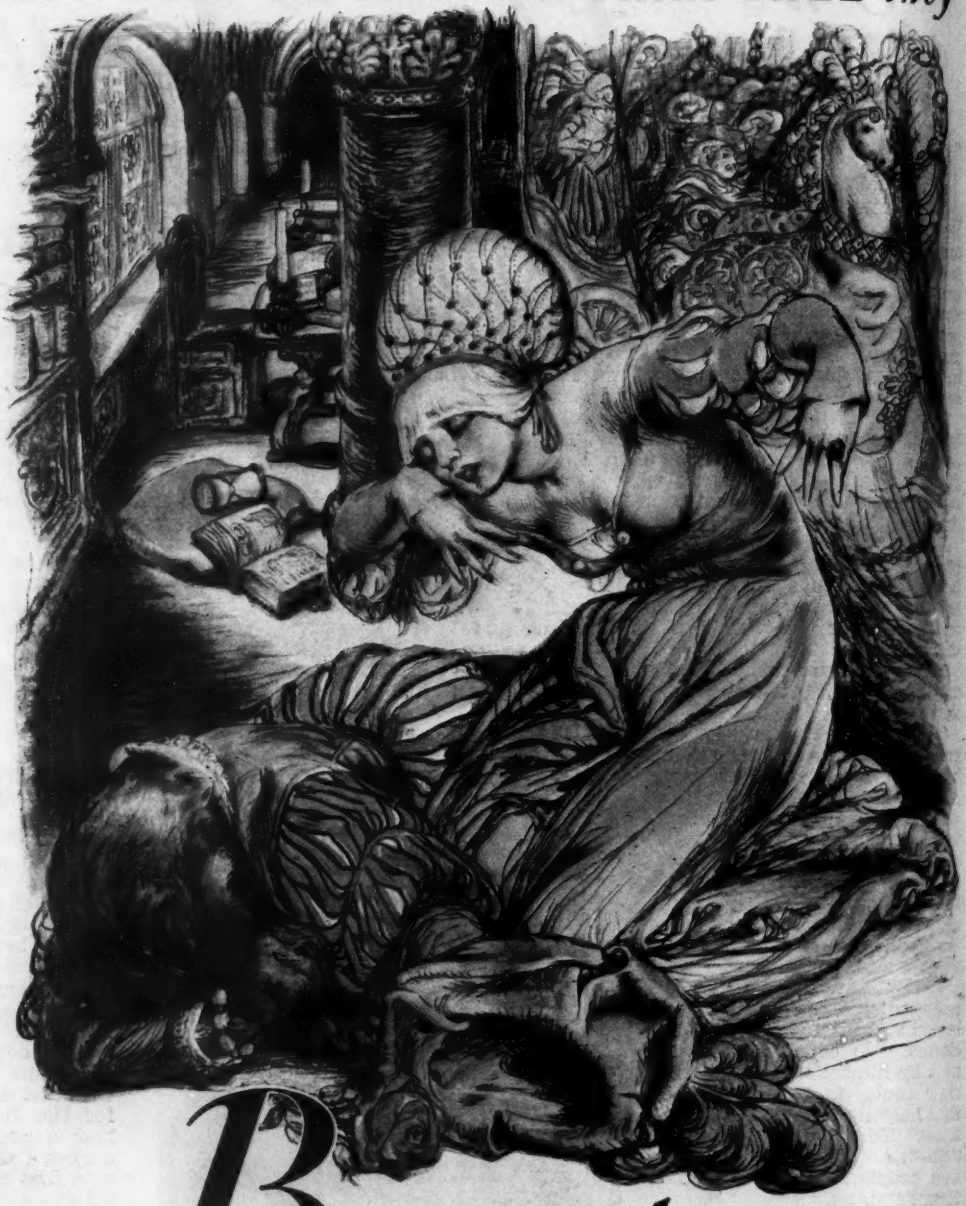
He'd been sailing her twenty years when the real trouble happened. The Flyin' Gull, loaded down far below her water-line with a cargo of wool and nitrates, was headed for the Horn. Old Murdock had a crew of shellbacks—deep-sea sailors—and a brute of a first mate. Black Oleson he was called, because of his ugly black temper.

Black Oleson was afraid of Murdock and hated him. Never having risen to a ship of his own, he hated Murdock for being a skipper, so he spent his watches below stirring up the crew against the captain, making trouble, and never did his share at pulling on halyards.

Then the Flyin' Gull hit the blow round the Cape. Howling like devils loosed from hell, the wind whipped down on her, but the stanch old Flyin' Gull stuck her nose into the storm and went ahead. Wasn't her skipper in command? Did he think she'd go back on him? No. While green rolling seas washed her decks under and ripped her bulwarks open she (*Continued on page 112*)

That amazing Young Woman *who* lived on a ship *until* she was 17—*and who*, at 24, *wrote that equally amazing book*, "*The* Cradle *of the* Deep"

When as a Child You heard this FAIRY-TALE they



Beauty and

IN OUR childhood they told us only the first part of the fairy-tale. A beautiful thing, as far as it went. But now, to a mature taste, it seems fantastic, unless we hear it all.

There was a man, you remember, a simple person of extreme integrity, who on his way home from work every day passed the wall and the gate of a wooded park. It wasn't the shortest path to his cottage but he had a thirst for beauty and magnificence, and merely to walk by on the outside would put him in good humor for the rest of the evening.

His was the sort of mind which would furnish delightfully any region he couldn't see into. Not a living being had he ever laid eyes on, going or coming from the gate, but the wall he was sure circled a fine castle and the windows of the castle, he could have sworn, glittered in the sun by day, or were golden with candles by night, and up and down the stairs went tall, straight gentlemen and fearless ladies wearing rich and insufficient gowns, as only those women can who are beautiful and well-born.

He described it to his daughter, from time to time, but she loved him with a profound understanding, and didn't believe a word he said.

One evening he paused at the gate and looked in. That is to say, he was overweary and his spirits flagged, or his dreams would have been enough, but now the poor fellow felt like having a fact or two to rest on. Inside the handsome grille, a smooth carriage road wavered away among the trees, and under the trees there was grass so dark it might have been black and so level it might have been water. The castle and the rest of it were hidden somewhere at the end of the road.

Well, that was as it should be, of course. He was just thanking God and thinking of moving when he noticed, not ten feet inside, on each flank of the road, a rose-bush. The one on the right was barren but from the very top of the one on the left grew a sturdy bud, as scarlet as your heart. In the interest of symmetry and because his daughter would have to yield to the evidence, he wished he might take the rose home with

LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. Do you still Believe *that?*

In this Short Story

John Erskine

tells you What REALLY Happened

Illustrations by Rose O'Neill

the Beast

him. Nothing was further from his intention than theft. Wouldn't you yourself be sorry for the owner of a fine place whose gardeners did their trimming carelessly? But of course the gate would be locked. No—as a matter of fact, when he leaned on it, it gave.

Half a minute later he was coming out with the rose in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the petals. He didn't observe the gate closing in front of him as though he were pushing it. When it clanged a fear ran through him, and he jumped around to see if the castle folk were looking. There, right on him, was a nasty beast, taking up the whole road, and getting its claws ready.

"It's you, is it?" said the beast.

"It is," said the man. "If you'll kindly open this gate, I'll be on my way."

"First you'll put back the rose on the bush," said the beast, "and all the others you've been stripping off it."

Now the man began to be nervous, seeing he had to do with something unreasonable.

"I don't know how to put a rose on a bush——"

The beast let out an ugly laugh. "Neither do I!"

"And this is the only one I've taken."

"That's your bad luck," said the beast. "I thought you had got more out of it. It's foolish to die for only one."

With that he moved on a step, and the man saw that his last hour had come unless he could think of something eloquent.

"It's clear to me now," he said, "that I'm on the wrong side of the gate, and it's poor manners to quarrel with a gentleman on his own property, but if we both were to step out now into the middle of the open road, I could put up a good argument in self-defense."

The beast came nearer. Its jaws looked, at close range, horribly capable.

"If anything should happen to me," said the man, "in this secluded place, my daughter won't know why I'm late for dinner."

The beast rested in its tracks, much less ferocious. "Then you have a daughter? Why didn't you tell me?"

"We got to it in the natural course of conversation," said the man. "Yes, I have a very charming daughter,

¶ *"I'm master in my own house," said the prince, "and from now on you'll behave like a lady."*

quite young. She has no one in the world to look after her. I hate to think what might happen."

"Are you sure there's only one?" said the beast. "So often there are three, with a tendency to be jealous of the youngest. It upsets the home."

"There is but one, and there's no jealousy."

"In that case," said the beast, "she's probably less beautiful than you say. I've been wasting time." He flourished his claws and came on once more.

"Before I die," said the man, "will you satisfy a natural curiosity? My daughter is extremely lovely. Would you mind telling me what difference that makes to you?"

"Well," said the beast, a little annoyed at being interrupted again, "if she were very lovely—which I have reason to doubt—I might possibly permit her to pay the penalty instead of you."

"Then the sooner you kill me the better. I'm too fond of her for such a bargain."

"Perhaps," said the beast, "I failed to make myself clear. You, of course, I should kill, without the slightest regret. But if your daughter took your place, and if she is as delicious as you represent, I should marry her instead."

The man gave one look at the ugly brute. "Kill me," he said. "The distinction is only in words."

But the beast was evidently smitten with the idea.

"Is there a sound reason for thinking your daughter would agree with you? Women have their own ideas about what is fascinating in our sex. If we could meet, perhaps she'd entertain my proposal, even without the pressure which the situation naturally puts upon her. I dare say she'd go so far as to marry me rather than see you torn to small portions."

"No doubt she would," said the man, "but I sha'n't force the choice on her."

Plainly the beast was embarrassed.

"Suppose we leave it this way. Take the rose home to your daughter, with my compliments, and ask her to step over here with you tomorrow at this hour. If she'll have me, I'll marry her. If not, you and I shall go on from where we left off."

The man wasn't blind to the extra day the plan offered him.

"I'll do that," he said. "She won't have you but I can use the interval to set my affairs in order."

He wondered the beast would set him free on his honor, as though a sane person would put his foot twice

¶ *"At this point," said the man, "I'll take my leave, if it's all the same to you."*

into the same danger. By the time he crossed his doorsill he was thinking well of himself.

"See what I've brought you, my dear." He held out the rose.

She was as brave a girl as one could hope for, in moderation. Her hair was blue-black and her eyes gray, but the lashes long and as black as her hair. Her skin was like milk, with a touch of pink on the cheek-bone. She wasn't a small woman. She had fine honest hands and feet, and her bosom lifted her gown like a queen.

"You're late for supper again," she said.

"The rose took me out of my way," said he. "If you knew the extraordinary circumstances in which——"

"If you'll eat the soup before it's colder," she said, and put the rose in a tumbler of water against the mantel.

"That flower now is a sample of what I've been telling you. It comes from the castle garden."

"And a good way from it, I dare say. Will you get on with your broth, Father, and let me wash the dishes and be off to bed?"

When she had fed him, he lighted his pipe.

"Tomorrow evening, daughter, you're to see the place with your own eyes. I've an invitation from what owns it. There's a fine park, as I've said, and such a castle as I never saw in my life, and if it happens to suit you, you can have it all."

She came over and put her hand on his brow. "Does your head feel hot? Lay yourself on the bed quickly and I'll fetch a cool rag."

"My head's as sound as your own," he said. "I'm telling the truth. Tomorrow we'll step over together, and if you like him, he'll marry you."

"A fine lord marry me?"

"The bargain's on the other side, my dear. *If* you like him. You probably won't."

She leaned backwards against the table. "If he's really what you say——"

"Ah, but I haven't said yet. My dear, he happens to be a nasty beast. He's got a hide on him would make a handy rug for the kitchen floor, and his claws would scratch the head off an elephant."

"Then I don't want him." She went on putting the dishes away.

"I feared you wouldn't." He pulled hard on his old pipe.

"What's got into you, Father, to tell me this?"

"I gave my word to the beast. He caught me picking the rose for you, and he was (*Continued on page 106*)

By Faith Baldwin

I Have My Rights,

I Believe MOTHERS Should *Live*, as well as CHILDREN

AT THE meeting of a New York writers' club, recently, I heard a perfectly nice man remark gloomily:

"Children grow more detestable every year. The entire universe appears to revolve around them. They order their own lives—and everybody else's—with ease. Something should be done about this," he mused. "Why don't you write a book, Miss Baldwin, upon the rights of parents? Surely the poor things are entitled to something!"

I did not catch this gentleman's name, nor did I learn whether or not he was the father of a family. But his question started me thinking.

In the last decade we have heard about the rights of children from all sides. Even the children themselves have seized pen and ink or borrowed Mother's typewriter and expressed themselves fluently and all over the place. The age-old cry, "I didn't ask to be born!" has been hurled, like a battle-cry, into the shrinking ears of allegedly old-fashioned parents.

It has been set forth that it is not easy to be a child, hampered and hindered on every hand by parental notions of behavior. It has been disclosed that children have personalities, individualities, sensitive spiritual epidermises and also inherited tendencies and kinks from which they are unable to escape.

From loud talk of complexes and inhibitions we have worried through to wrong conditioning and behavior patterns. We are requested to spend most of our time anxiously studying the psychologically important reactions of our children to everything from dry cereals to the motion-pictures.

The generation which learned its first garbled verbal and pictorial lessons in sex in an ancient school—the school of recess time and street corners and back yards—is now told that it must enlighten its children scientifically—but as yet no one has told it *how*. Much talking around the subject has evolved from this advice—so excellent in theory, so difficult in practise. And most of us, if we are frank, would admit that our preference is for a relapse into the dark ways of thinking, when we are faced by a situation as embarrassing and uncomfortable to the children as it is to us.

We recall that we and most of our gawping and giggling little friends of yesteryear grew up to be quite normal and to find our twisted notions on biological problems straightening out painlessly and imperceptibly as the years went on. And therefore, with a sigh of relief, many of us shirk the grave discussions recommended to us by the moderns.

IT so happens that I have four small children. It also happens that my professional work is such that I have accomplished most of it at home within ear-shot, so to speak, of my extremely articulate little people.

Nevertheless, my time with the children is limited. But I number among my friends many mothers who have entire care of their children; and some of these mothers are bringing their children up along the modern lines, thus instituting a private laboratory for child-study in the home.

For this life-work I have neither the time, patience, inclination nor, may I add, the necessary impertinence. It appears to me an extraordinarily impertinent thing to spy continually upon a defenseless child and give long scientific names to everything he says and does, from his dislike of oatmeal to his jealousy of the new baby. It has come to such a pass that the parent who has been so deluded as to read articles and books on the new child-training fears to spank—when spanking is itchingly indicated; dreads to ask a direct question lest he force the child into the defensive reaction of a lie; hesitates to tell John Junior that supper is ready lest Junior's meditations on the floor with a set of blocks be rudely interrupted; and is terrified to snatch up the baby and rock her for half an hour lest at eight months of age a mother fixation or a definite reaction to pleasurable sensations sets in. In short, no parent dare call his or her life his or her own—much less the life of the child.

In the old days fear of the dark, timidity in the schoolroom, jealousy of brothers or sisters, lies, white and black, day-dreaming, evasiveness and all such human traits and faultinesses were recognized as natural to the little animal and were dealt with accordingly.

Now such flaws and foibles are burdened with long names and come to us like Bo-Peep's sheep—wagging their tails behind them. They are Sign-posts and Warnings and Omens, and we are told that we owe it to the children to study them and to rectify them—and to rectify them, forsooth, before they happen. Otherwise God alone knows what will happen to the poor children and we shall have ourselves to blame!

THIS is all very well, but most of us are too busy earning a living for our children, or making a home for them, to go about chasing these shadows, labeling and pigeonholing them, writing books about them and dispelling them. We are too concerned with the problems of roof and bread, certified milk and education, shoes once a month, clothes all year round and life insurance.

And when we say this, there is a great uprising of scientists, of learned old maids of both sexes, of a few modern parents—who take themselves more seriously than they take their children, when all is said and done—and with a great voice they cry, "Remember the Rights of the Children!"

Therefore in a great voice I cry back, "Remember the Rights of the Parents!"

Grant, for the sake of indisputable argument, that children do not ask to be born. They do not. But having been born, they have received from their parents the gift of life. It is a good gift. There may be suffering in it—there generally is—there should be, if life is to gain any depth; and there will be joy in it too, and the commonplace, wonderful experiences that come to every human being. These children who have received life, unasked for, will agonize, will rejoice, will stumble and rise again; they will fail and succeed; they will hate and love and do battle; they will, in all probability, give life in their turn. In short, they will be human.

Therefore it appears to me that the answer to this cry—not, my friends, a modern plaint; all of us have used it—is merely, "Very well, I grant that you didn't ask for life. But having received it, is it not possible to make the best of it? After all, it is no small gift. And it is possible that you would fight savagely if you were threatened with its loss."

All of which brings us to the rights of parents.

It is impossible for the average adult to be wholly content with the society and conversation of a small, growing or adolescent child for twenty-four hours a day. The mature mind craves (*Continued on page 114*)

Too

Photograph Hal Phyfe

5 and 10

The Story So Far:

IF ANYONE had told Rarick, on the morning of the day he wired the sealed bid on the Ficke house, that before the sun set on another afternoon he would be the owner of two million five hundred dollars' worth of mortar and stone, he would have been politely incredulous. But he would have reckoned without his wife.

"Sooner or later, Rarick, the move is inevitable! Wire your bid today." He had awakened to the sound of her voice repeating the phrase that had been on her lips the night before. The room in which they slept was always beating with Jenny's repetitious phrases. Do this. Do that . . .

"Don't be all kinds of a fool, Rarick," she went on now. "Wire your bid."

"And what then?" he asked.

"And then what! The most beautiful house in the world, Rarick, built out of wretched little things."

A Novel of Spectacular Wealth

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

Things. Things. It was as if they came marching out of his Five-and-Ten—all the "wretched little things," the selling of which had made him the thirteenth richest man in the world and, as well, had given his wife the things she craved. Things and things. For herself, for Jennifer, their daughter, and Avery, their son.

It was for Jennifer the mother wanted Ficke house. So that the girl might see the light of her fifteenth birthday in that famous mansion. It had been the same throughout the years of their marriage. Always the doting mother wanted more things for her offspring. And Jennifer, not yet fifteen, had become "the little girl who wanted more than everything." The pity of it!

Without his knowing how to reach out his hand to stay it, the entire kingdom of his household was drifting beyond Rarick's reach. And Jenny was to blame.

The bitterness of that thought tore at him constantly.

But from what was he struggling to save them? he asked himself now. After all, success had taught *him* new and complex appetites. He was a collector of gems, of "firsts," of rare paintings, of beautiful old things of every sort. What Jenny was demanding for herself and her children was the equivalent of these.

"I'll buy you the Ficke house, Jenny," Rarick said suddenly . . .

It was in Ficke house, therefore, that some years later Jennifer, now a slim, sophisticated, arrogant young lady in society, was summoned to her father's study.

The only times she had received such summons had been on occasions highly unpleasant for her. And, at the moment, rankling in her mind was a dread that word of an extremely private drama that had been enacted had come to her father's ears.

She herself had written the "Casanova, Be Careful" lyrics and had danced in the last of the seven veils. But she'd show her father a thing or two! She'd go off and write about the man who thought he was Napoleon. She'd tell the world about this little man who got so rich on needles and pins that he hated himself and his family!

In that mood she sped to the interview.

But what Rarick wanted with his daughter was to have her meet Doctor Felix Gerkes, the noted archeologist whom he had recently invited to live at Ficke house. He began at once:

"I want you to have dinner with Doctor Gerkes and me tonight, Jennifer. You haven't sat down to dinner in this house for three weeks or more."

"Why should I? Everything I do gets on your nerves. Hang it all, why should I want to stay at home, Father? I just hate you sometimes!" cried the girl.

A fit of trembling went through Rarick at her words. Why couldn't he win the children's love and confidence, as Jenny did? Why must he always feel an outsider? Was Jenny, after all, clever and even subtle in giving her children their heads, to prevent them from running away? They were easy and insolent in her presence.

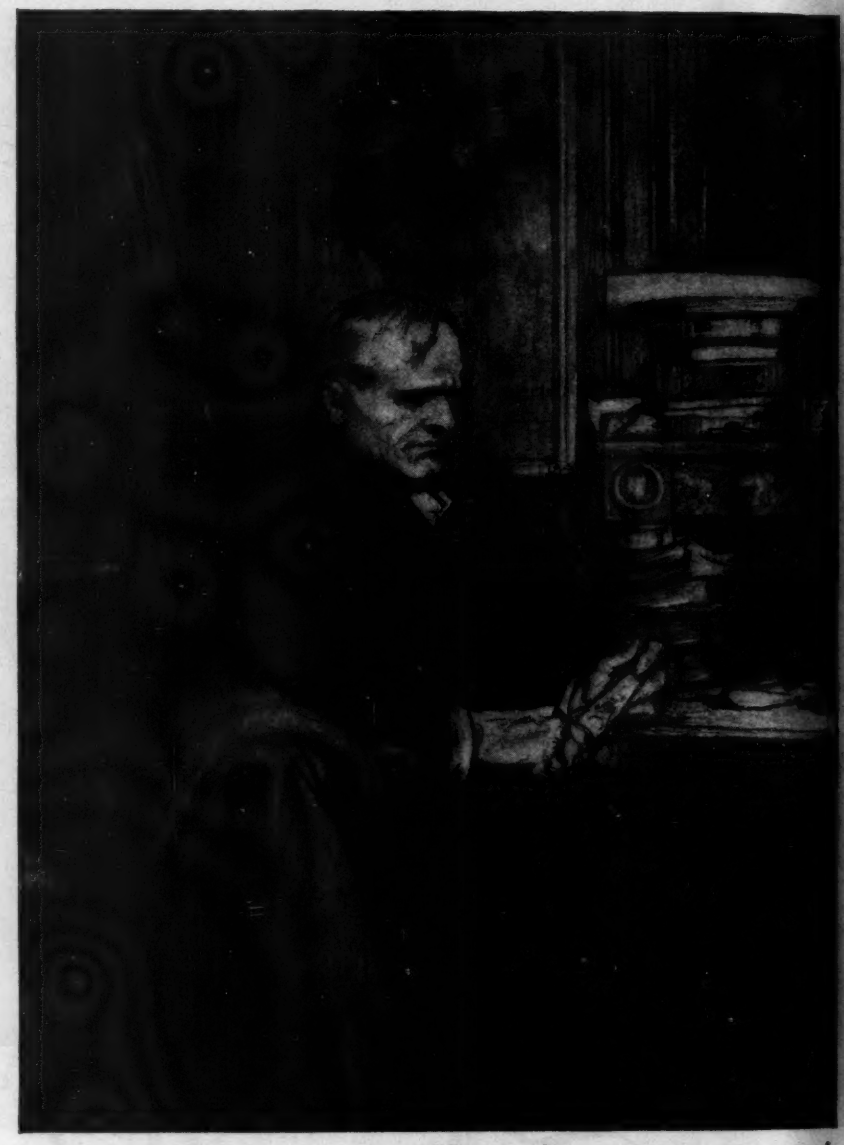
Sometimes he even hankered for some of that insolence. Now, he said only:

"You will eat dinner at home tonight, Jennifer, even if your temper does turn you into a barmaid."

And after coffee, Jennifer for the moment wanted to remain around the pool of quiet talk and quiet candlelight and the intellectual luster of Felix Gerkes. And would have, too, except for the seductive possibility that Berry Rhodes—who could tango like the Argentine Republic—might drop in at Florentine's to dance. But:

"I'm glad you're going to stick around," she told Doctor Gerkes. "Have a footstool ready for me every evening. I'm going to try a new way of showing myself a good time. My present one is a flop. Until tomorrow . . ."

Jennifer really meant it. But as a matter of fact she saw him only twice afterwards that winter of her twenty-third year. The first time was one evening as Gerkes came out of her father's library with a stack of books. The second, at six o'clock one morning when she had been "on a party" with Berry Rhodes. The door before which she had crouched had lurched about, and so had the figure of Gerkes, seen crazily through the keyhole.



¶ *Rarick, whose eccentricities were a source of*

JENNY, standing before a full-length, three-sided mirror, did an uncharacteristic thing. She removed from the front of her peignoir of coffee-colored lace a small cascade of ruffles which left her chest bare, then stood off to survey.

Her bathroom, an enormous one guiltless of tile, cleverly disguised in rugs, taffetas, a sunken bathtub with growing plants on its coping, and porcelain waterbirds on little stands against a background of glazed Chinese wall-paper, reflected her figure over and over again. There was no angle from which she could not

contemplate herself. Profile. Demi-profile. Full front. Back. She bent into them all, surveying.

She was the angular type of woman who wears high neck ruffs well. She owned dog-collars of jewels; principally pearls with vertical bars of sapphires, emeralds, diamonds or jade. She need not have feared for her neck and shoulders. It was just that, somehow, the close collar, the narrow cuff, the ruffs of fur at the wrists and neck gave Jenny what air of distinction she could claim.

Tall, narrow, her high coiffure boldly revealing her ears and planes of cheek, there was something studiedly, if remotely Bernhardtian about Jenny. At least she grasped at the wisp of resemblance and pandered to it.

Yet standing before the mirror, alternately holding the cascade of coffee-colored lace against her chest and then removing it, she finally decided to leave it off, feeling strangely not herself as she did so.

As a matter of fact, she was not herself. So strangely not herself that once she crossed her arms over her flat chest and hugged her shoulders in a little exultant fashion.

The no-longer-to-be-evaded truth of it was that Jenny, whose impeccable wifehood extending over a period of twenty-four years had been an easy virtue, was excited beyond her usual composure, by the fact that a young Argentine named Ramond Lopez was coming in for a five-o'clock cocktail with her in the conservatory.

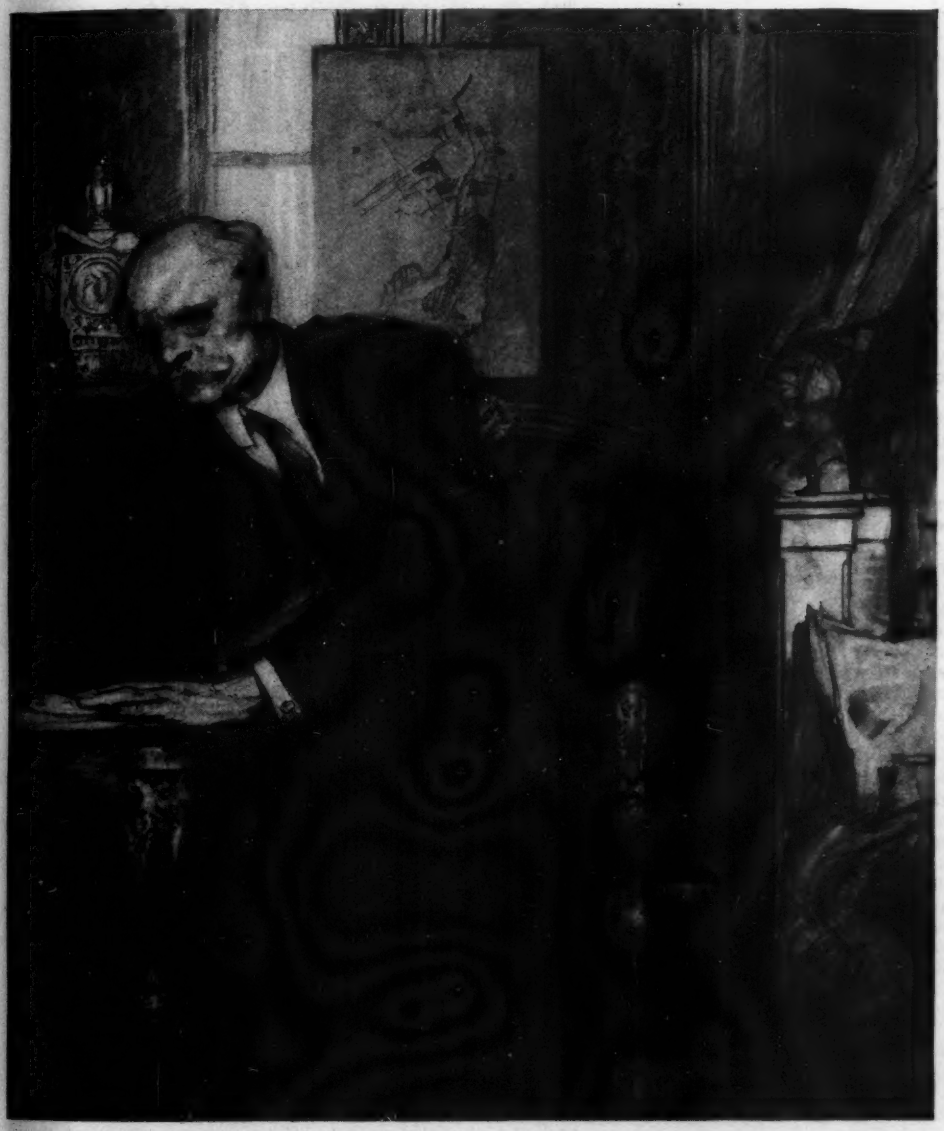
It had been arranged in the hurried breaking up of a party at the Ambassadeur the previous afternoon. Abbey Chadwick had asked twenty to tea and dancing, including young Lopez, who was said to be a paid dancer at Florentine's, a gigolo of exalted type who mingled socially by virtue of his connections but who, nevertheless, was paid by the management.

He had sat next to Jennifer at the Ambassadeur and had coaxed her to attempt a tango which she had never before ventured on a public floor. He and a Spanish girl professionally known as Cleo had danced at one of Jennifer's dinner-dances a few weeks previous and had been paid handsomely for it.

The son of a coffee king, whose fortune had been spent in defending his daughter Bianca from the charge of having shot and instantly killed her young roué of a millionaire husband as he was leaving his racing stable, Ramond's anomalous position kept him hovering precariously between two worlds. He had been a mere lad at the time of the notorious case of Bianca Lopez Saltus, but the swift tides of family fortune, the death of his father, a little later the death of Bianca and the paltriness of his inheritance, had swept him from the Argentine. He was a young man with a dancing figure and a personable air.

It was said that women contributed chiefly to his support. Possibly. It is certain, however, that Jenny, whose social world was a happy hunting-ground for the hired or more subtly rewarded gigolo, had never bartered in the strange coin of that realm except in the out-and-out terms of signing checks to paid entertainers for services rendered and received. The case of Ramond had been different from the case of Nemo, the case of Tom and Dick and Harry, only to the extent that he had occasionally been present in social capacity at functions where she and Jennifer dined or danced.

It had all come about so suddenly that it seemed to Jenny her confused sense must be playing her a prank. As tidy about her emotions as she was about the objects on her dressing-table, and more and more given of late years to going about to all occasions and functions without Rarick, the man beside her (*Continued on page 214*)



wonder to his family, delighted in the salty wisdom and humor of Gerkes.

Aren't You Wonderful?

By Fannie Kilbourne

"YOU'RE quite pretty enough and more than clever enough. It's just your technique that's wrong." Mildred Pierce regarded her young cousin over a gold cloth shoulder. "It's so childishly simple to make men fall in love with you, you know."

Polly shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't know—unfortunately."

She leaned back gingerly against the taffeta cushions of Mildred's chaise-longue and furnished, from the topmost tuft of her ruffled brown hair to the soles of her flat-heeled golf shoes, the one incongruous note in her cousin's bedroom.

Mrs. Pierce's bedroom was like herself. Soft, luxurious, feminine. Thick step-silencing carpet, low satin-covered chairs, a fragile gold clock ticking on the mantel, a French telephone and the newest novel on the bedside table. No dressing-table, of course. That was in her bathroom.

Through its open door, Polly could see her cousin's bathroom, black tile, low-set cream-porcelain tub. The built-in table with its three-part mirror and cunningly adjusted lights, its clutter of black glass bottles and jars with gold tops.

Polly wondered what on earth could be in all those jars and bottles. Beyond cold-cream and powder and rouge—oh, yes, and some lotion, perhaps, for chapped hands—her unsophisticated fancy could not range. Bright-eyed, red-cheeked, also, alas, red-handed, from hours of November golf with Mildred's husband, Polly was as out of place in that room as an autumn leaf in a shoulder-spray of orchids.

Mildred herself was as perfectly in place as though the room had been built around her. As, indeed, it had been. Her lounging pajamas were black and gold and her hair lying close to her head in sleek waves was as yellow as the satin, almost as golden as the stoppers of the black glass bottles.

Polly could remember Mildred when her cousin's hair had been perhaps a faint shade less golden, certainly when there had been no background of embroidered satin. Like Polly, Mildred had been a college professor's daughter, brought up in the midst of propaganda for plain living and high thinking. But the propaganda hadn't taken, not with Mildred. She had decided for herself long ago in favor of high living and plain thinking. Plain-speaking, too. She was speaking plainly to Polly now.

"Of course, you're no beauty—you'd have to make the most of every bit of good looks you've got. But you've got enough, at that. It's your technique with men that's so terrible."

Polly laughed good-naturedly. But under the good nature there was a note of honest wistfulness.

"What's wrong with my technique?" she asked.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course. Or I wouldn't have asked."

Mildred laughed. Even in blunt frankness with one of her own sex, Mildred's laugh was velvety, caressing.

"Women usually don't want the truth," she said, "even when they ask for it. Promise me you won't turn around and make me listen to a lot of younger-generation talk—you know, the wide-eyed, independent, comrade bunk."

Polly was startled. "You really think it's bunk? You don't believe that men, modern men, want comradeship from women?"

"Of course they don't. Modern men are the only ones who've ever even pretended to. And they're just pretending. Look around at rich men's wives. Their second wives, I mean, of course. The first wives were usually picked when the men were poor and took what they could get. But look at the second wives that they choose after they've made their money and can have exactly what they like best. You don't see any little companionates there, do you?"

Polly looked at Mildred, herself the adored second wife of a rich man. "No," Polly admitted; "I don't know that you do."

"It's only women with middle-class minds who are fooled by all this modern-men-are-different nonsense. Women with no minds at all, beautiful but dumb, know better by blind instinct. They turn into gold-diggers. And the clever women learn by experience and observation. They turn into successful wives. It's the in-betweeners who fool themselves.

"Men haven't changed any—not when it comes to women. Take your up-to-the-minute college boy in his plus-fours and raccoon coat—he won't whistle a song

A COMPLETE RECIPE FOR WINNING A MAN

that's six weeks old but when it comes to girls, he falls for the same old line his grandpaw did before him."

Polly made some faint sounds of demur but curiosity triumphed quickly. "What is the line?" she asked.

"Just three words," Mildred said. She looked up, as at a tall man beside her, looked up with wide, languishing eyes. Her voice as soft as a baby's hand on your cheek, "Aren't you wonderful!" she breathed faintly.

"But why bother to make that kind of man fall in love with you?" Polly asked.

Mildred shrugged a gold cloth shoulder. "Simply because, my dear little cousin, that's the only kind of man there is. They're all alike. All they really want of any woman is to have her admire them, to listen while they talk about themselves. They're all alike. The only choice a woman has in men is to take 'em or leave 'em."

"I don't believe that, Mid. I don't believe all men are alike, any more than all women. I don't believe that a man like—well, like Mr. Carmichael, for instance, is conceited and gullible. I don't believe he'd be taken in by a girl who did nothing but flatter him. I don't believe it for a minute."

"Don't you?" Mildred asked mildly.

"Do you think he would?" Polly insisted.

Mildred shrugged her gold shoulder again. A rippling shrug was one of Mildred's most effective gestures.

"Well," she suggested mildly, "why don't you try him out and see for yourself?"

"There's no need to try! You can tell just to look at him that he's not that type. Why, I scarcely know him at all but I can see——"

"That's it, Polly my darling. You scarcely know him at all."

"Well, Fred knows him well enough, doesn't he?"

Fred was Mildred's husband.

"Didn't you hear Fred telling how the Stevens people had been doing their best to pull the wool over Mr. Carmichael's eyes and how he saw right through it like a window-pane? And didn't you hear Fred admit that he was one of the keenest young fellows they'd ever had in the office? And didn't——"

"Why, Polly! Polly Davenport! To think of your falling for Harry Carmichael like that! When you've only seen him twice! Why, I actually believe you're in love with the man!"

"Don't be ridic, Mid. I scarcely know Mr. Carmichael. I just picked him at random because—because——"

"Don't explain, darling," her cousin interrupted languidly. "Never explain anything. It will always get you in deeper. Besides, there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't fall in love with Harry Carmichael. So far as I know, he's perfectly eligible. As you've observed, Fred seems to think very highly of him. He's not my idea of handsome, of course, but if he suits you—you can give him a suggestion or so about going to a better tailor, after you're married."

"Mid, you half-wit! I never heard such——"

"Oh, if you can only contrive to blush like that for him! It's simply too enchanting. And so rare, these days."

"Mid, please don't——" But Polly gave up in despair. Mildred, in a mood like this, was hopeless. Besides, Polly could feel her own blush growing hotter and redder.

Polly could not have explained to her cousin why she should feel so hotly indignant at Mildred's placing

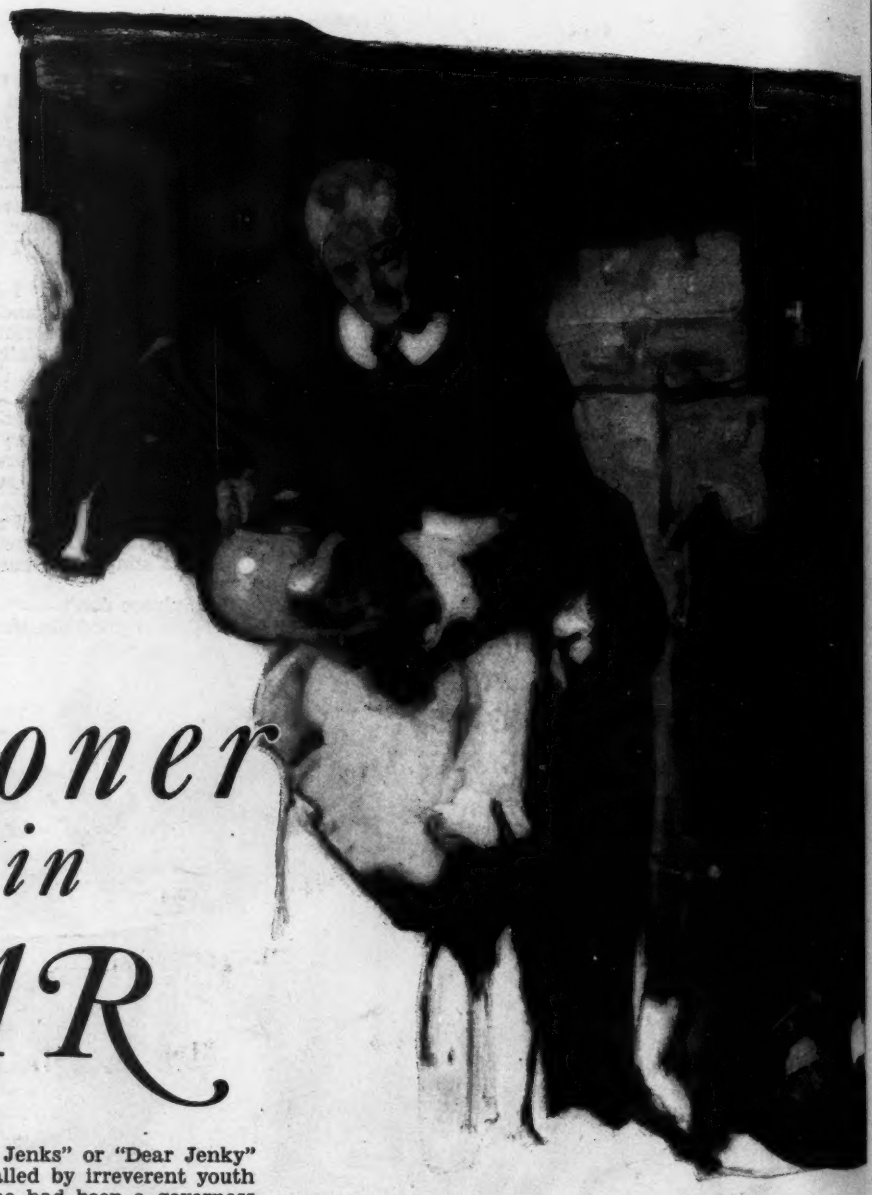
(*Cont. on p. 192*)

Illustrations by John LaGatta

¶ *"The idea in dressing for any man, Polly," Mildred explained, "is to wear clothes that will never let him forget for a moment that you're a woman."*

By Sir
PHILIP
GIBBS

A Prisoner in WAR



Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

MISS JENKINS—"Old Jenks" or "Dear Jenky" as she had been called by irreverent youth when, years ago, she had been a governess in Eaton Square—had no idea that she was overheard when she said, "Drat the wretch!" to a jack of clubs which spoiled her game of patience.

She was alone in the front parlor of a house in the Rue du Cardinal at Lille in northern France on this Wednesday night of October 2nd, 1918. There was no doubt about the date because there it was on a French calendar on the mantel-shelf underneath the text of "God is Love" and between framed photographs of some of "dear Jenky's" former pupils, whom she had instructed with a loving devotion which had always betrayed her moral austerity and sense of discipline.

That calendar and its predecessors had tortured her for a year or two after the war had begun. It had made her a false prophet among young ladies of Lille who came to learn English from her, partly to prevent themselves from going mad in those days of terror and spiritual agony. They found it hard to endure life under German rule in a city so close to the line of battle that their windows shook with the sound of guns, and on dark nights the sky quivered with the red glare of shell-fire.

"The war will be over in three months," she had said to Yvonne Barbier, whose brother had been killed in the first Battle of the Marne and who had a lover in the Champagne.

Every morning she had torn one leaf off the calendar with a tragic gladness because another day of war had passed. Peace was one day nearer!—that peace with victory for England and France which would save the lives of some of those young men whom she had taught as small boys in knickerbockers—taught to tell the truth and be polite to little girls and remember the dates of the kings and queens of England and the chief rivers of Europe.

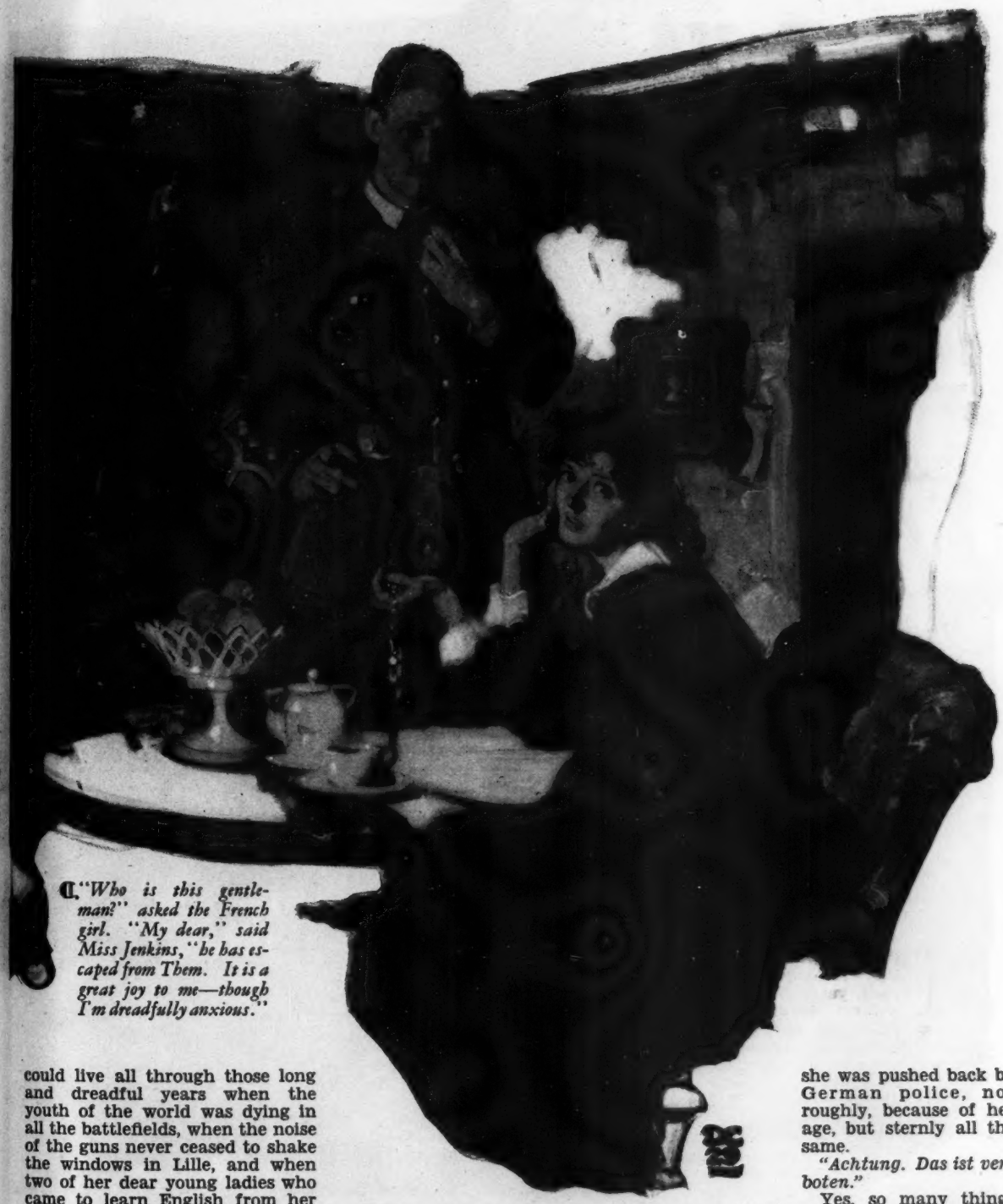
After three months she had tried to comfort Agnes de Merville, who wept her heart out one morning because there was so much cruelty in life.

"Chère mademoiselle! The war will be over on March fifteenth, 1915. You see I have made a little cross on the calendar. I am certain of it. It is a kind of intuition."

Agnès de Merville had abused the Germans, calling them *"sales Boches!"* so loudly that Miss Jenkins was frightened, because there were two German officers billeted in the rooms upstairs and anybody in Lille was sent to prison if he were heard to say *"sales Boches."*

But it was terrible when she had to tear off the leaf with the little cross she had marked and still the war went on, after March 15th, 1915, and after March 15th, 1916, and after March 15th, 1917, and after March 15th, 1918.

How was it possible that an old woman like herself



¶ *"Who is this gentleman?" asked the French girl. "My dear," said Miss Jenkins, "he has escaped from Them. It is a great joy to me—though I'm dreadfully anxious."*

could live all through those long and dreadful years when the youth of the world was dying in all the battlefields, when the noise of the guns never ceased to shake the windows in Lille, and when two of her dear young ladies who came to learn English from her died of grief, though the doctor called it pneumonia, because life had been robbed of all its joy, and love itself was slain?

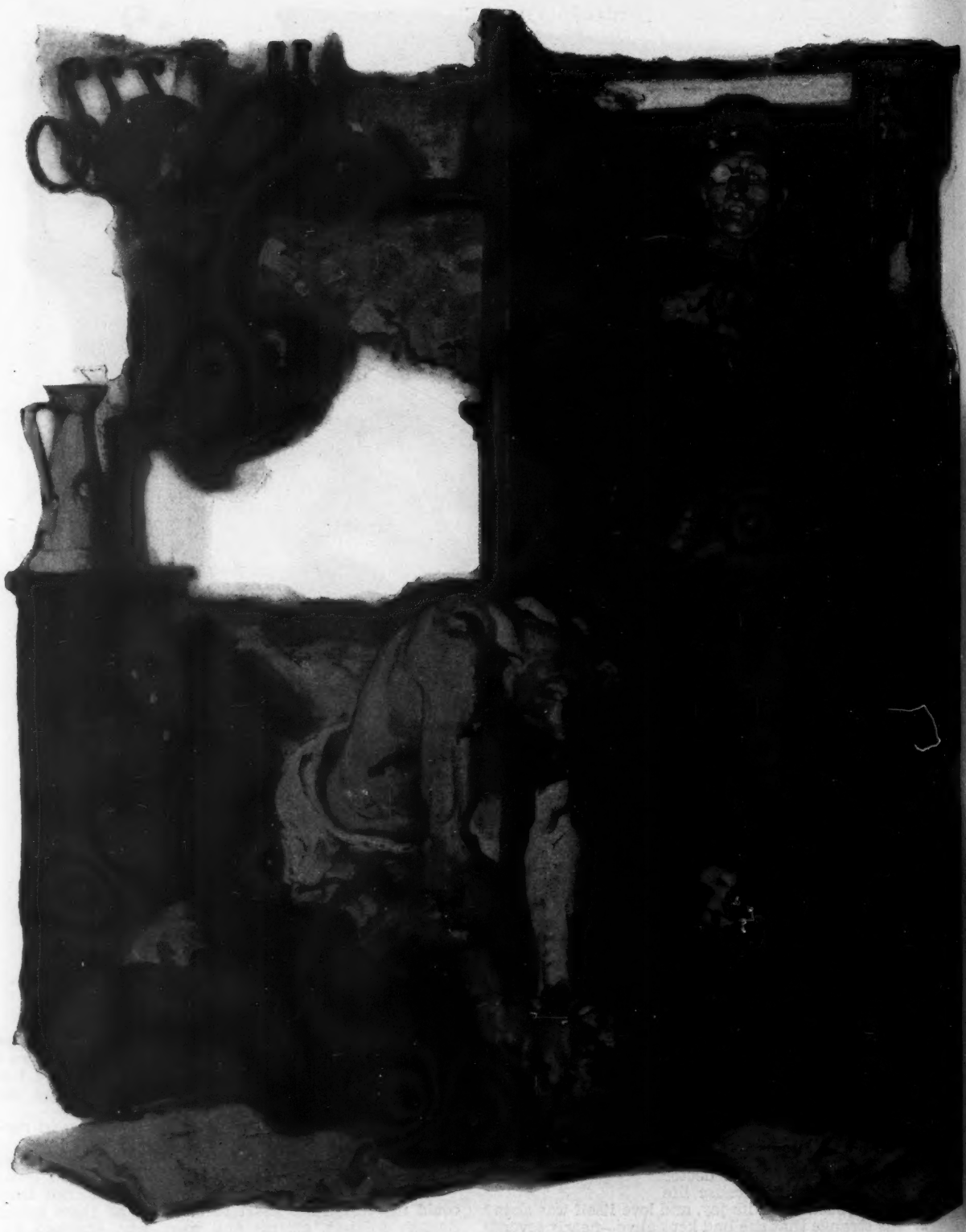
It was strange that she had kept alive—nearly seventy now!—with hardly enough to eat, especially as she sent as much as she could spare to the poor prisoners up at the Citadelle, on their way to the prison camps where they would always be hungry, now that Germany was getting short of food.

Hundreds of times she had stood in the Grande-Place watching those poor boys go by between their guards, scanning their faces eagerly. Several times she was almost certain she recognized some of those dear boys she had taught—Frank Lavington, Philip Arkwright, Julian Harcourt. She had called out their names, and they had turned their heads and smiled at her, with a look of surprise at hearing an English voice—until she was pushed back by German police, not roughly, because of her age, but sternly all the same.

"Achtung. Das ist verboten."

Yes, so many things were *verboten* to civilians in Lille. But they could not forbid her heart to bleed for all these young English soldiers, officers and men, who tramped by, jauntily sometimes, and at other times grimly, tired, with drawn faces and shell-shocked eyes.

It was perhaps the game of patience which had kept her alive because it prevented her from thinking too much of all this agony. Every evening before her supper of onion soup and war bread—getting worse, that bread!—and sometimes, but not often, a small piece of cheese as a treat, and some cakes made by dear Mademoiselle de Merville, who gave her little presents like that, she would take her pack of cards out of her writing-desk and she would sit down to this wonderful game which always worked out differently and kept one's mind from brooding.



So there she was on the night of October 2nd, 1918, at nine o'clock, quite alone in that room in the Rue du Cardinal at Lille, making little packs of her cards with thin hands which trembled slightly when she poised a card over a pack, and with a pair of pince-nez cracked in one glass (difficult to get mended in war-time Lille), so that she could see the cards clearly in the dim light of an oil-lamp. A small traveling clock, the present of a former pupil, ticked out the minutes of a war which never ended.

The window-panes trembled continuously with the far-off reverberations of gun-fire, and now and again shook quite noisily as the bombardment broke out into some sudden fury. Upstairs in the room overhead a chair was shifted on the bare boards, or a pair of boots dropped with a heavy clump.

That meant Captain Schiffer had come back from his work in the office of the Stadtkommandant and was settling down to a quiet evening with some book. The other one—Captain Giesberg—had told her that he was coming back late that night, being *sehr geschäftig*, which meant very busy.

"Sorry, Jenky dear!" gasped Dick. "Do you mind—handing me that gun? Carefully!" She was sorry the man would have to be killed, but war was like that. One life or another. Then someone spoke. "What is this about?"

Outside in the street there was no sound, when the heavy tread of a German soldier—one of their military police—had passed and left complete silence except for that rumbling of distant gun-fire. Every civilian in Lille had been indoors since seven o'clock, according to German orders which forbade anyone to be in the streets after dusk unless with a special pass from the Kommandantur.

Because it was a warm night, Miss Jenkins had left her window open for a few inches, but she had pulled the blinds close to prevent any gleam of light showing in her room, in order to avoid being fined by the military police for this offense.

"Drat the wretch!" said Miss Jenkins, when the jack of clubs spoiled the sequence of her game of patience.

And it was just when she spoke those words aloud that she had a queer fancy that someone was tapping at the window. It was not the ordinary shaking of the window-pane because of the gun-fire. It was a little tap-tap-tap, as though someone were knocking with a finger-nail.

"Silly idea!" Miss Jenkins *(Continued on page 226)*

HALF-

By Rex

Illustrations by

"I am being poisoned," said Scheutema. "You know these strange Malay things that kill slowly?" "It's a ghastly idea," said Tony. "I'll have to be on the lookout."

My dear friend Anthony:

Will you please come to see me at your very soon convenience. I would like to talk with you on a matter of very importance.

Your sincere friend,
Hendrick Scheutema

YOUNG Tony Beresford read this note, written in a thin cramped hand and couched in the Dutchman's far-from-impeccable English, and wondered what the old man could want of him.

Turning to the native messenger who had brought it to the plantation, he said: "Where did you leave your boat?"

"It is yonder on the beach, *tuan*," the boy answered, pointing Malay-fashion with his chin.

"Good. Wait for me there and I'll go back with you after tiffin."

"Baik, tuan!" The lean boatman rose from his squatting position, salaamed, and went off through the rubber trees.

Within half an hour Tony was on his way from Amboyna to Ceram. The narrow stretch of sea that separated the two islands was the color of a robin's egg, and the afternoon sun beat down with a relentless ferocity that would have been unbearable except for the steady beam-wind which tempered its scorching rays and sent the light *prahu* with its curious tripod mast and picturesque red-brown sail scuttling through the water like a hungry fish.

Sitting there, protected by a cork sun-helmet, his white tunic coat open at the neck, Tony tried again and again to think what the matter of "very importance", about which Hendrick Scheutema wanted to see him might be.

He was fond of the old man and he hoped nothing serious had happened. Perhaps that rotten son of Hendrick's had been playing up and getting into more trouble.

A riotous tropical sunset was subsiding into demi-tints edged with pale shades of mauve and yellow and blue as a tranquil dusk settled on the world and the *prahu* ran aground off Ceram. The boatman stepped into the shallow, crystal-clear water and carried Tony on his back to the beach of coral sand as white as table salt, beyond which the rich, undulating land, dense with vivid green trees and lush shrubbery, resembled some fanciful painting.

Hendrick Scheutema's big bungalow stood back a couple of hundred yards from the water, and as Tony strolled up to it he sniffed gratefully at the odors of warm earth, spices and waxen-petaled flowers—always more pleasantly pungent at twilight. It was the time of day he liked best.

"Ah, my dear boy!" the welcoming voice of Hendrick Scheutema sounded from the veranda.

"Hullo, sir," Tony responded. He ran up the steps and shook the fat old man's hand.

"It is indeed very nice of you to come so soon," Hendrick said, patting him on the shoulder. "I am very obliged. Please sit down."

Tony had not seen Hendrick for nearly two months and he was a little shocked to see how ill the planter looked and to note how his hands trembled when he mixed the gin and bitters.

Rex Beach

CASTE

Charles B. Falls

Having passed one of the *pâhits* to his guest, Hendrick held up his glass and smiled.

"*Prosit,*" he said.

"*Prosit,*" Tony echoed, and swallowed the liquor with relish.

It was not until Hendrick had refilled their glasses and had glanced cautiously about him that he settled down to tell Tony why he had sent for him.

"Anthony, my friend," he began, "I have a suggestion to make to you—something that should be for your very good."

Scheutema always made excessive use of the word "very."

"That's interesting, sir. What is it?"

"I wish to sell to you my plantation."

"Sell it to me!" echoed the young man in amazement. "You know I couldn't buy a hen-coop, let alone——"

"Wait! Wait!" Hendrick held up a plump admonitory hand. "It is no matter that you lack money. I do not ask for a *keping* now. You will pay me for it out of the profits you make and six percent interest each year on the amount you owe until you have cleared the debt.

"You will have your very own place. No longer will you have to be the assistant manager of Mr. van Hoesen's plantation. And three hundred thousand guilders is all I ask you for it. Very dirt-cheap!

"The profit last year was over fifty thousand, and with a young, very energetic man like you in charge it should be much more. In six or seven years the place will be yours—clear of everything."

THE proposition all but took Tony's breath. For several seconds he stared at Hendrick in bewildered silence.

"What is the matter with you, Anthony?" Scheutema asked at last. "You do not want my plantation?"

"I'd give my eyes to have it," the boy declared in a voice flat and throaty with emotion.

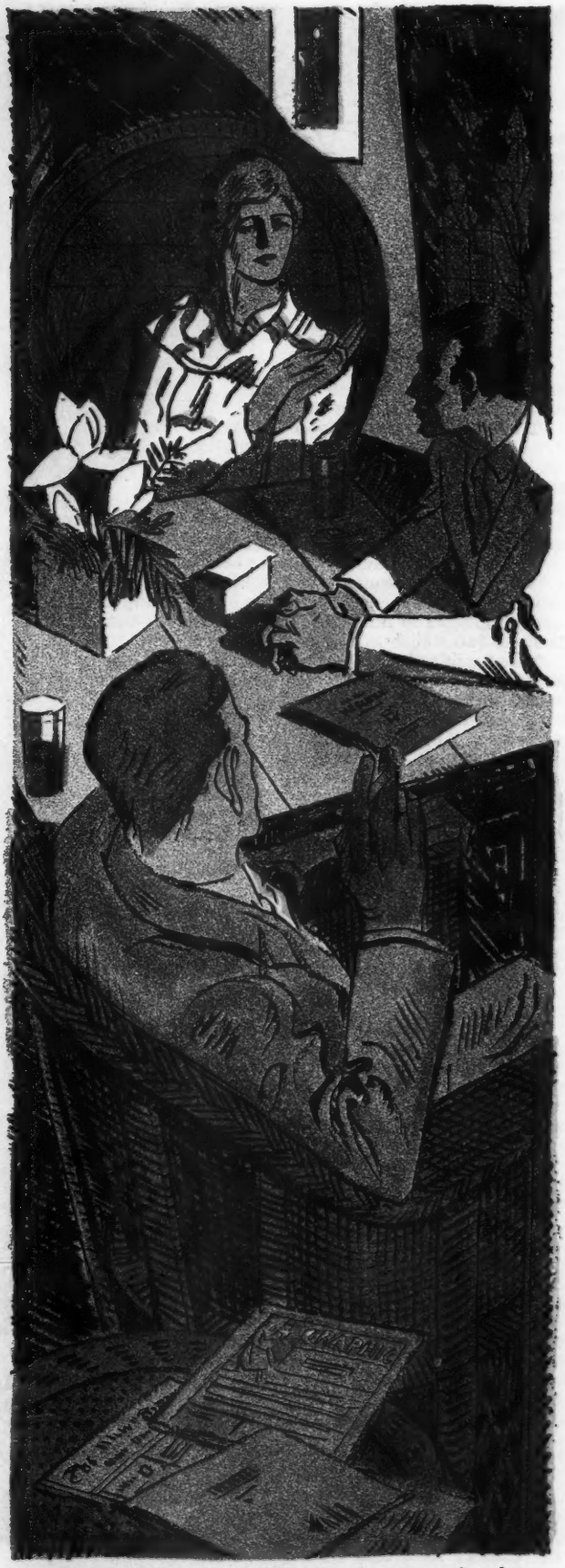
"Then is it that you think I ask too much for it?"

"Not at all, sir. It's a gift at the figure. What I can't make out is why you offer it to me on such ridiculously easy terms."

"Listen, my friend," said Hendrick, pulling his wicker chair closer to the table. "I will tell you somethings. I am fifty-eight and that is old for one who has spent most of his life in the Islands. And I am sick. There is not for me many more years and those years I want to spend back in my Holland. It is like that with people when they come near the end.

"For months I have wanted to sell my plantation but I know of no one who could pay me cash and I could not go away with a peaceful mind if any of these swindlers here owed me for it. I know them. Always they have tried to cheat me.

"You, Anthony, have been my friend since you came here four years ago and I am certain that you are very honest. You will pay me. And I must be paid because my plantation and a few thousands in the bank—not very much—is all what I have in the



Tony could have done without Louis' company, but the fellow was so grateful for companionship, he lacked the heart to object. Besides, Kate might think him boorish.

world. How, then, shall I live if I let them swindle me?"

"Of course you must be careful," Anthony agreed. "I feel a bit funky about owing you all that money, but if you're satisfied to let me have the place, why—I'll agree to pay off the debt just as fast as I can. It will depend on how the profits come in."

"I am very happy for you to have it," said Hendrick, extending his hand. "It is then a bargain. Tomorrow we go to the Contrôleur at Amboyna to sign the papers."

When Hendrick had filled the *pâhit* glasses again he leaned across the table towards Anthony.

"My friend," he said, "there is another thing to speak of. It is about my son, and I must say it to you before he comes back—he is out shooting in the jungle. You know—everybody knows—that Louis is bad. Just as bad as a man can be.

"The troubles I have had with that boy! Tse! Tse! Many times he has stolen from me and from other people. And twice he has forged my name on a check. For cheating at cards he has been thrown out of the club at Amboyna. I have burned from shame ever since that time. And the troubles he has made for me by playing with the wives of the coolies! *Chelâka!"*

The old man flapped his hands to and fro like fishes' tails and turned his eyes distressfully heavenwards.

"Perhaps it is my punishment," he continued, "for marrying a Malay woman. In no other way can I account for it that she gives me a child like Louis. Poor Hodoh—there was no badness in her. Always she was sweet and beautiful till the cholera took her from me. And after she died I sent Louis to Holland to be educated—and then for two years in England.

"That was a very great mistake. He came back still with all his Malay vices and a very lot more he had learned abroad. And with his education he was more cunning and clever in his badness.

"Ach! I would sell to him the plantation on such easy terms as I sell it to you, or make him my partner, but to do so would be very impossible. He would swindle me. And he will not work. Very quickly the plantation would be no good and I would be a beggar in Holland."

"I know Louis' history pretty well," said Tony. "It's a bit murky and I see how risky it would be to leave the place in his hands. I'm sorry he has been such a disappointment to you."

"Ah, yes! I have had many disappointments, many trials. I have not told you all of them." Hendrick lowered his voice still more and sat forward in his chair. "Another thing I must speak about for your own protection: it is that I am being poisoned."

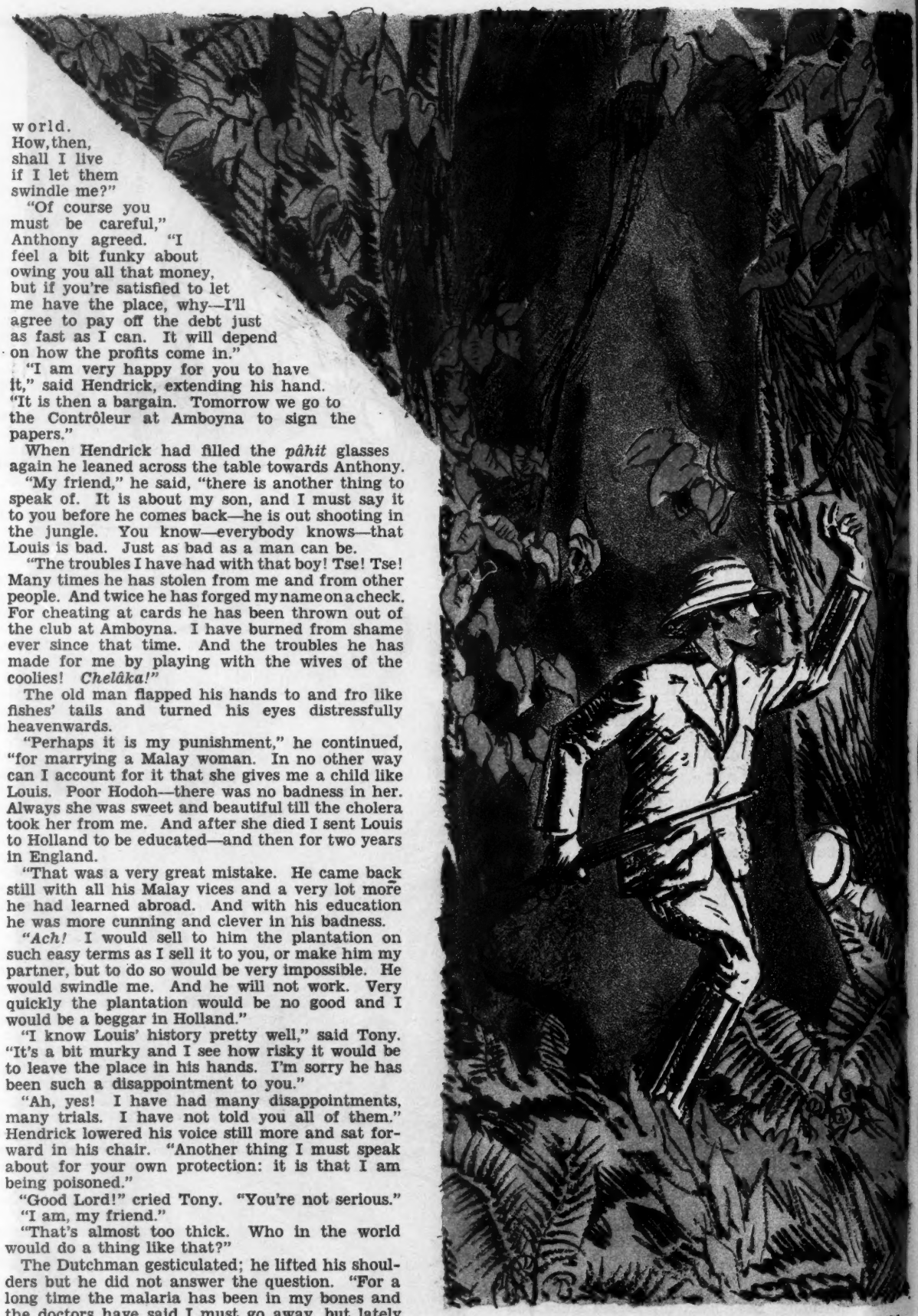
"Good Lord!" cried Tony. "You're not serious."

"I am, my friend."

"That's almost too thick. Who in the world would do a thing like that?"

The Dutchman gesticulated; he lifted his shoulders but he did not answer the question. "For a long time the malaria has been in my bones and the doctors have said I must go away, but lately I have had often, too, very strange pains in my stomach after eating."

He nodded several times and laid a pudgy hand



Louis whirled, catlike, to behold at him over the barrel of a rifle. its words registered only as lip

a face, twisted with rage and pain, glaring A voice issued from the apparition, but movements . . . Suddenly the forest roared.

upon his bulging midsection. "A sleep comes over me and I am not well. At first I said to myself, 'That is suspicious: you are an old man, Scheutema. Perhaps you overeat.'"

"Precisely what I had in mind."

The planter's round head rocked in denial. "No. All my life I have made the habit to overeat and nothing happens. I put two and two together. I think of the enemies I have made and of those who would hope to profit by my death. It is not imagination . . . You know something about these strange Malay things from the jungle that can be put in the food or the drink to kill slowly and no doctor can find out why the person has died?"

"I've heard about them. But only the natives know what they are and how to prepare them."

"True! When Hodoh was alive I trusted her people; they liked me. Every day she was in the cook-house when meals were being made. But now nobody is there and this is a rich plantation. Many people would like to own it. Louis, that foolish boy, he has no head for business, he sells everything for money to spend in Makassar or with the women of Banda. He is like a child."

"It's a ghastly idea," Tony said, with a thoughtful crease between his blue eyes. "If what you say is true, I dare say I'll have to be on the lookout."

"You are a young man. You have not been here long enough to make enemies. You will be alert."

"Righto! It's merely the beastly idea of the thing." To the speaker, old Hendrick's suspicions sounded fantastic and yet, upon second thought, he agreed that there might be something in them, for anything was possible out here in this incredible land. Perhaps Louis himself——

But he quickly dismissed that idea. Louis was a worthless scamp, dishonest in money matters, and openly immoral—"unmoral" was the better word—in his relations with women; nevertheless he was likable. He was intelligent and cultured: he was genuinely fond of his father, too. More than likely, the latter's enemy, if he had one, was some native in his employ, some fellow around the house who nursed a personal grudge. In all probability, however, the whole trouble could be traced back to that very gluttony in which the Dutchman took pride.

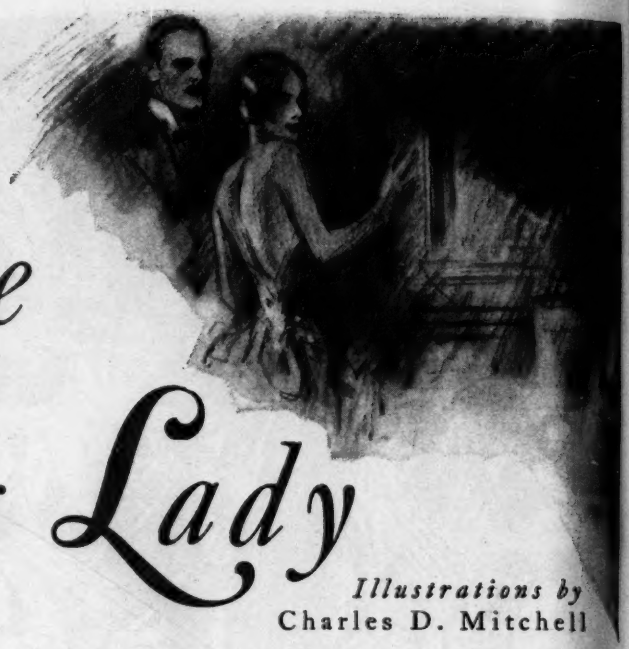
"I am obliged to go away because of the malaria that is always with me," Scheutema was saying, "but it is because of the other that I wish to go very immediately. And that brings me back to Louis. What must I do with him? I cannot take him with me to Holland, he is too much Malay: he would hate it there in my quiet village and he would bring me disgrace among my friends with his conduct among the girls.

"I wish him to stay here, but who will employ him? Nobody. They all know how lazy he is. And if he is not employed he may steal some money and be arrested. What peace for me, then?"

"Not much, I'm afraid." Tony rubbed his chin meditatively. "You can imagine I'm not keen on having a fellow like that about the place, but if it will help you out I'll keep him on."

"It would take off the last of my worries," Hendrick admitted with relief. "Just the same, I could not suggest it until (*Continued on page 121*)

An Amiable Young Lady



Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

The I in this story is not the author but a young Frenchman, Guy de P——y. Through his mother, an American lady of good family, Monsieur de P——y was related to and acquainted with several families of Americans resident in Europe.

MOVED by social considerations, my hostess Mrs. Poe inclined to her right and talked about *boiseries* to the Comte Villaret de St. Honorat, who, squirming in his old-fashioned stays, answered her with that look of baffled devilry which has captivated four generations of American women, despoiling one of eighteen million dollars.

I, on Mrs. Poe's left, foresaw the urgency with which she would presently, in a low voice vibrating with the passions from which sprang the Mosaic Law, address me. Was I not her daughter's friend—her daughter's respectable friend?

For to be French in France, a country which emphasizes the laxity of its foreign visitors, is in itself a sign of respectability. While my eighteenth-century name, although not preceded by a title and therefore not directly magnetic, added a certain mental elegance to Mrs. Poe's regard for me.

Talking in the meanwhile with a Mrs. Entwhistle on my left, I discovered that she was an Englishwoman visiting Biarritz for the first time. Her husband, she told me with a smile which the removal of a few unnecessary teeth would have improved vastly, would not care for Biarritz, because it was so full of Americans. Mrs. Entwhistle, with that passion for realism which afflicts some Englishwomen while enjoying the hospitality of Americans, gave me to understand that, try as she would, she could not really like Americans.

Desperately disinterested in Mrs. Entwhistle, I had eyes only for Harriet across the table. Ah, Harriet! Extraordinary in height, she was constructed throughout of such small well-chosen bones that she did not, like her mother, who had bones reminiscent of Genghis Khan's, give one any impression of massiveness.

On the contrary, her sensational height and exaggerated slenderness afflicted one with a profound physical curiosity. Alas, I shall have occasion to repeat that.

Unable to speak the truth, Harriet was giving the man beside her an amusing description of something that had not happened to her that morning. Her voice was very pleasant, being resonant and rather plaintive —like the note of some birds of prey, notably vultures and sirens.

She caught my glance across the table, and her beautiful gray eyes laughed uproariously.

"Guy, you know I'm lying again!"

Adoring her, I was exasperated beyond all reason by Harriet's looks.

Her beauty was invented by her mother when Harriet was sixteen, for an unlovely daughter would have been a serious handicap to Mrs. Poe's European aspirations. As it was, however, Mrs. Poe—who had long since divorced her second husband, an Englishman, on the ground that he was spending all the money left to her by her first, a rapacious provision merchant in Cleveland, Ohio—had very soon convinced all Paris of Harriet's unusual beauty. There was very little that Mrs. Poe, helped by her chef and her formidable personality —reminiscent of Genghis Khan's—could not achieve.

Harriet had beautiful gray eyes, certainly, with black pupils that reflected men's images with deplorable flattery, so that they never were tired of looking into them. Her hair was black, and its long deep waves gave her head an air of spaciousness, of something not negligible.

I should have called her complexion sallow if her mother had not put it into my head that it was warm with a dusky glow. Mrs. Poe attributed the dusky glow to a Sicilian grandmother on her father's side. Her mouth, large and hospitable, emphasized the welcome of her beautiful but indiscriminating gray eyes. Her teeth, arranged with American care for organization according to precedence, had an African magnificence.

BUT whence had she come by her nose? Had the Cleveland provision merchant, who had left Harriet a million dollars in trust for her twenty-fifth birthday, possessed a classical nose of surpassing grace? A slim and lovely autocrat, Harriet's nose dominated her sallow complexion as Marie Antoinette dominated the essentially second-rate court of Versailles.

Its point, stretched tightly over two small sharp bones, from time to time would quiver in fragile ecstasy. How often have I watched that unscrupulous quivering! Thus Harriet's nose, taken with her drooping slender height, completed an illusion of rare and delicious sensibility to the lower forms of love which afflicted one—as, alas, I have said before—with a profound physical curiosity.

As we rose from luncheon, Mrs. Poe said to me: "Guy, you must not go before I have had a talk with you."

Behind her retreating back, Harriet, choked with laughter, whispered: "Promise not to tell the old girl I've gone to the bad with him."

Accustomed through my American connections to the conversation of transatlantic *jeunes filles*, an increasing number of whom are sexless, owing to lack of religious instruction from parents convulsed by divorce, I said:

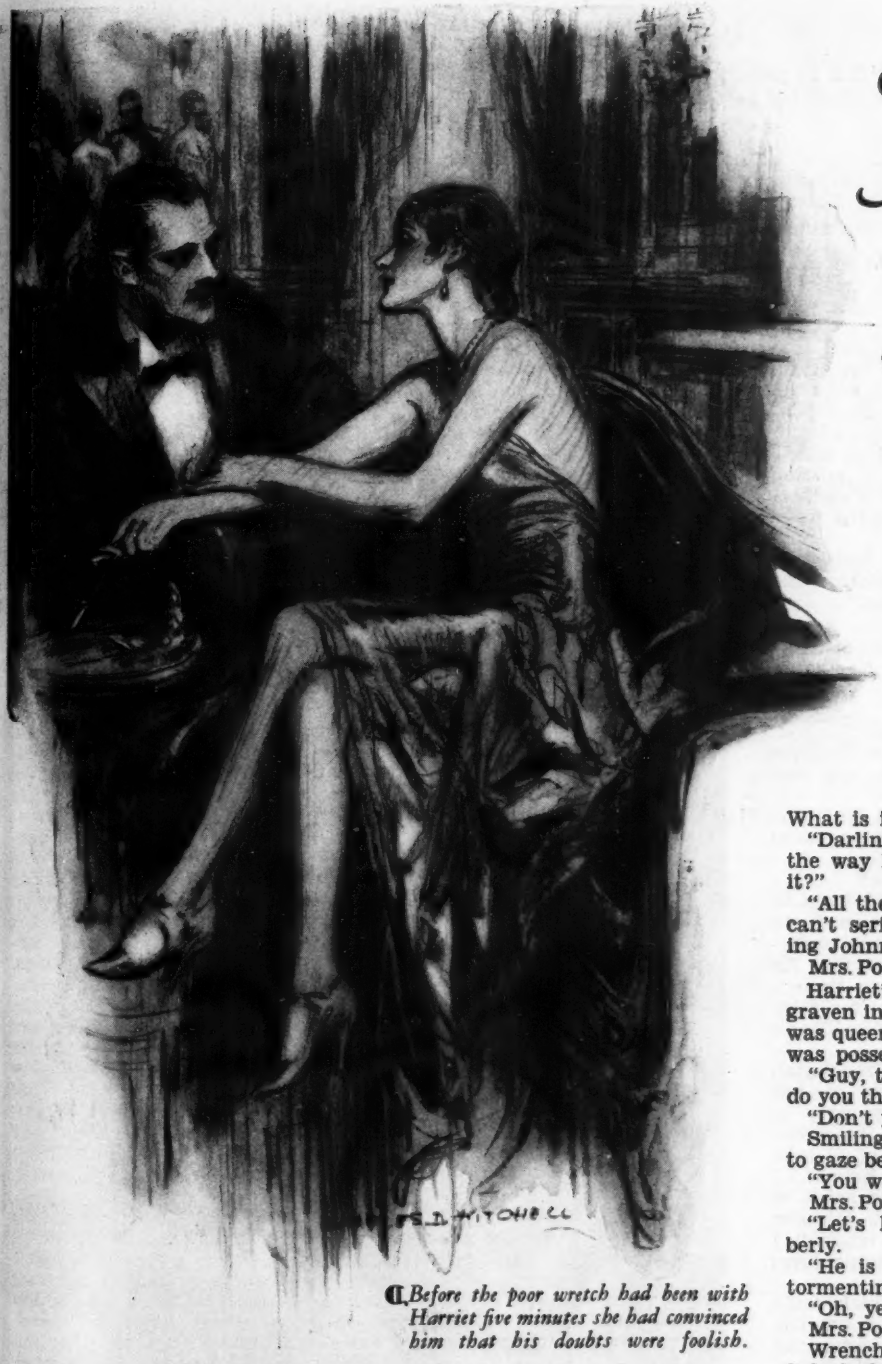
"You mean Johnnie?"

"Sure I mean Johnnie. Whereas the old girl wants me to marry Pepi."

"Why not? I thought you liked Pepi."

"Yes. But I'm used to my Johnnie. My poor deplorable

A Girl from
Cleveland Joins
Michael Arlen's
Group of
Charming People



¶ *Before the poor wretch had been with Harriet five minutes she had convinced him that his doubts were foolish.*

Johnnie. My poor pathetic busted flush. And you can't do what I've done with Johnnie and then leave a man cold, can you?"

"Harriet, what is the use of lying to me? You know perfectly well you have never done anything at all with Johnnie."

"Darling, don't be snappy."

"I will be snappy. Don't I know you are sexless, conscienceless and heartless?"

"Anyhow, Johnnie gave me a Martini when I was sixteen, and that binds two people together, say what you like."

Mrs. Poe called to me from the terrace in a voice pregnant with motherly love.

"She's going to ask you to cope with Johnnie," Harriet whispered, her lavish mouth enchanting one with its friendliness, for all that one knew that friendliness to be utterly unscrupulous.

Jealous as the devil, I said: "But Harriet, you surely don't mean to say you will ever marry Johnnie?"

In the black pupils of her eyes, as always flattering to all who looked into them, I saw my reflection, a good-looking young fellow. Nevertheless, she loved not me but Johnnie Cramb or Pepi. Alas, why could one not recall the past? Harriet at seventeen had loved me for a week—five days. What is it in a man that attracts a girl when she is seventeen? What is it, how can one recapture it?

"Darling," she whispered, "it's awful the way I like wrecks and ruins, isn't it?"

"All the same," I said gloomily, "you can't seriously be thinking of marrying Johnnie Cramb."

Mrs. Poe called to me from the terrace.

Harriet's face looking into mine is graven in my memory. On a sudden it was queerly somber, as though her soul was possessed of sad prophecy.

"Guy, tell me. Whom shall I marry, do you think?"

"Don't you know, Harriet?"

Smiling a little, her gray eyes seemed to gaze beyond me. She shook her head.

"You will marry Pepi," I said sadly.

Mrs. Poe called to me from the terrace.

"Let's hope so," Harriet said somberly.

"He is a dear good fellow," I said, tormenting myself with the truth.

"Oh, yes!" said Harriet.

Mrs. Poe called to me from the terrace.

Wrenching myself away from Harriet, I looked back from the window and saw her standing where I had left her, drooping, her destructive youth overwhelmed by thoughtfulness. It made me uneasy.

Mrs. Poe, an expression of suffering adding, had she but known it, refinement to the social value of her broad indomitable face—reminiscent of Genghis Khan's—said to me:

"Guy, you are a good boy. You are serious. You must help me."

Liking poor Johnnie Cramb, I wondered how I should resist Mrs. Poe's formidable encouragement to speak ill of him. I looked about me at the beautiful garden, drowsy in the afternoon sunlight.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Poe?"

"Dear Guy, you have such tact. Can you not impress on that dreadful Johnnie Cramb that he must not pester Harriet any longer?"

I looked down at my shoes. Made in England, they combined grace with solidity. They were an example

to me. Strengthened, I said: "But is 'pester' quite the right word, Mrs. Poe? Doesn't she, on her part, like him very much?"

"My dear Guy! A drunkard!"

How much easier it is to agree with people! One can, after all, always retain the mental integrity of one's loyalties. Alas, poor Johnnie! Striking the rocks of Mrs. Poe's determination, he sank like a stone in the matrimonial market.

"Of course," I said, "it would be very unsuitable."

"What makes me so angry, Guy, is the man's unscrupulousness. To go on taking advantage like this of a schoolgirl flirtation!"

Appalled by the word "schoolgirl" in connection with Harriet, and fascinated by the fat-headed one-eyedness of a mother's love, I thought it wiser to hold my peace.

"Guy, persuade him to leave Biarritz—surely it should not be difficult to impress even on Johnnie Cramb that it is the only decent thing for him to do."

My disinclination for such a mission was expressed, I am afraid, in a muttering which instantly capsized in the surge of Mrs. Poe's determination.

"Guy, you do it—you have such tact. You must do it. Day after tomorrow the Duc de Montellayona is coming."

THUS Mrs. Poe, very properly disdaining the nasty affectation of equality, always referred to little Pepi.

"You see?" said Mrs. Poe.

"Oh, yes!" I muttered sulkily.

Imagine my position! I liked Johnnie Cramb very much. Pepi was my best friend. And I adored Harriet.

"As far as I can make out," I said, "the best way out of a difficult position would be for Harriet to marry me."

"Be serious, Guy, I beg you."

I was, but it seemed in bad taste to press a point so repulsive to a mother's sensibilities. The *de* in my name, agreeable though it was to Mrs. Poe's flair for table decoration, was no more than a captured outpost in the irresistible march—reminiscent of Genghis Khan's—of her ambitions.

For the rest, poverty in a Frenchman appeared to Mrs. Poe as unfortunate but rather charming. Whereas poverty in Johnnie Cramb, an American, struck her as nothing less than a piece of ill-bred impertinence directed against herself.

Spurred on, however, by the spirit of fair play, I threw a lance for Johnnie.

"There is one thing you ignore," I said. "And that is, that Johnnie loves Harriet so."

Mrs. Poe gave me a look which could have been inspired only by a horrible suspicion that my mother's American birth had tainted my aristocratic prejudices at their source.

"Johnnie Cramb's love," she said, eying me, "is nothing more than a desire to annoy me. I am surprised at you, Guy. With your intelligence, not to have seen through a Johnnie Cramb! Why, the man has never in his life loved anything but a high-ball."

Sacrificing, like Lenin, my ideals of brotherly love to the force of circumstances, I merely murmured: "It appears he has given up drinking."

"Temporarily," said Mrs. Poe with satisfaction. "Temporarily."

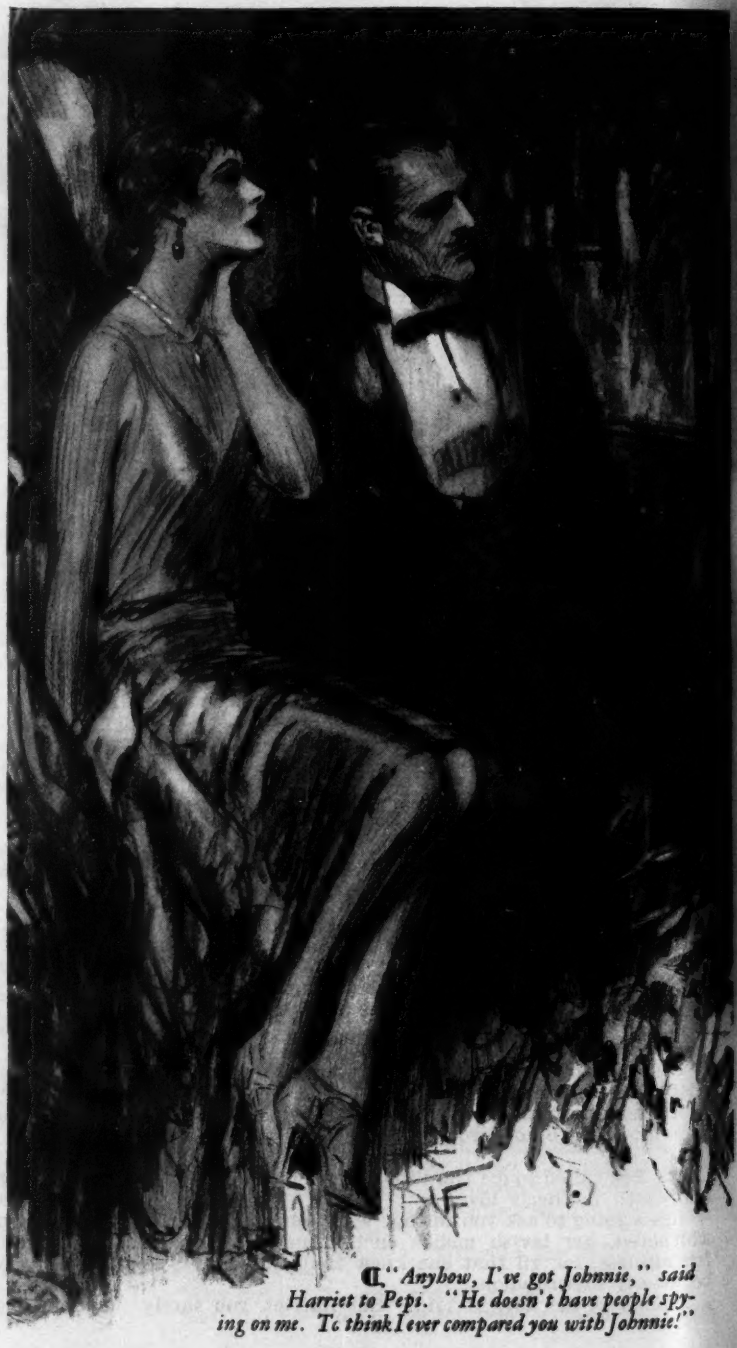
I spent the afternoon in unwilling thoughts of Harriet. I was staying with my relations, the R——s, having come to Biarritz to see Harriet. Deploring her fascination for me, I simply could not shake it off. Also hope, that most idiotic of counselors, lured me on.

Have I not said that Harriet at seventeen had loved me—for five days? I longed to recapture those moments. Surely, I told myself, what a man has done once he can do again. Thus, forgetting the lessons taught by human suffering through countless centuries, I deluded myself.

That memorable day—when Harriet was seventeen—we had left Johnnie Cramb at the Ritz and I was to drop her at her school in Neuilly. Usually so vivid and talkative, she was entrancingly quiet. Up to then I had scarcely noticed her, but now, in the bumping taxicab, I looked at her with pleasure.

This had a startling effect on her. Falling into my arms as we bumped past the Eiffel Tower, she confessed to loving me.

Her emotions were too strong for her. She wept.



¶ *"Anyhow, I've got Johnnie," said Harriet to Pepi. "He doesn't have people spying on me. To think I ever compared you with Johnnie!"*

Embarrassed, I did my best to talk her out of what I called her fantasy. Was she not only seventeen, and still at school? She wanted nothing, she said. She was prepared to love hopelessly. She wanted nothing more than to love hopelessly. She wanted nothing but one kiss on the lips.

The thought that I was a young girl's ideal was not without its fascination. I compared her hopeless attachment with those of my own school-days, when I had worshiped photographs of beautiful women. Thus I allowed the healthy skepticism of my twenty-four years to be undermined. Desiring only to soothe, I kissed her.

I intended to kiss her in that brotherly half-sad way in which Monsieur Sacha Guitry might salute the hopeless adoration of a *jeune fille*. The moment I had done so, I saw my mistake. She was a woman, not a schoolgirl. She had taken advantage of me—as she would have of Monsieur Sacha Guitry. I was done for. She kissed unscrupulously, with craft, experience and transatlantic persistence. From that moment she haunted my imagination.

But at least, at the time, I thought she loved me. Alas, I did not know Harriet then. Liar, hypocrite and sensationalist, she was unable to be with any man for long and not "try to bring the best out of him"—that is to say, make him think she loved him. On her side, she pleaded the machinations of her good heart, by which she was enslaved. Unable to inflict misery or even disappointment on the man she was with, she sacrificed loyalties with gusto.

She was, in a word, a business woman. If she saw it pleased you to speak against a certain man, she spoke against him. With him, she sacrificed you. Thus each man thought the other had a bad effect on Harriet's character and desired passionately to protect her from the troubles caused by her good heart.

Over the parapet Johnnie's eyes were fixed on her with contempt. "What you mean is, you've made a sucker out of Johnnie for years."

There was no denying, however, that poor Johnnie Cramb had a start on all the others. At twenty-two, Harriet could look back on six years of intimacy with Johnnie. His Americanism, among all the foreigners she met, seemed to bind him to her. She was never tired of hearing darky stories, and Johnnie could reel them off, with the authentic intonation, by the hundred.

But did she love Johnnie? It was impossible to tell. Johnnie himself mistrusted her. He loved her with a sense of fatality. He knew that she was bad for him in every way. He had quarreled with his father in America, because he would not return there but insisted on hanging about Europe, living on the money his mother had left him. He lived only for Harriet.

In return, she gave him her enchanting company whenever she could. She knew, with that profitable certainty most American women have in the paralyzing honor of their men-folk, she knew she was safe with him, under no matter what provocation. And the provocation was great.

Alas, poor Johnnie! Kisses were the frontiers of Harriet's abandon. The affair drove Johnnie to drink. She kissed him, relying on his honor—but never thinking of his digestion.

In return for his devotion and self-restraint Harriet had promised, not once but a thousand times, to marry him. Did she believe her own promise? No doubt when under the influence of her cautious passion, encircled by his strong wiry (Nordic) arms, she did.

Poor Johnnie, however, looking upon that promise with a sense of fatality, kept an unhappy eye on all men who came near her. Particularly he disapproved of Pepi, saying Pepi was "the sort of fellow you couldn't trust." But what he really disapproved of was that Pepi was very good-looking.

TOWARDS seven in the evening I sought Johnnie in the Bar Basque. Not finding him there, I tried the Chaumière. Finally I found him on the terrace of the Château Basque gloomily biting at potato-chips and sipping ginger ale.

Without a doubt, poor Johnnie was an attractive fellow. With the physique of a footballer, his clean-featured round face, innocent blue eyes and fair curly hair—all of that Nordic-American sort to which no achievement seems to be impossible — were altogether charming. Alcohol had (*Continued on page 139*)

Why Make Me Pay?

Is there No Place *in* This World where I can lead a Normal Life *and* Earn *my own* Way even though my Mother *loved* Someone *the* World says it was *Wrong* for her to love and was Murdered because of it?

SEVEN years have passed since the body of my mother was found with the body of the Reverend Edward Wheeler Hall in De Russey's Lane near our home in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

That scandal is still fresh in the minds of most Americans. You no doubt have discussed it and tried to figure out who committed the crime. But how many of you have given thought to one of the innocent victims of that tragedy? How many of you have wondered what it has done to color my life, to darken and to warp it?

It is said that time heals all wounds. Time hasn't healed mine. How can it when I am treated like an outcast? How can it when I cannot keep a job longer than a few weeks?

I was not quite sixteen years old in 1922; I will be twenty-three on the eighteenth of July this year. Yet so much has happened to me that I feel I have lived for ages.

I was heart-broken at my mother's death. I loved her dearly. She had been good to me. She read to me and played for me on the piano. She wanted me to become a musician. She had tried to improve herself and taught me to do everything I could to improve myself. If she got any happiness out of life, I am glad.

After the tragedy I stayed in the house until they buried my mother. Then came the first investigation and the hearing before the grand jury. One by one, my father and my brother Dan and I were questioned.

I was the chief witness, because my mother and I had been chums and she told me more about herself than she told anyone else. I was glad to tell everything I knew and I answered all questions as best I could.

They tried to make it look as if I were a bad girl. Many of the questions had nothing to do with the case.

"Who gave you that dress you have on?" I was asked.

"My mother made it for me," I answered. "She made pretty clothes for me out of remnants, because she wanted me to look nice."

"You don't help your father with the housework, do you?" It was a statement rather than a question and intended to make me out a good-for-nothing.

"Yes, I do," I told them. "I always helped my mother before and after school. Now I'm doing all the work."

"Do you smoke or drink liquor?" I was asked.

I answered no.

"We understand that you run around nights."

I laughed. I couldn't help it. It was funny because I had never been out with boys. My mother had said I was too young.

POOR dad was stunned by what had happened to us when he was before the grand jury. He never had gone anywhere and never saw people; he was frightened before so many strangers.

These people knew that and tried to use him to get me out of the way. When they found my father wouldn't send me away, they tried in many different ways to put me into an institution so as to get rid of me.

Shortly after the grand jury hearing, late one night, when I was in bed, two men came to our door.

"Where is your daughter?" they asked my father.

He told them I was in bed.

"Well, get her out, and get her out quick!"

Those men put me into an automobile. It was a dark night and I didn't know where they were taking me. At last we stopped in a wood. It was very scary out there alone with those two strange men.

"Do you know this place?" one of them asked me.

I told them I didn't. They made me get out of the car and walk among the trees with a flashlight in my hand. When I reached a certain spot I was told to stop.

"Now are you sure you have never been here before?" One of the men took me by the shoulders and shook me.

I tried to answer but I couldn't; I was so frightened.

"Here is where your mother's body was found. Are you sure now you've never been here before?"

They took me back to the car. I could hardly walk, I was trembling so, and I couldn't stop crying.

Why they took me to that lonely place in the middle of the night I don't know.

For a long while after this the only times I went on the street were when I had to go to the store to buy something for us to eat. Some people would stop me and say a few friendly words. I shall always be grateful to them for being nice to me when kindness meant so much. But many people shunned me. They criticized me for not wearing black.

"Look at her!" I heard one woman say. "Wouldn't you think she'd have the decency to wear black for her mother? That girl's a disgrace to the town."

I didn't mind that because I didn't care what anyone thought about the colors I wore after my mother's death. I knew I was doing what she would want me to do. She always told me not to wear black or to grieve for her when she died, because when people died that was the best thing in life.

ALWAYS people would point me out; they would nudge each other. I tried not to notice. Then, one day as I was passing one of our neighbors, she said loudly, "What a nerve she's got to hold her head in the air the way she does! She ought to know her place better than that and keep out of sight of decent folks."

I didn't want to live. It was as if something broke inside of me. I lost my nerve. I felt I couldn't fight any more; I didn't care what became of me.

Time after time I prayed for the courage to take poison, but I knew I would never do that. I would say to myself, "Oh, what's the use? You can't kill yourself. You haven't the nerve, so live as long as you must. Don't try to do anything. Nothing's worth it."

I'm over that now. I've learned a lot. I know that we ourselves have to suffer before we can understand the sufferings of others. Yet no one knows better than I how merciless the world can be.

I'll never forget the letters I received from all parts of the country after this head-line appeared: "From Schoolgirl Flapper to Broadway Butterfly."

I have never been in a night club or cabaret. But think of the damage to my reputation caused by that head-line! No one cared about that.

Once I received a box by parcel post. In it was a thick black veil. A note was pinned to it.

"Wear this veil to hide your face," the note read. "It is not fit to be seen. You are a public disgrace."

I felt soiled, as if I had done something shameful. I wanted to hide in a dark corner and never let anyone see me again.

But people don't mean anything to me now. I've always had one or two close friends. They have stuck to me. These are the only ones who count.

I never bother with boys. I am not interested in

By Charlotte Mills

them. In fact, I seldom see even the boys with whom I grew up, because I never go to parties.

Once a girl who is my closest friend persuaded me to go to a party. She said I was foolish to stay by myself so much; that I would forget my troubles if I had some fun. I went to please her. I wasn't there five minutes before I realized everyone there looked upon me as an outcast.

Groups of boys and girls stood together and whispered about me. The girls turned their backs on me. The boys did not dance with me because of the attitude of the girls. I was so unhappy I wanted to sink through the floor. I left soon after and I have never been to a party since.

Wherever I go I am recognized. There is nothing more cruel than morbid curiosity. It seems to gloat over human suffering.

Shortly after I left school I had a job at a soda counter. I liked it. The mixing of sodas and sundaes was a pleasure. I took pains with each order. I was happy, too. As happy as I ever hope to be. I was earning an honest living. I could pay my own way.

Every now and then someone who knew me would come in and I would dodge behind the counter to avoid recognition. One day I did not dodge fast enough.

"There's the little Mills girl. You know, the one whose mother was——"

The words reached me distinctly. The news passed from one to the other around the counter. Each pair of eyes stared at me. No one was concerned about my feelings. They felt that I was public property, to be stared at like a freak in a circus.

I tried not to pay any attention, yet inside I (*Continued on page 161*)

Red LIKKER

¶ *"It was a fair fight. Young Sales sent Isham a warning about ten minutes before they met. When Isham came out of Barlow's, Sales was waiting for him . . . There were three shots in all."*

The Story So Far:

IN THIS novel of his Old Kentucky Home which began in March Cosmopolitan, Irvin Cobb has painted an unforgetable picture of the hot-headed, warm-hearted people of the Blue Grass region. No novel of Kentucky would be complete that did not take into account the making of "red likker." For the story of red whisky runs like a bright and beaded thread through the history of the state. With its manufacture grew up an aristocracy which was dependent on it for life, which withered and died when the making of Bourbon passed out, and which never can be recreated.

The Bird family in Mr. Cobb's novel was one of that aristocracy. With Bourbon whisky its records were closely interwoven. It was the first Isham Bird—Old High Pockets, they called him—who, in the days when Kentucky was scarcely out of swaddling clothes, met up with red likker. His brother Shadwell, returning from Lexington, brought back with him a sample of a new kind of whisky. "Red whisky—who ever heard of that?" demanded Isham, disappointed.

Shad told him the reason for its color: Some fellow had set corn likker in a boughten keg to mellow up. The sample he drew off months later was red. He opened the keg to find that the staves had been damaged by live coals. But the likker was powerful good. So was born red likker which we know as Bourbon, and thereafter, for many years, Bourbon whisky offered support for the Bird family . . .

After the Civil War, when Attila Bird returned home to Bird's Nest with a depleted purse, he revived the old industry. Bird and Son distilled their whisky on the site of the log blockhouse that Old High Pockets had built as a protection against savages—a site not far removed from the Bird house.

It was not long, however, before alien forces crept in. Talk against the making and selling and drinking of liquor was growing; some states even had gone "dry." Attila Bird knew these things, but he shut his eyes to the trend of the times, as he shut his eyes to the faults of his son,

By Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

young Isham, and the warnings of his sister Juanita. For one of the foes of liquor was a member of his own family. Juanita, an ardent prohibitionist, blamed liquor for all the ills of man—and she pointed to young Isham as an example of the "flaming youth" of the day.

Isham's father laughed at her fears, ridiculed her views about liquor, pointed out that his son was just having his fling and would settle down all the better for it. Unfortunately, he did not entirely know his son.

Spoiled by his invalid mother and allowed to go his own gait by his easy-going father, what wonder that the boy should sow his wild oats with a lavish hand? He did just that. And since he was notably successful as a squire of dames—he had a captivating way with women—what wonder that little Dolly Sales should yield too readily to his importunate wooing?

GILMARTIN, the writer, didn't report at Bird and Son's until well on toward the middle of August. Down toward the Gulf, the sugar-planters and the rice-planters, with their Creole dishes and their Cajun dishes and their seductive gin fizzes and insidious sangarees, had detained him, not exactly against his will but very much against his better judgment, until his already overstretched schedule became totally wrecked.

And before them there had been the kindly patrons and promoters of the young but thriving textile industry in North Carolina, who excelled at barbecues and Brunswick stews and lemon-sours; and the solicitous naval-stores men at Savannah, who had a monopoly in the compounding of that dangerous but delicious mystery known as Chatham Artillery punch. And after them were sundry gracious cotton-planters of Alabama and elsewhere across a pleasing and friendly domain, so that with one thing and another, he was far behind his original time-table when he reached the Blue Grass.

At first sight Gilmartin quite fell in love with Bird's Nest—the place was so lovely, he thought, and with such a simple but luxurious atmosphere to it, and his host apparently being so genuinely glad to welcome him and to provide entertainment for him and to aid him in all possible ways. Of the lady of the house he saw little, she being in a failing state of health, and of the son and heir of the house he saw next to nothing, but of the head of that house he saw a great deal during his two-week stay, which beforehand he solemnly had promised himself should not be more than a one-week stay.

His insight into the ethics and the peculiarities of the whisky-making business as practised in these localities began on the evening of his arrival. Over their toddy-tumblers in the old high-ceilinged dining-room, the colonel had grown prolix and flowery.

"There, Mr. Gilmartin, how does that strike you?" he had asked as he passed a glass after preparing its amberish contents with almost a painful care—like a very conscientious concoctionist in a laboratory, or a priest before an altar, Gilmartin thought to himself.

And Gilmartin, imbibing his first tentative sip, had admitted that it struck him as being a very smooth and palatable composition indeed.

"Somewhat different, I take it, from the stuff they're beginning to peddle over the bars in your part of the world," went on Colonel Bird. "Why, suh, the last time I was in New York they almost poisoned me with those damnable high-balls that you New Yorkers have got up such a fad for, here lately. Taking a jigger of that smoky rank Scotch or Irish stuff and then drowning it in half a pint, more or less, of bubbly squirt-water and then, by heavens, drinking it!

"No wonder so many of you northern gentlemen are spoiling your tastes and ruining your stomachs. What you need, suh, is a campaign of education—a campaign to teach you what your ancestors knew and what you are forgetting up yonder in your country." It was as though he spoke of foreign parts.

"Before you've been here many hours I hope to be able to win you back to the true faith. For let me tell you, suh, there's only one likker that's properly qualified to caress a gentleman's palate in the way a gentleman's

perpetuating itself and reincarnating itself, world without end."

Now most of this—this jargon about "mashes" and "beers" and "singlings" and all—was Greek to Gilmartin's palate deserves to be caressed; and that's red likker—honest rye, if there's nothing else available, or straight Tennessee whisky, which has a heavier admixture of the small grains and usually is lower in proof than our Kentucky goods—I'll explain to you presently what I mean by 'proof'—but best of all, the real uncorrupted essence, the true and uncontaminated fruitage of the perfect corn, and that, suh, is Bourbon.

"Let me tell you in a word just what constitutes the genuine old-fashioned Bourbon, which I might add, suh, is the only kind we make here or ever expect to make. Thank heaven, you'll find none of these infernal rectifiers and blenders in this immediate section. You'll have to go to Louisville or Cincinnati to meet those masquerading impostors, with their misleading labels and their spurious goods all doctored up with high wines and prune-juices and aging oils and false coloring matters and the good Lord only knows what else; there are none of them closer.

"My brother distillers feel as I do. We are distillers, suh, not counterfeiters. We—I'm speaking of Bird and Son—we make our mash by hand in small tubs—by hand, mind you—and of the finest grain these Kentucky lands can produce—and we ferment it right there in those small tubs and the beer we get by that treatment is first singled in copper over open wood-fires—always over open wood-fires here—and the singlings are doubled also in copper over more open wood-fires; and from the spent mash, the waste, you understand, which remains after the elimination of the alcohol by the boiling, we get a residue of slop, or as we say, sour mash, which provides the exciting properties for the next batch, so that the very soul of the corn goes on ears but in any event the colonel's fervor fascinated him and secretly amused him a little. He continued to incline an attentive ear as the orator soared to his climax.

"And that, suh, made in small quantities—by the very nature of the process it must be made in small quantities—and, mark you, made without steam, without adulterants, without acids or extracts or chemicals or any drugs whatsoever, without artificial colorings to dye it or artificial flavorings to befool you or artificial yeasts to stimulate its ripening—that, suh, is Old Blockhouse whisky. But for your own sake, Mr. Gilmartin, for the sake of your palate as well, let me beg of you never to drench red likker with Seltzer water or with fruit juices.

"Take it straight, or in a toddy or in a julep but never otherwise under any circumstances. For Bourbon stands on its own merits—the king, suh, and the queen and the whole royal family of likkers."

Irvin S. Cobb

"Very interesting, as I'll admit," said Gilmartin politely when the colonel had paused for a breath and a tilting of his tumbler. "And very alluring, too, as you describe it. But while I think of it, tell me, please—why is it called Bourbon?"

The colonel came down to earth with almost an audible thump.

"Why is it called Bourbon?" he echoed blankly. "Why—why, to tell you the truth, I don't believe I know myself.

"I've been familiar with it all my life and I've been manufacturing it for nearly half of my life and it never occurred to me before to speculate on the origin of the name. I don't believe anybody else knows—we just took it for granted, the way a fellow does take the things that he's been familiar with for a long time.

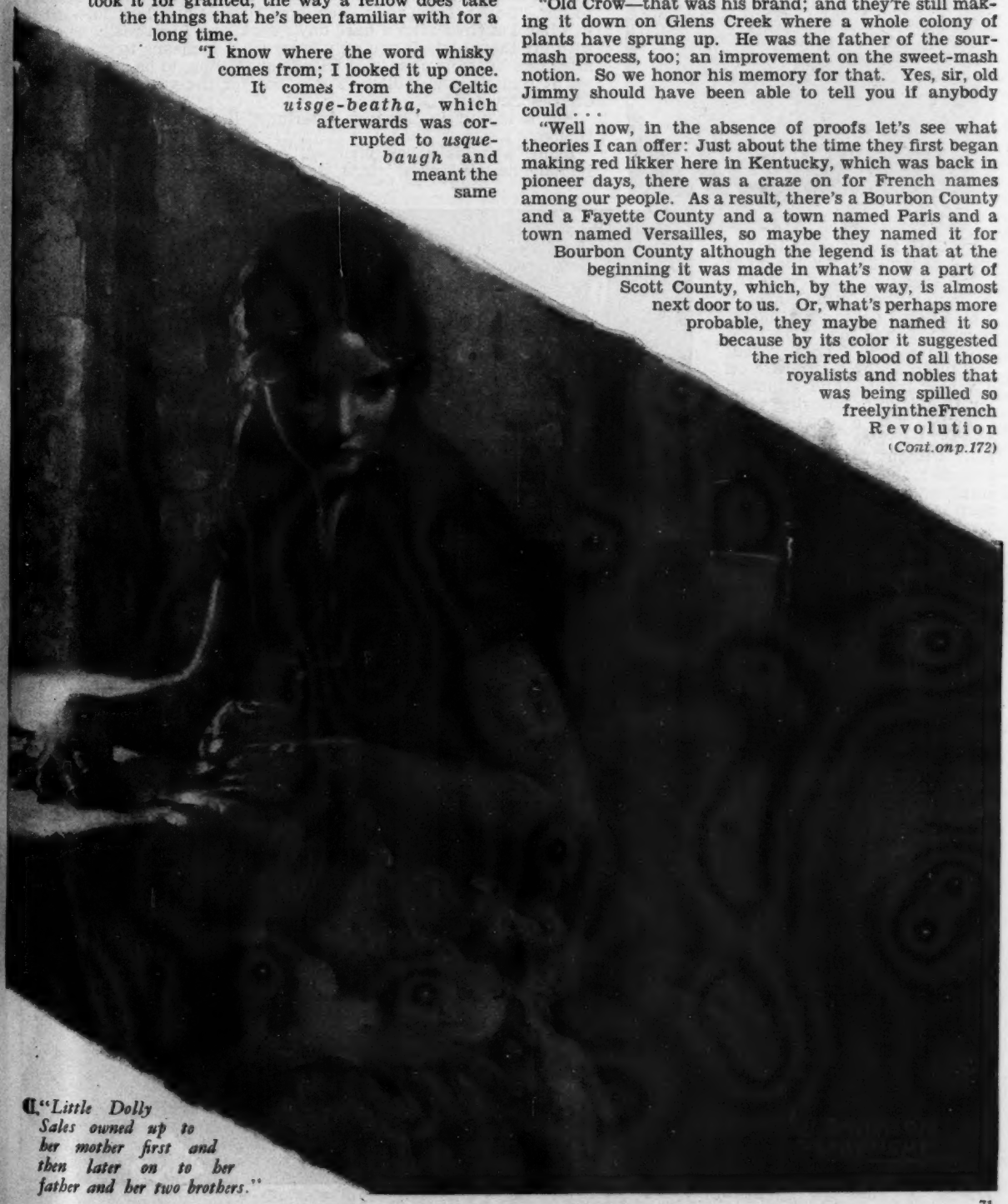
"I know where the word whisky comes from; I looked it up once. It comes from the Celtic *uisge-beatha*, which afterwards was corrupted to *usque-baugh* and meant the same thing in that tongue that it meant in the old Greek—it meant 'water of life,' and a very appropriate name, too, if you're asking me. But the Bourbon part—that's another matter altogether.

"If old Jimmy Crow were alive—Mysterious Jimmy, they called him—he might know. He knew a lot about a lot of things. But Lord, Jimmy died away back yonder. Let's see, it was before the war broke out; it must be all of thirty-five years now since he passed on. He was an eccentric Scotchman who dropped in here about 1835 from nobody ever knew exactly where—because he wouldn't tell—and started the first, and for a long time the only sizable commercial distillery that we had in central Kentucky.

"Old Crow—that was his brand; and they're still making it down on Glens Creek where a whole colony of plants have sprung up. He was the father of the sour-mash process, too; an improvement on the sweet-mash notion. So we honor his memory for that. Yes, sir, old Jimmy should have been able to tell you if anybody could . . .

"Well now, in the absence of proofs let's see what theories I can offer: Just about the time they first began making red likker here in Kentucky, which was back in pioneer days, there was a craze on for French names among our people. As a result, there's a Bourbon County and a Fayette County and a town named Paris and a town named Versailles, so maybe they named it for Bourbon County although the legend is that at the beginning it was made in what's now a part of Scott County, which, by the way, is almost next door to us. Or, what's perhaps more probable, they maybe named it so because by its color it suggested the rich red blood of all those royalists and nobles that was being spilled so freely in the French Revolution

(*Cont. on p. 172*)



¶ "*Little Dolly Sales owned up to her mother first and then later on to her father and her two brothers.*"

What I have

By Charles Hanson Towne

SOME friends came to dine at my little flat the other evening. Yes, despite the fact that Irvin Cobb once stated that I never ate at home, because I had no home, but lived in a taxi, I do pay rent and often sit by a cozy fire on a winter night. And although my friends were enjoying what I hoped was a good dinner cooked by Wee, my Chinese man, without whom life would be unbearable sometimes, I was surprised when the lady on my right said something which would have roused even the most tired business man.

Said she, apropos of nothing at all:

"What a lot you must have missed in life, being a bachelor!"

I gave a start. You see, there is amazing conversation in New York now and then, despite the cynics from the hinterlands.

I was nonplused. I am what is known in our throbbing city as a professional diner-out. Yet here I was in my own milieu proving, if proof were needed, that I could be perfectly comfortable with, as Alfred Noyes so beautifully says, "A roaring fire and a friend or two."

I put my glass down; likewise my fork. And perhaps the eye was dropped, as in coquette.

"Who hasn't missed a lot in life?" I answered. "But why must it always be bachelors who are pitied? Ted and Alice were divorced the other day. I haven't heard anyone going around saying how much he pitied them!"

"Maybe they're better off," murmured the lady.

"And maybe I am better off, too. Aren't there compensations, always? Ted will now have to pay alimony. I may have missed marriage: but I've also missed what goes with it, when divorce comes along—as it does so often in our hectic age. Alimony, I mean—the unnatural child, not of Marriage but, paradoxically, of Separation."

The lady was stumped for a moment. But only for a moment.

"This is all right," looking around. And looking around, I don't mind telling you, with that faintly envious look of a woman who secretly dislikes seeing any mere male living seemingly in pleasant peace without a wife. "This is all right—in its way. But confess to me—be honest—don't you have qualms after the ball is over, when the candles have guttered in their sconces, and the door is shut and the last guest has gone—don't you, now?"

She thought she had me. How I wanted to be more than honest at that moment, as so often we wish to be and dare not be, and say to her, "Gosh! if you only knew how I sometimes look forward to it, when I'm tired after a hard day's work, and I can really be alone with my thoughts! If you only knew what it means to a bachelor, after he's heard two married friends quarreling, to be able to sneak off by himself, and mutter, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Charley Towne!'"

But it is only in "Strange Interlude" that one can think one's thoughts aloud.

Being what is called civilized, and being a host, I told my happily married guest (that is, I think she's happily married!) that there *were* moments of disillusionment in my life, and moments of self-pity when I envied the likes of her husband and a few other married men I knew.

"You can't deny that you've missed children," went on the lady, after the proper pause. I think she had set out to make me completely miserable; for I am known among my intimates, as many bachelors are, to be a lover of children.

Women can sometimes be so pitiless!

"Now look here!" I almost shouted. "That's not cricket." And then in a blinding flash I remembered that this guest of mine, though she had been married ten years, had no children of her own. I would have been within my rights to remind her of the sad fact.

She must have read what rushed through my mind, for

missed by being a Bachelor

Drawings by Rea Irvin

very quickly she said, "It's been the regret of my life that Tom and I have never been blessed with a family."

"Then we're quits, there." I couldn't help seizing my advantage. "Curious how things even up sometimes."

"Ah! but I'm so happy, otherwise," countered the lady.

"So am I. Remember those lines of Riley, the bachelor poet of Indianapolis?" I hope I have too much sense of humor to quote poetry to a lady at dinner. But later on I did send her those imperishable lines which must have made the hearts of all married people bleed—and a forlorn bachelor's, too. Perhaps you know them.

Let me come in where you sit weeping,—ay,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss. Such arms—such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing,
Between the tears, that would be comforting,—
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

There was a blot on her letter acknowledging the poem.

I might have told my guest that evening something of which I am exceedingly proud:

that I have been a godfather three times. And so if I have not experienced direct fatherhood I have experienced the next best thing, a vicarious fatherhood. And yet—out of those three godchildren, one died at the age of seven. Now, in the natural order of things, it might have been possible for one of my own children, had I been blessed with three, to die; and then the wounds would have been even greater than those I knew when little Nei. passed on. And so, in the final summing-up, though I have missed being a parent I have likewise missed the agony of losing a son.

I *have* missed a great deal; but there's one big item I'm glad to have missed, and that is debt. How many young married people today escape it? That millstone around the neck of connubial bliss—well, it may have advantages as a strengthener of character; but I am frank to confess that I would rather have less character if the price we pay for it is owing the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, to say nothing of the doctor, the bridge-teacher, the private school, the dressmaker, the tailor, the milliner, the haberdasher, the clubs, both male and female, the bootlegger and—perhaps—the undertaker.

YET, seriously, no one ever refrained from taking the plunge into matrimony for fear of falling into debt. This is not an explanation of why I have remained a bachelor. That I have written of in a previous article. This is simply a statement of what a bachelor has missed. Is it more than what his married friends have failed to find in a world where the balance-wheel does not always adjust itself as we would wish it to do? One would think, to hear some people talk, that marriage, *per se*, was a fixed institution; an Elysium which, once entered, caused the gates of disaster to close behind one forever. Of course, again seriously, it is no such thing.

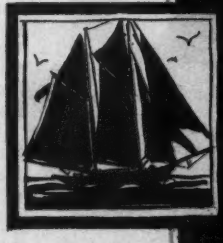
Nothing is fixed in this world—least of all happiness. Life is a constant flux, and what we care for today we may not be able to endure tomorrow—if we have a grain of temperament. I am so constituted that I could no more catch the 8:14 every morning, seeing the same faces upon it, and the 5:32 back at night, with again the same faces around me, than I could fly alone across the Atlantic. This is no pose. It is constitutionally impossible for me to cling to a daily train schedule; yet I think I am the most methodical of men. I am one of those who answer *(Continued on page 130)*

Here Comes a Sailor

¶ *"Do you love me, Scotto?" asked Dora. He seemed symbolized in her trim lines. He*

SUNLIGHT caught in the white sails of the little schooner as she rounded the Point, a Midas-touch in color only, for as the boom shifted, all the sweep of the golden canvas against the sky quivered with exultant life. The west wind was boisterous, like a puppy, and the Diana accepted its rush in the manner of a dignified kitten that is quite willing to play.

Scotto Freeman wasn't bringing her in. He stood quietly at the bow, his figured necktie flapping brightly above the gilded whiteness of his shore clothes, the sun full upon his browned face, romantic, debonair—the Scotto Freeman of his own legend.



His blue eyes strained toward the land, watching the curve of the town against the harbor resolve itself into distinguishable forms. White houses, peering over one another's ridge-poles, thin spires of churches, and the gray piers straggling out into the water like thin arms extended in welcome to those coming in from the sea.

Ten months since he had seen the town, and his very inaction was eloquent of the excitement it made him feel. He hadn't felt friendly toward Kingstown after the Sally Delano episode—*episode!* His mouth twisted wryly at the word his own brain had chosen. For three years, he had seen fragile ghosts, phantoms, rather, of that fair and faithless lady in every narrow lane, on every beach and dune and hilltop. But now that ghost was laid, and it was good to be home.

It was late August, and though he had not heard from any of the family—nor written in these ten months—somehow Scotto knew that they would all be here, Nell and Betsy and Roger and Nathan.

For thirty summers they had returned here, drawn back in spite of everything the rest of the world could do to lure them away. Trips to Europe, sudden enthusiasms for more social summer resorts; friends, lovers, careers; marriages and births and deaths—there was always some period of every summer when all the Freeman children were collected in the Freeman house.

The tarred barrel bobbed on the blue-green surface of the water just ahead, like a faithful seal, and Scotto was stiller than ever, a statue of a man, watching mistily as the crew rushed about and shouted. The rope hung with dripping green whiskers of seaweed as it sloshed on the new deck; then Louis Silva was shouting up to him from the dory alongside.

"I'll row in, Louis," he said, and sat with his back to the town, muscles moving rhythmically beneath the soft white of his sweater.

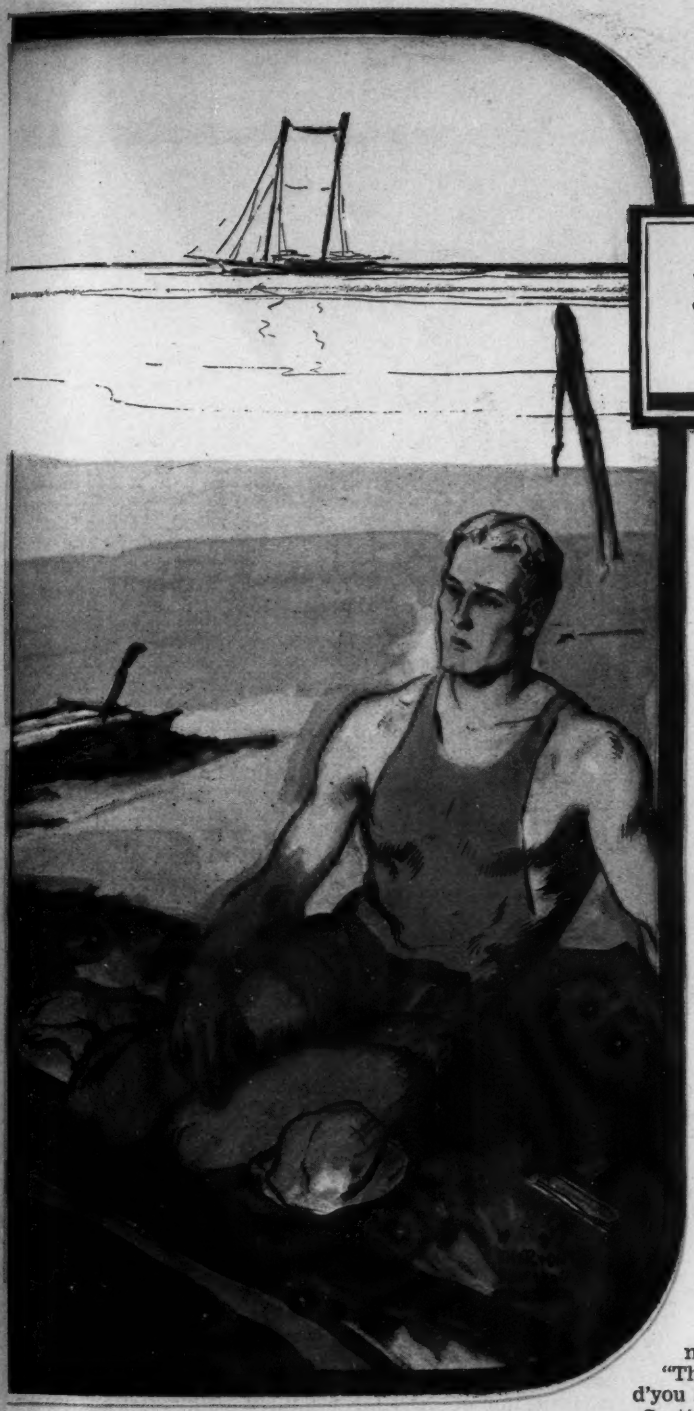
Nearer and nearer—would they have seen the Diana? The wanderer was returned, the young Odysseus back from another Odyssey. A long pull on the oars . . . he wouldn't look around until Louis yelled.

"Scotto, you big bum!" "Hey, you old sea-dog!" Betsy's voice, shrilling just beyond his ear. "Scotty! Oh, Scot!" And Nell's

Illustrations by

A Romance of the Summer Seas

by Phyllis Duganne



looked out at the Diana, and all freedom, all adventure looked back at Dora. "Darling little girl!" he evaded.

W. E. Heitland

deep warmth, "Well—you old prodigal son, you!"

They hung perilously over the edge of the wharf, four sunburnt, blue-eyed Freemans and a Freeman husband. They whammed one another indiscriminately in their excitement as he scrambled up among them. Betsy, the kid, grown up; old Nell, clinging to his arm.

"Hello, Scotto!"

He looked down through the tangle of his brothers and sisters into a small feminine face, with bright violet eyes and a ridiculous nose.

"Why—hello, yourself!" he retorted, and his forehead wrinkled up like an accordion. And who, he wondered, was this slim young thing in white-duck sailor trousers that flared above bare, mosquito-bitten ankles, with neck and arms brown against the white of a middy-blouse, and flaming red hair, wind-blown both by art and by nature?

"Completely cr-r-rushed!" pronounced the young thing, bitterly. "Betsy, he doesn't even know me!"

"Yeah?" Betsy retorted, clinging to her brother's arm. "Well, he *will!* 'S Dora Ladd, Scotty."

Scotto looked again. "D'you mean to say you're that red-headed brat of Howdy Ladd's?" he demanded.

"Why not?" The violet eyes looked up into his, impudent and laughing.

"The times I've wanted to hold *your* head under water!" said Scotto, and leaned forward and kissed her.

"Oh, gosh!" moaned Nell, bowing her head against his other arm. *"Et tu, Scotte!"*

Roger and Nathan were asking questions. "Where've you been?" "Did you go to Germany?" "Did you run into storms?" And then Nell, still clutching at his sweater sleeve, "How long are you going to stay, Scotto?"

He tried to answer them all, as they walked through the town to the house. (The returning hero . . . "That's Scotto Freeman—he's the one who sailed 'round the Horn in a sixty-foot schooner yacht!" Girls staring at him, summer girls, Cape girls, dusky Portuguese . . .) He'd been in England, hung around London for a while, sailed the Diana to Germany for new sails and decks. Then he'd had a brainstorm and gone up to Russia, spent six months knocking about there.

"I met up with Evandssen, Nelly, and I'm going north with him on an expedition next month!"

"The north pole!" cried Nathan eagerly. "Gee, Scot, d'you s'pose——?"

Scotto shook his head. "No, not the pole, son." He looked away from his sister's disappointed eyes. Poor Nell did so want him to settle down. Settle down!

The bright violet eyes of Dora Ladd admired, and at the same time appraised him.

They reached the house—and utter chaos. Everyone talked at once. Roger was engaged to be married. Nat had graduated first in his class at Harvard. Betsy needed to be spanked.

"Scotto!" Nell's voice rose above the rest. "I've had another baby! I forgot all about it!" They tore upstairs, all of them, to watch Scotto greet his nephew. "Three guesses what I've named him, you big brute!" Nell's blue-gray eyes shone in the clean-cut face that always made Scotto think of a Spartan girl.

Neighbors poured in—voices, laughter, ice clinking against glasses, phonograph and radio and angry shouts to "turn that darned thing off," automobile

¶ Scotto had fallen for her, too! What of it? Already she had annexed the Navy.

engines, slamming doors.

At last he was alone with Nelly.

"So you're running away again, Scotto?" she said.

He didn't want to talk about that now. It was so good to be at home, so exhilarating to go away and then return, always, as now, to a new comedy. Kingstown itself hardly changed at all; the stage-set, he reflected, was permanent. But the actors, and more especially the tempo, the offstage rhythm of the piece, shifted.

"Tell me about the Ladd kid, Nell," he evaded.

Nell grinned. Howdy Ladd's red-headed brat had grown up.

"Watch her, Scotto, and you'll learn something! Wasn't there a Frenchman once who said that the happy man always has three loves—the one who's out but doesn't know it, the reigning one, and the one he's about to take on? That's Dora; her mother says she runs through beaux twice as fast as she runs through silk stockings!"

He laughed. It was fun to come back and look on! For twelve years now—except for that brief and bitter interlude of Sally Delano—he had been a spectator, a good round dozen of years since he had lied about his age and crashed the gates of a world war.

"I wonder what you'd have been like if the war hadn't caught you, Scotto?" Nell murmured, and he jumped. Of all the Freemans, only Nell had this uncanny faculty for reading his thoughts. "You're a funny duck," she said, half to herself. "Sometimes—if you'll pardon a touch of sisterly frankness—I think you're the biggest coward I ever saw!"

"Coward!" He echoed the word involuntarily.

"Oh, I don't mean that you're afraid of—of animals that bite or hurricanes or armed men, darling! But you're afraid of life. You hang your clothes on a hickory-limb and don't go near the water!"

"I don't!"

She shrugged. "Oh, you go *in!* Scotto-in-South-America—Scotto-at-War—Scotto-Sailing-around-Cape-Horn—Scotto-in-Tibet!" There was a tinge of mockery in her voice. "It's almost insulting the way you look at life, Scot! Darn it all, God didn't create the world just to be a circus for your personal amusement!"

"I don't get you, Nell." Nor did he like her tone.

"You're never *touched*, Scotto! Among us but not of us! Just because Sally Delano threw you over——"

"Don't be a fool, Nell!"

Her face softened and she rose and stood behind his chair, put her arms around his neck and pressed her cheek against his. "And now we're to have Scotto-in-the-Arctic? All right, I'll shut up. Golly, it's good to see you!"

HE PATTED her hand and stood up. "Think I'll take a swim before lunch. Want to come?" She shook her head. And then, a minute later, when he called from the top of the staircase, "Hey, Nell, where's there a bathing-suit?" she made a face at him.

"Yes, my darling brother! Hang your clothes on a hickory-limb—take Nat's blue one. It's in his closet."

He shook his head. What in thunder was eating Nelly?

The Diana, her sails down, rode at her moorings, and his blue eyes were upon her when he stumbled over something soft on the sand.

The red-headed boy, flat on his stomach, stood up and turned into Howdy Ladd's red-headed girl.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Scotto apologized. "Did I hurt you?"

"Nope." She surveyed him unblinkingly.

"C'mon in swimming with me," he said.

Two straight, slim bodies clove the water; two pairs of brown arms struck out in lovely rhythm.

"Let's swim out to your boat," said Dora Ladd.

He turned over on his side and contemplated her quizzically. "Sure you can make it?"

"Sure *you* can?" she retorted.

"Taking me sailing tomorrow?" asked Dora. "If you like," he said hostilely.

They climbed aboard, and she dropped flat on her back and lay staring up at the rigging. He got cigarets from the cabin, lighted one for her and sat down on the deck.

"Gee, it must be swell to have a boat and go anywhere you like!" she said.

Behind them the town was a plaything, an orderly arrangement of toy houses. Scotto was silent. So—the set endured, but the tempo changed. Nineteen-twenty-eight, and now this skinny, red-headed brat of last year was the Cleopatra, the Ninon, of her day . . .

Her violet eyes slanted toward him, glinting. "Oh, yeah?" she said, her voice at once lazy and challenging.

He jumped. Was mind-reading a general habit in these parts? He looked at her. She was red-headed, all right, but she wasn't really skinny. His eyes returned to the town, almost for reassurance. He stared at the line of the houses and wharves against the blue harbor, but he was as conscious of Dora Ladd's presence as though she were plucking at his arm. He looked at her again, and saw that her eyes, half closed against the midday sun, were appraising him.

"I hear you're the Helen-of-Troy of Kingstown," he said. "She was a redhead, too, wasn't she?"

It was a silly speech, and Dora Ladd looked as if she found it as silly as he did, which annoyed him out of all proportion. He glared at her, and then, for the second time that morning, he leaned over and kissed her.

She sat up and looked at him thoughtfully. "Gosh, I'm tired of being kissed!" she said.

He restrained the impulse to throw her overboard. "Oh, well," he told her coolly, "you might remember that I haven't seen a girl for ten months!"

"Gee, you're lucky! If I could go somewhere——"

He interrupted her, annoyed that she was not annoyed. "How you must suffer!"

"Oh, don't be a fool!" she said. "*I* haven't got a boat! I have to do something with my spare time, don't I?"

He laughed. "Isn't there anything else to do?"

"What?" She threw her cigaret into the water. "We haven't money enough for me to travel, and anyway, what's geography got to do with anything? Shanghai or Zanzibar—it's all the same thing. Some day I'll get married and have a bunch of kids."

His irritation was gone and he looked at her with interest. What, really, was there for her to do? He tried to imagine what it would be like to be a girl, to be Dora Ladd. It was the first time in his twenty-nine years that Scotto Freeman had ever tried to project himself into another personality, had ever consciously considered another personality's existing except in relation to himself.

"Would you like to go for a sail with me some day?" he asked.

"Would I!" she answered. And added, rather diffidently, "I know quite a bit about boats."

He believed her—which, in Scotto, was extraordinary. He didn't much approve of mixing boats and women.

"Tomorrow?" he asked, and she nodded.

After dinner, Betsy recruited him for the movies. He acquiesced, open to almost any proposal. He liked being on shore, liked doing shore things.

The familiar odor of the narrow theater with its pink walls and battered, uncomfortable seats was almost sweet in his nostrils; he smiled benignly at the noisy, peanut-consuming contingent of Little Portugal in the front rows, at the town's two policemen, swaggering up and down the aisles. More friends to be greeted, more envious eyes.

"Ha!" cried Betsy. "Dora's annexed the Navy!"

Scotto followed her gaze.

The crazy red hair was (*Continued on page 157*)

The Man who tells the

"WHAT'S the weather? What does Doctor Kimball say?"

That double-barreled question was asked countless times during the thirteen weary days at Trepassey, Newfoundland, as we waited to take off on our transatlantic flight last June.

Each morning the crew of the Friendship pored over the accumulated pile of telegrams, searching out those that dealt with weather.

On those weather messages, relayed by wire from New York, the start of our flight depended absolutely, as did its chances of success.

What reports from Doctor Kimball? Eagerly we coordinated them, Bill Stultz, the pilot, and I, constructing laborious maps of the North Atlantic.

Incidentally, there at Trepassey we had for our work only Bill's navigation chart upon which he had plotted our intended course. On it each day we outlined new stories of storms and fair weather until, with its endless erasures and new markings, it was almost worn through. To help us out, the obliging sisters at the convent school offered us their geographies with maps and even their best globe.

While we poised impatiently in Newfoundland, another map-maker worked with unflurried precision twelve hundred miles away, in the United States Weather Bureau at New York. We shoved off only when he said, "Go!"

Returning to New York on July sixth, I met many delightful and distinguished people at a luncheon given the Friendship crew by Commander Byrd. Among them was a middle-aged man with a mop of gray hair topping his broad brow. He had friendly eyes, a thoughtful smile and a low, soft, southern drawling voice.

"When you have time—when you get through with this"—he indicated the crowd—"please tell me some day exactly what you encountered on the flight. After all, we're able really to find out so little about over-ocean weather—and evidently what we predicted didn't pan out."

So I met Doctor James H. Kimball, whose cooperation had done so much to make possible the Friendship's crossing—just as it had figured largely in all preceding Atlantic flights.

Later I visited him at the Weather Bureau office, where he is second in command. The office itself is perched up at the top of the Whitehall Building in lower New York City.

To it flight projects of all kinds turn for meteorological guidance, and because of Doctor Kimball's enthusiastic interest in aviation's problems it is a rendezvous for fliers, who drop in to talk to so sympathetic a listener.

It was mid-morning. Doctor Kimball stood at a high desk. The periodic delivery of telegraph flimsies interrupted our conversation. These messages contained cabalistic figures from Manitoba, Kansas or Cuba, telling him conditions at that particular point—the barometric pressure, wind direction and velocity, visibility and temperature, and whether rain, snow, fog, or sunshine prevailed.

On the desk before him lay an outline map of the United States and the Atlantic. As the information trickled in, Doctor Kimball penciled swirling lines across it. In final form each swirl outlined specific pressure areas. Little pools and wide eddies of these lines, called isobars, gradually covered the paper, while on a companion map developed another picture-puzzle of isotherms, lines designating temperatures.

Doctor Kimball and I talked of the interesting phenomena of weather movement—for it is the calculation of movement which is the basis of meteorological prediction.

Miss Earhart with Dr. Kimball, the "weather man" who is responsible for the success of many flights.

Flier: "Go!"

By Amelia Earhart

The "highs" and "lows" (that is, fair weather and storm centers) are seldom static for long. Almost universally they move from west to east in the United States, just as prevailing winds on this hemisphere and over the Atlantic are westerly, primarily controlled by the revolution of the earth itself.

Each storm center, Doctor Kimball explained, revolves in counter-clockwise direction, when it is north of the equator.

"Have you ever noticed," he asked, "how water draining from a basin always swirls against the hands of a clock?

"We're usually through with the weather-map about noon," Doctor Kimball went on. "Generally these reports come in from some one hundred and fifty stations in the United States. Then there are thirty or more from Canada, and others from Bermuda, and from several points in the arctic, including Greenland. In the summer we get regular reports from the ice-patrol up in the Grand Banks region. And of course each morning the data comes from Great Britain covering the eastern Atlantic and Europe."

It takes about four hours to compile and digest all this far-flung information. Once in, and the weather-map made, the bureau is ready to issue its predictions. That "Fair and Warmer" prophecy you read in the paper isn't at all the guesswork of some individual optimist; it's the product of the labor of a hundred men or more, and its compilation has cost thousands of dollars.

The ground-hog and the "nature signs" of the amateur weather-prophet are losing out in the demand for accurate information. Modern economics can't depend on them. Long flights and important business ventures which need fair weather must have better foundation than:

> Mackerel in the sky,
> Three days dry.

"How many ships report ocean weather information?" I asked.

"Not nearly so many as we need," Doctor Kimball sighed. "We haven't adequate appropriation yet for proper service. The storms there are larger than any known on land, extending sometimes in one vast disturbance from Newfoundland to the British Isles. That is the extent—how high they are, we do not know.

"During the hurricane season a hundred or more ships in West Indian waters report, and we should have similar service in the North Atlantic. If vessels there sent regular data, our over-ocean weather-maps should be pretty efficient. That's important for maritime commerce, and of course essential in the development of transatlantic flying. Also such information would help us tremendously in forecasting weather conditions on shore both for our own continent and for Europe."

Doctor Kimball, like so many of us, believes that regular transatlantic air service, whether by dirigibles or airplanes, is inevitable—and near. As a matter of fact, one of the barriers to it today is lack of complete weather information. Not that airplanes are frail craft and can't ride out a storm, but that they are so peculiarly competent to take advantage of meteorological opportunities and avoid hazards.

A ship has to plow on its course, whatever the storm conditions. Aircraft may sometimes dodge a storm or adverse wind by flying at

(*Cont. on page 144*)

Theodore Dreiser's Honest Novel *of*

Richard wanted Elizabeth to go with him to the Philippines. He was willing to marry her if she would agree.

THIS

YOU can begin this novel with this issue of Cosmopolitan because in it Mr. Dreiser tells in complete episodes the stories of the unusual women who come and go in the career of a creative genius. Aglaia—"the wealthy eyes of her, the gaiety of her step . . . I know that she remains as at first she was with me—loving, understanding, forgiving. I know it. And in memory, hand in hand, heart to heart, we are together in many of the beautiful moments, hours and days that were ours"—her story has been told.

Then came Elizabeth. She had written to arrange a meeting. "I doubt if I shall be able to convey the comforting sense I had on sight of her. That delicate face and figure, that something of youth, gaiety, sweetness, romance." And her first remark was, "Oh, how different you are! I hadn't pictured you this way at all!" But after that "for over a year and a half Elizabeth and I shared an almost common life. No inconsiderable portion of my time went to her, my very closest and most intimate life . . . Yet toward the close of the first year, finding myself a little bored by this too-constant association with one person, however interesting, I began to look about for those who might interest her, at least to the extent of taking her off my hands now and then." And in the following you will learn what happened.

THE thing which eventually separated Elizabeth and me, yet without any desire on the part of either not to see the other any more, was Elizabeth's feeling that I was one who could not long be interested in any woman or held by any combination of circumstances, however satisfactory, and my own feeling that the shifting and changing spectacle of life itself, the new, the strange, the different—in sex as in life—was more important than the stable, the fixed, the unchanging. Try as I might, I could not help feeling that the most important thing for me was to *know*, to meet, many and different people, more essentially women, since I felt that I knew them really much less than I knew men. I found it all but impossible to resist the blandishments of the opposite sex, especially were they young, intelligent, beautiful and agreeable to my own moods and tastes.

Minxes and baggages unquestionably most of them were, yet with arts and ways most amusing and appealing to me. I could fill a volume with brief pictures of many, but they would be too much alike to be interesting.

I might also assure myself, as I often did, that being possessed of a following too numerous and too disturbing to be comfortable, I would or should no longer trouble to interest myself in another; should even contest the lure with all my might; yet in me the desire for beauty, gay, youthful beauty, which seemed to restore spring and romance to the heart, remained high and strong.

In addition, as everyone knows who knows anything,

of the Women in a Man's Love Life

Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz

MADNESS

there is a certain magnetism about success or fame or wealth or publicity or personality that tends to draw, often fatally and hopelessly, those who are fascinated by these peculiar attributes.

In my own case I would not be able to say exactly what it has been that a fascinated individual has seen in me. But always, or ever since the publication of my second work—and even before—there has been a stream of these followers, men and women, young and old.

The rather pointless correspondence, most of it shamelessly neglected by me, has been voluminous. The number of individuals of both sexes who being denied introductions have nevertheless made their way to my door, has been astonishing.

Among them an individual now and then who had something to say and who, in spite of a rather cold opening reception, succeeded in making himself or herself dear and sometimes of great value. Apart from these, there have been others, men and women of distinction, or intellectual or beauty import, who have interested me and to whom I have journeyed.

And the result of all this has been the parallel existence of a number of living contacts, many of them most vital to me. On the other hand, some of these contacts, especially in the matter of women, have become a burden and a problem.

Yet in nearly every case of a woman of brains and charm and distinction in whom I have been especially interested and who has been vitally interested in me, the problem from her point of view has been all but destroying. By degrees, and even in the face of preliminary warnings and explanations by myself, she has been compelled to see how parlous is the situation of a woman who chooses to interest herself in a man with a public following and one who cannot be made to set himself apart and alone.

I know, or I presume, that there are individuals, men and women, who, so pursued, yet manage or are willing to set themselves apart intellectually and adhere strictly to the monogamic standard. No doubt they have natures which accept and prefer this.

To one who finds himself swayed by the various facets of beauty in the opposite sex, however, who is subject to the appeal of the varying aspects of temperament as found in various and varying women, the thing is not so easy.

In my own case, give myself as many solemn assurances as I might, along would come still another, no better essentially let us say than any who had gone before, no different in artistic quality from scores who were to follow, and yet who by no more than the value or difference that lies in the flick or color of an eye, the arch of an eyebrow, the rhythmic, humorous play of the mouth, the gestures of the hands or variations in body motions, who yet could and did instantly undo the most valiant pre-self-assurance.

Indeed, looking at the matter from a chemic or biologic point of view, resolution on my part has never

appeared to be anything more than a strict party vote in the mixed and inexplicable counsels of the nation of atoms within. One portion of these might be voting, for instance, for sobriety and the ignoring of women or something else; another portion would be voting quite the contrary and would perhaps be overruled. And then along would come some such exterior and extraneous thing as a pretty girl, and presto! the reigning party would be overthrown and retired.

Or, *viva voce*, every single blessed atom of the internal cosmos would recant, turn from its original resolution and decide that that which was now offered was best. And yet we say that we decide, or that we did decide.

I ask of all candid minds what is to be thought of such decision, good or ill, under such conditions.

Regardless of the value of this as science, the truth is that it was by some such situation as this that Elizabeth at the time in question was confronted, only at first she did not know it. And it was by some vague, or more or less clear knowledge of it that she finally came to be tortured.

And yet she was not one who vastly resented any minor or occasional lapse or who sought in any way to bind me to a narrow and suffocating contact with herself alone, however much pain her liberality might cost her. Far from it! During all of our relationship she kept her own rooms, always near mine, and preferred to stay in them at times to collect her own thoughts or to work.

At other times, finding me restless or indifferent, she would urge me to go somewhere, anywhere, for a weekend perhaps to another city, in order that as she said I should not finally become irrecoverably bored with her. Occasionally she herself left New York to visit girls who had been schoolmates of hers.

At other times, as much as she disliked her home, she would go there or to the aunt who lived in Connecticut, only to return in the course of a week or two to reproach me with my various shortcomings while she was away. I did not write her often enough. I did not write her the kind of letter she was entitled to receive. She loved me so. She loved my work so. Did she and her artistic support after all mean so little?

Then she would begin to worry as to her future. What was to become of her? How could she be so silly as to attach herself to a man who could not love any one woman long? She had been told that I had been seen with a certain type of woman in a certain place. Who was she? Why wouldn't I let her meet her sometime as a friend?

Once she found a number of photographs of women laid aside somewhere, and all inscribed to me, whereupon she shook her head dolefully. "What's the use?" she asked. "The competition of one woman would be bad enough, but fifty!" It did no good for me to explain that they were old photographs. Tush! There were more new flames than old ones any day.

So over this question of beauty and sex and the lure of the new we would argue and argue. The truth was I had no defense to make and could think of none, save that the necromancy of beauty was beyond me and was irresistible. Then she would insist that this folly might prove fatal, that it would interfere with my work, spoil my fancy, rob me of any sane understanding of the simpler relations of life. Did I ever meditate on that?

That was all well enough in its way, I thought, only I noticed that if I devoted my time to her, about as much of it was used in pleasuring as would have been wasted elsewhere.

One of the things that depressed her greatly after the first nine or ten months of our relationship was that while I was always glad to see her, especially when she had been away for a little while, I was getting cold; that she must steel herself and leave me, and would as soon as she could muster the strength and courage,

Elizabeth confessed that she had accepted Richard's want to interfere with any possible romance. At first she

since I really did not need her. And to myself I could not but admit that her argument was sound.

Yet, did she leave me? As a rule, having said so much, she would turn on the instant and declare that after all it didn't matter, she loved me. If only I would be nice to her now, not cruel, it would be all right. Just to be near me was heaven; if she could just work with me on my books she would not care; she wished she were a sprite and could make her home in one of my pockets. And direct me by irritating squeaks.

But all that remained now, on my side at least, was a cheerful camaraderie. With even so much she was content for a time.

However, toward the last this variability of mine and my growing indifference, obvious in sighs and yawns when we were together too long anywhere—a manifestation which invariably infuriated her to the voiceless state—she began to cool toward me, or at least to realize that her quest was hopeless.

"It's not your fault, Dodar," she would comment, sadly and heavily, on such occasions. "I know how it is with you. You can't help it. I know that. I'm the one to blame. I'm a fool for hanging after you. You like me. You'd do 'most anything for me, except the one thing I want and need, love me. Don't apologize, Dodar. I won't die. And I'll find a way out, sometime. I'll have to. But I want to tell you it's no joke to me."

The dull blue eyes would become fixed and occasionally small tears would glisten. I felt like a brute, and yet, in the clutch of my own desires and moods, at the time, absolutely helpless to be the thing that she wanted me to be, or to do the things that she most craved.

About this time—I think it was in the fall of 1913—there appeared on the scene an individual who promised, or rather threatened, to solve all our difficulties for us. And while it piqued my pride a little to learn that she could so easily find a substitute for me, still I was rather soothed than not by the thoughts that in the face of her grief over me, her emotions again could be enlisted and that thus she would be able to pay me out in my own coin.

It came about in the course of a dinner given her by an admirer, then the reigning attorney-general of her state, who chanced to be visiting New York and looked her up.

He apparently had scores of acquaintances in the city, and during the course of the dinner several of these who happened to be in the restaurant at the time came over and sat at their table, among them a certain Major B—— of the United States Army and his friend, one Richard Place, only recently resigned as a captain and now exploring in the Philippines, undertaking some prospecting for a great metal corporation.

This young captain, as Elizabeth confessed on returning from the dinner, was most interesting to her.

She described him as a tall, lank, yet soldierly person, one who apparently had been here, there and everywhere—Texas, Mexico, Canada, the Philippines, China—and was returning within the next five months to the Philippines. His wife having died the year before, he had placed his little child, a girl, in the care of a sister in Texas.

He seemed to have made a great impression on Elizabeth, for when I cross-questioned her the next evening or a day or two after, she admitted that she had admired him intensely and that he had looked at her yearningly, "lonesomely," as she put it. He was fine. And he needed some woman who could understand him, of course.

"Someone like yourself, for instance," I commented dryly, and, so perverse, greedy, reasonless and envious is human nature at times, not a little curiously.

"Oh, Dodar," she replied, contemptuously and yet evasively, as I thought, (*Continued on page 146*)

invitation. Would I come along? I explained that I did not was furious. She proposed to tell him all about herself and me.

Marriage

By Captain

CAPTAIN STEVEN BLADE of the Marines and Anne, his wife, back from a tour on the China station, stopped briefly with us on their way to the Norfolk Yard. After dinner, my wife and Anne went top-side to discuss the matter of what was being worn this year, and the captain stretched his long legs to my fire of chestnut logs and looked at me reproachfully. Just plain water, he said, and not too much ice, and how come, he wanted to know, did people always ask the returning traveler the same stupid questions?

If I wanted to find out what was going on in China, I could read the newspapers; he, personally, had no message from the place. But regarding my specific inquiry, he'd tell me what impressed him most, out there: it was true love—and he meant true love—operating in the bosom of a buck marine of the legation guard. Meantime, I had observed the proper rites, and we settled down.

He held my Maryland rye to the light and studied it. If I could keep it long enough for it to age a little, he considered, it would be worthy of serious attention. Good whisky, in these latter evil days, was increasingly hard to come by: the Asiatic was full of horrid stuff, masquerading under honest labels, and only on a British ship were you sure of what you were getting. As to China—he was fed up with China.

"When we first went out," he said, "I followed the progress of the current wars with zeal, and listened respectfully to the patter of our intelligence officer, who is supposed to be up on such things. But after a while you lose interest in the northern war-lords and the Christian Generals. That sportsman in Shantung who had twenty-eight wives and so forth, in a palace stocked with all the modern gambling devices, was amusing; and I rather liked old Chang—chap they bombed on his way to Manchuria a while back—but you get tired, watching their stratagems. It really takes the Germans to put on a war.

"Up in Peking, we didn't see much of the brigade of Marines they sent out, last year. A few of them checked in, after the battalions came to Tientsin—liberty parties of selected non-coms and virtuous privates, parading earnestly through places of interest with their kodaks and personal tooth-brushes—not like the old days, when you doubled the shore-patrol for visiting ships and established non-commissioned officer posts in all the local bastiles. We reveled mildly with some of the boys down in Tientsin, when we were sailing, but their General is his usual self, only more so, and keeps them right busy, drilling and indulging in athletic exercises. I'm told that the guard of the day there sleeps, if at all, in its little tin hats and leggings, the eyelets of the leggings being nicely shined. That brigade is no place for a restful man.

Illustrations by The Author

"Such things pass, in China, along with floods and famines and plagues: China is used to calamities. The legation crowd at Peking is similarly hard-boiled. They are very much on the social side, and they discuss international politics and the Menace of the moment and their neighbor's wife with equal freedom and gusto. A slick, highly polished lot. This marine I'm telling you about gave the colony something of a sensation in the simple virtues and what-not, and I'll remember him when I've forgotten all about the treasure hunt the Dutch *chargé* gave, out at the Ming tombs, and the international aspects of the Japanese strategy in Manchuria."

# of a Marine

In Which Love Weeps at Army Regulations

John W. Thomason, Jr.

"Is this," I asked him, "in the nature of a heart-throb?"

"Well, use your own judgment. There was a marine in the legation guard who fell in love with a Russian refugee girl named Basia Sablin. The marine wasn't remarkable, as such things go. His name was Davala, and according to his service-record book, he was enlisted on the West Coast, where he came in on a cargo boat, went for a run ashore, and was attracted by the uniform and the recruiting sergeant's description of the Navy ration.

"The details were not in the book, but they came to me some way. His citizenship was entered as Portuguese, though he was vague about this point when it came up later. He didn't have a great deal of data on his father, who had been, he said, a Portuguese sailor, or his mother, who was a Frenchwoman in Madagascar or somewhere. They were dead: he claimed no next of kin. For the rest, he'd batted around all over and had nothing to show for it except some unusual tattooing and a certain facility in knotting and splicing lines, which gifts are not especially in demand with us.

"He was dark and big and well set-up, and mentally equal to the manual of arms and the general orders for the sentry on post, and with patience and the right amount of brutality from his proper seniors, he did well enough. People like Davala are the professional privates. I don't know how the service would get along without them. But I think his family name might have been D'Alva once: when he was turned out in dress blues for commanding officer's inspection, he had the look of good stock gone only a little bit to seed. And he wasn't noisy at all.

"His Russky was slightly more interesting. She was maid to Madame Reille, whose husband was the *taiping* of one of the big Peking government concessions, and most important in the foreign colony. We all liked Monsieur Reille. He was a Belgian and a gentleman, and when the German war broke he went home for it, and fought it out on the Yser as an officer of artillery. He liked to talk about his guns, over a glass at the club, and he took interest in military matters. But people thought of him as Madame Reille's husband—you've known chaps like that—and Madame Reille"—the captain resorted deeply to his glass and looked into the red heart of the fire—"I never knew anybody like her. See her once, and you'd remember her always.

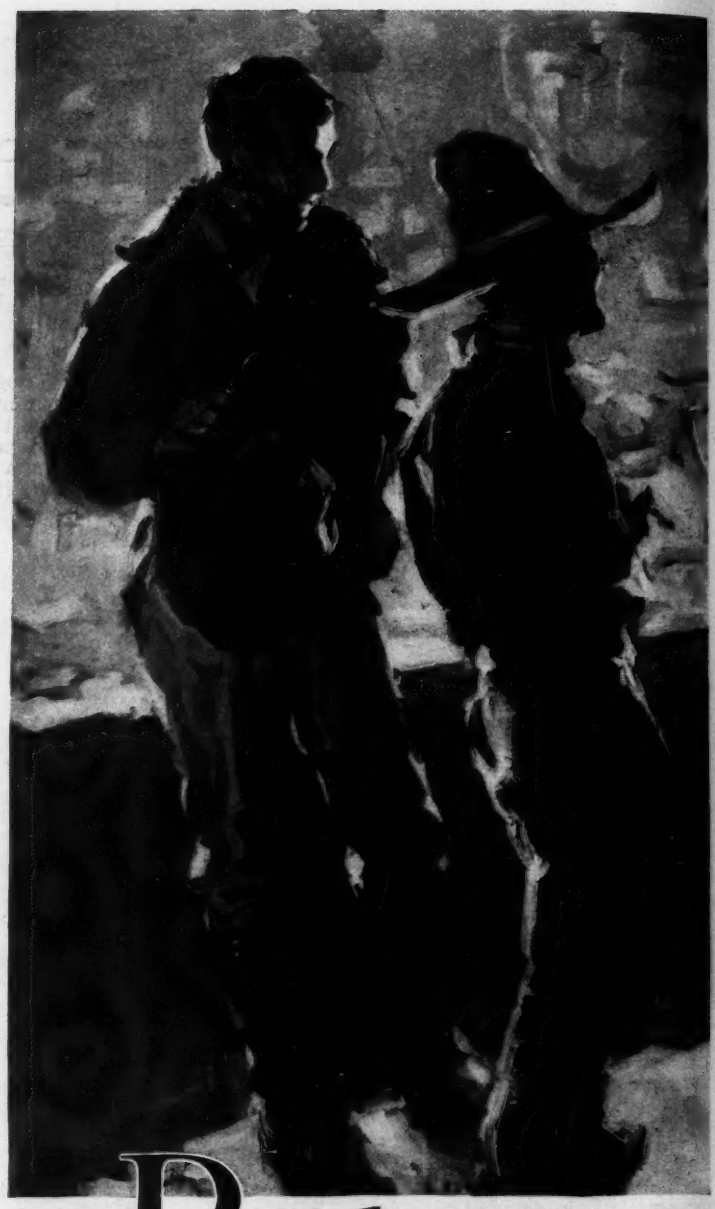
"When she came into a room, all the other women—and there are fine women out there—looked dim and somehow tarnished. I've goggled at her for hours, and I couldn't describe her now, any more than I could give you the specifications on her clothes, which, I gathered from my wife and others, were the admiration and despair of the colony. She had a white, still face, with a tremendous controlled vitality behind it, and she had eyes a man could drown himself in, and wanted to——"

He emptied his glass. I took it and attended to it, and told him that such sentiment sounded very bad, from a married man of ten years' standing. If he felt that way about her eyes, I was sure that Anne's impressions of Madame Reille would be worth listening to.

"Oh, she'll tell you," he assured me, and grinned, not very happily. "Madame Reille hit me hard. It was one of those things a chap had to go through with, I reckon, and I had plenty of company. But Anne had no reason to light into me, the way she did. Besides, I'm an old soldier; I know when a position is unassailable with the forces in hand. There were too many officers of field and general rank on the ground, not to mention the merchant princes and echelons of important diplomatic luminaries. Madame Reille had no use for juniors, except to fetch and carry for her, and I don't go in for that. She knew where she was every minute. There was something elemental about her: when she wanted a thing, she went and took it, and she came as near as anybody I ever saw to doing exactly what she wanted to do, when and where she wanted to do it.

"We never could understand why Monsieur Reille, who was neither blind nor silly, put up with some things I might tell you about. Why, at the time we reported on the station, she was returning from an extended visit to Europe—did I say she was French?—and very soon after that the upper circles received announcement-cards: Monsieur Reille had been presented with a new daughter.

"I remember the ladies, at [*Continued on page 166*]



"Let's go somewhere," Slim suggested. "Go ahead," Inez said tartly. "We ain't holdin' you back." "How about you?" Sandy asked Mabel anxiously. "I think I better go home."

By William Slavens McNutt

Ride 'im,

"VO-DEE-O-DO!" Sandy Lucas said fervently.

"I got to be told," Slim Cole declared.

"This one in pink," Sandy explained.

"Oh," said Slim. "That one. That sure clears it all up. I s'pose there must be maybe five, six thousand feminites here tonight, young, old an' middlin', but you mean the one in pink. All I got to do is count 'em all over from one end o' this indoor valley to the other, an' when I come to the one in pink, why——"

"She ain't all in pink," Sandy corrected his description. "She's just got some pink doo-dads on her hat an'—— Right across from us, Slim. See that fat slob in the box? The one with the monkey suit an' the skinny blonde? Well, almost above where he's sittin', up in the balcony there about—lemme see—one, two, three—wait a minute now. Don't look."

"How'm I goin' to see if I don't look?" Slim asked.

"Wait a minute, can't you?" Sandy said. "I think she's lookin' this way."

"Ain't that too bad!" said Slim. "That must be breakin' your heart."

"You don't want her to think you're starin' at her, do you?" Sandy asked.

"Um!" said Slim judicially. "I dunno's it would sour me any."

The two sat on their heels, their backs against the south wall of the Madison Square Garden arena where the annual fall World Series Rodeo was in progress. The event had just been run off. The last steer ridden had been left in the arena for a cowboy clown to bait.

The teased animal dashed at him, took his flung coat in its face, whirled about and caught sight of Sandy and Slim. The two got to their feet, grabbed a box railing and muscled themselves up out of reach as the angered steer made for them. The animal swerved and galloped away. Two mounted pick-up men hazed it to the exit at the west end of the arena.

"Two, three, four," Sandy counted off as he and Slim squatted once more. "That's it. The fourth row in the balcony right above. See where I mean?"

The announcer's voice came strident from the metal throats of the loud-speakers: "Next event the cowboy's

The heart-bustin' Experience *of two bronc'-bustin'* He-men

Cowboy!

Illustrations by William Meade Prince

bronc'-riding contest. Ladies and gentlemen, let me assure you once more that this is a bona-fide contest and not just a Wild West show. The boys and girls entered in these events are not paid one penny in the way of salary or expenses and——"

"Go on!" Sandy interpolated bitterly. "Brag about that!"

"They receive only what they are able to win in prizes," the announcer concluded.

"That just goes to show!" Sandy muttered. "I wonder what!"

"I see her!" Slim exclaimed enthusiastically.

"I seen her first," Sandy reminded him.

"Row-dee-ow-dow!" said Slim.

"Ain't she sweet?" Sandy asked, delighted.

"Hot mince!" Slim exclaimed.

"Say on, boy!" Sandy said complacently. "Can't I pick violets? Answer me, yes or no."

"Say!" Slim said scornfully. "That weed in pink that you picked out, why, she's nothin' but a landmark. That's all. Just a landmark set in up there so's a man with good eyes can find his way to the one settin' 'longside. That's the little moo-cow I'm meowin' about. The one to the left o' your poor little pink posy. The one in the black hat."

"Aw!" said Sandy scornfully. "She's a blonde."

"That don't need to sicken you," Slim argued. "Blondes is women same as other colors."

"They get you in trouble," Sandy said gloomily.

"Says you!" said Slim.

"Speakin' the truth," Sandy declared. "Mind that little honey-colored dab o' devilment out in Hollywood that was doin' extra work when——"

"Aw, well," Slim interrupted. "Hollywood blondes! Sure."

"You heard somebody say they grow 'em different in New York?" Sandy asked.

Slim stood up. "You got a piece o' ridin' to do pretty soon," he reminded Sandy. "If you can just stay with that mud-suckin' fool tonight you'll be settin' sweet for final top money. The way I rate 'em it's between you

an' Chris Boggs, an' a good ride on Devil Foot'll put you out in front."

"He might have got you box seats as long as he was gettin' 'em," Inez Walker said spitefully. Inez was the blonde in the black hat seated in the fourth row of the balcony.

"Oh now, Inez, these are good seats," Mabel Clare insisted. Mabel was the one with the pink doo-dads on her hat.

"What's he want to give seats to this thing for, anyhow?" Inez continued, pouting. "If he wants to do somethin' for his hired help, why doesn't he give 'em seats to a good musical show or somethin'?"

"Mr. Whittemore used to be a cowboy himself," Mabel explained. "That's why he's interested."

"Because he's interested we got to sit an' look at the darned thing!" Inez said.

"I think it's fun," Mabel said.

"You would!" Inez snapped. "Don't you ever feel like steppin' out?"

"Sometimes," Mabel admitted wistfully.

"Then why don't you?"

"I don't know any nice fellows, Inez."

"It's your own fault. They're easy to meet," Inez replied.

"I know," Mabel said. "It was easy for you to meet Jimmie Gorante."

"You would bring that up!" Inez said peevishly. "How could I tell he was a gorilla? I'll leave it to you if he wasn't just as nice-dressed an' decent-actin' as you could want."

"That's just what I mean," Mabel explained. "You can't tell what a fellow is just by lookin' at him, any more. Believe me, I'd rather sit home in my room an' read the paper the rest of my life than get mixed up the way you are with that Jimmie Gorante."

"Oh, shut up about Jimmie Gorante!" Inez said petulantly. "I wonder what kind of fellows these cowboys are."

"I don't know," Mabel confessed. "I never met any."

"They don't look so hot," Inez said.

"That sort of a short fellow down there with the red hair's got kind of a nice face," Mabel said.

"Where?" Inez asked.

"Sittin' just across," Mabel said. "He's just gettin' up now. See the one I mean? Right along by the wall just across from us."

"The little runt with the green handkerchief around his neck?" Inez asked, scorn in her voice. "How do you get that way? He's bow-legged an' he's got freckles."

"I kind of like his face," Mabel insisted.

"You mean that one with the Number Sixty-three on his back?" Inez asked. "Wait'll I see." She scanned her program. "Sandy Lucas. He's *sandy*, all right. That tall fellow with him isn't as bad-lookin', though."

"I like the other one better," Mabel insisted, mild but stubborn. "He's got a nice face."

"Forty-seven," Inez mumbled, looking at her program once more. "Let's see. Here it is. Forty-seven. Slim Coleman. That's a good name for him. He's slim, all right."

"I don't like a fellow to be so skinny," Mabel said.

"He's not skinny!" Inez said indignantly. "He's just tall an' he ain't fat, that's all. That ain't bein' skinny, is it?"

"I like the one with the red hair," Mabel said, returning to her original proposition. "I think he's got a kind of nice face."

"The next rider Sandy Lucas on Devil Foot," the announcer called. "Sandy Lucas. Number Sixty-three on your program. Riding out of Chute Number Seven."

A white-haired man sitting in the press-box leaned forward eagerly. "Now we may see something!" he exclaimed.

"This fellow good, is he?" A near-by reporter asked the question. He was covering the rodeo for the first time and welcomed information.

"A good rider and a good horse," the white-haired man said. "Sandy Lucas won at Pendleton a couple of years back and this Devil Foot's a buckin' fool. Nobody's ridden him so far at this meeting."

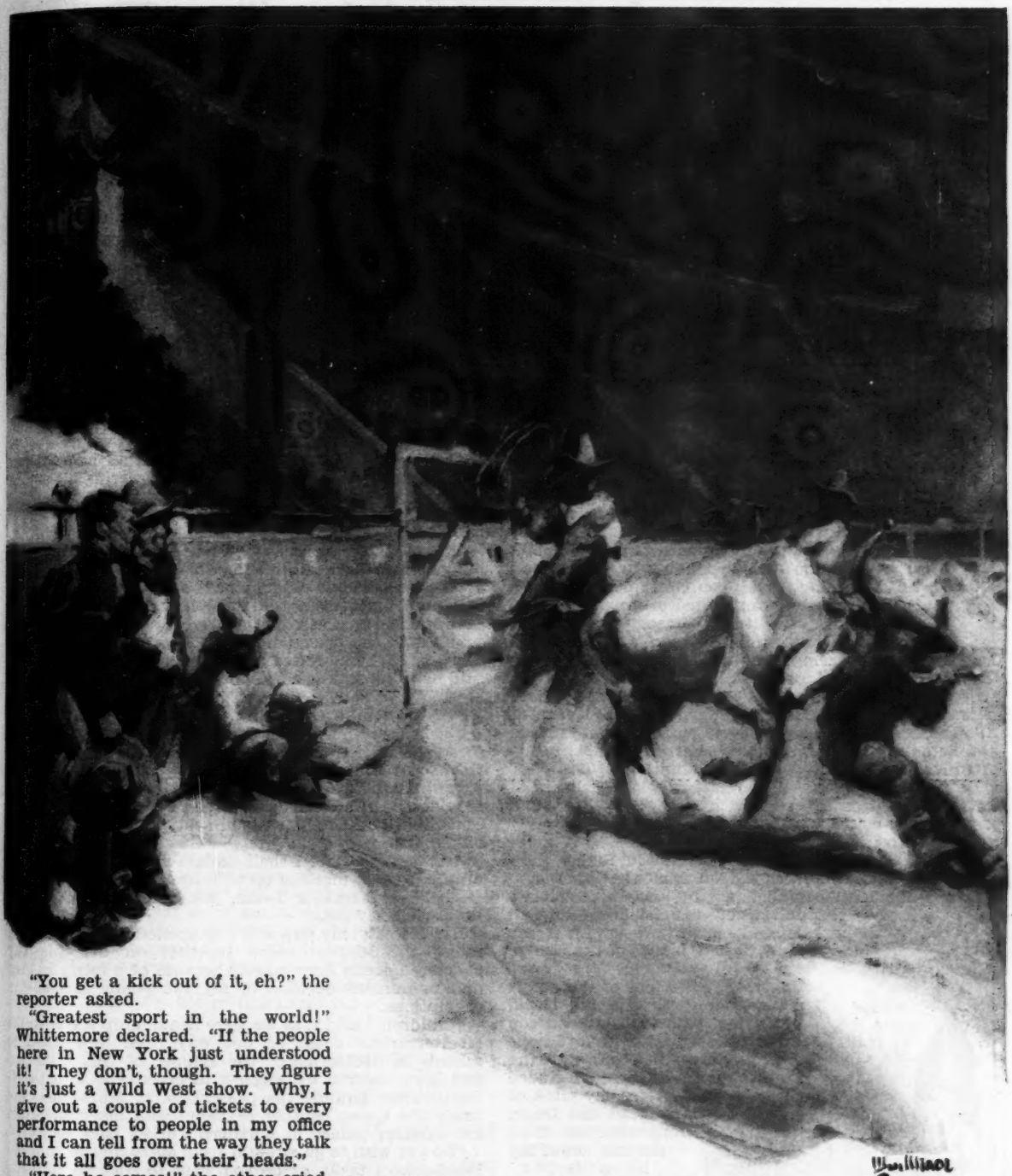
"You connected with the rodeo?" the reporter inquired.

"Only a guest," the white-haired man said. "I'm in business here in the city. Cotton broker." He said this apologetically. "I used to ride, though." He was boasting now. "For a cow outfit. Thirty years ago. Out in Arizona."

"Well!" said the reporter.

"My name's Whittemore," the white-haired man went on. "The boys in charge give me a press-card to this every year so I can come and go as I like. It's the only chance I have to keep in touch with the old crowd."

¶ *"Can't I pick violets?" asked Sandy. "Say! That weed in pink you picked out!" said Slim. "The one to the left o' your poor little pink posy is the little moo-cow I'm meowin' about."*



"You get a kick out of it, eh?" the reporter asked.

"Greatest sport in the world!" Whittemore declared. "If the people here in New York just understood it! They don't, though. They figure it's just a Wild West show. Why, I give out a couple of tickets to every performance to people in my office and I can tell from the way they talk that it all goes over their heads."

"Here he comes!" the other cried.

The chute gate was swung open, revealing Sandy Lucas mounted on a sturdy-legged black bronco. For a moment the horse stood quiet, head down. Then he pitched out into the arena, back arched, and the battle was on.

Even the blasé New York crowd, ignorant of the fine points of the contest, knew the performance for a real fight between a savage, cunning bucking horse and a game and skilful rider.

No straightaway crow-hopper, this Devil Foot. Muzzle to the ground, back arched like a hard-drawn bow, bellowing like a maddened bull, he pitched and weaved and twisted while Sandy rode him free, scratching high and hard in front and behind.

"Ride him, boy!" Whittemore shrieked, leaping to his feet. "Stay in there, Sandy! Scratch him, cowboy! Whope! Look out! Look out! Oh! That's too bad!"

"What's the matter?" the reporter demanded. "He's all right."

"He's coming loose," Whittemore said regretfully. "See? There he goes. Oh, that's too bad."

Sandy came loose and pitched sideways from the twisting saddle. The crowd screamed as the bronco's lashing hoofs smacked into his falling body. He hit the dirt face down and lay still.

In the balcony Mabel Clare cried out and covered her eyes. In the arena Slim Coleman was first at the side of his unconscious buddy. In the press-box Whittemore sighed and shook his head.

"Too bad," he said regretfully. "He was giving him a great ride."

"How did you know he was going to be bucked off?" the reporter asked. "He seemed to me to be going all right."

"He guessed wrong," Whittemore explained. "When you're in that saddle on one of those fellows you have to guess what he's going to do a (*Continued on page 132*)

Illustrations by
Herb Roth

Darkest

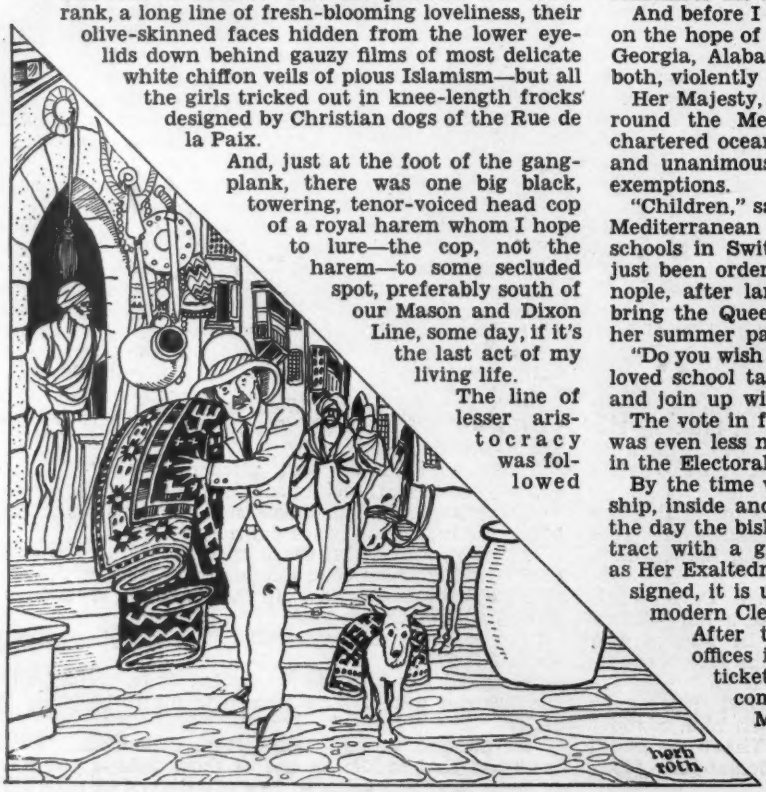
By Frank Ward

IT WAS a great and gala day for the 'Gypters. High noon was to mark the arrival of the "Queen Mother" of Egypt, and MYSELF, from the summer palace—belonging to the Queen—together with M'sieu Max, who is a wire-haired South Jersey mosquito mastiff with strains of rabbit and hoot-owl—belonging to me—and an attending royal court composed of one hundred and two assorted princesses, princes and ladies-in-waiting — accompanying the Queen—and one wife (my own) and two small income-tax exemptions—accompanying me.

The Queen and I, having completed our jolly sea trip together—more or less—from the summer palace near Constantinople down to Egypt, were greeted at Alexandria with a pier glowing in rugs of royal crimson and detonating with welcoming cheers in Arabic, many of which were for the Queen, I'll admit.

Down a gang-plank that was gay with garlands of flowers and carpeted in the rich reds of royalty we all marched in state.

The first to descend were the princesses of lower rank, a long line of fresh-blooming loveliness, their olive-skinned faces hidden from the lower eyelids down behind gauzy films of most delicate white chiffon veils of pious Islamism—but all the girls tricked out in knee-length frocks designed by Christian dogs of the Rue de la Paix.



And, just at the foot of the gang-plank, there was one big black, towering, tenor-voiced head cop of a royal harem whom I hope to lure—the cop, not the harem—to some secluded spot, preferably south of our Mason and Dixon Line, some day, if it's the last act of my living life.

The line of lesser aristocracy was followed ashore by two princes and three princesses of royal blood. A pause; then along came the aged Queen herself.

Another stage wait, just long enough to permit of a snappy pulldown of the vest and a straightening of the new cravat, and I started down the gang-plank.

And I was jauntily about to step on an edge of the nearest pier rug when up stepped the towering big smoke of the royal harem cops and snatched the Continent of Africa right out from under my feet.

In Arabic, French and English he told me I could not land in Egypt. Never! The pup and my family, yes, but not me. Two tall, blond, whisky-and-soda Britishers in fezzes and white duck next stepped into the argument and backed up the royal harem dinge. And all because I, in the course of a playful moment during my jaunt with the Queen from the Bosporus down to the African coast, had raised particular h—— with the aforesaid head cop of the royal harem.

BUT I'm telling this thing all backwards. Let's start at the beginning. I'll pause here, however, to bubble forth the item that all the time that the big smoke in frock coat and fez was preventing me from crashing a continent, he was sporting, just beneath the fez, a neat design in adhesive plaster, and three or four surgical stitches on the black bald spot, that he will always remember me by.

And before I close I shall explain why I now live solely on the hope of meeting up with him again, any place in Georgia, Alabama or Texas, just before one of us, or both, violently die.

Her Majesty, my pup and I happened to be hurrahing round the Mediterranean together on her specially chartered ocean liner largely because of a fairly sudden and unanimous decision of my two young income-tax exemptions.

"Children," said I, as we were heading up the Spanish Mediterranean coast on our way from New York to schools in Switzerland, "the skipper of this liner has just been ordered by wireless to proceed to Constantinople, after landing his passengers at Marseilles, and bring the Queen Mother of Egypt and her court from her summer palace in northern Turkey back to Egypt.

"Do you wish to go straight from Marseilles to your beloved school tasks, or do you want to stick to the ship and join up with this royal three-ring cir——"

The vote in favor of immediate return to school tasks was even less noticeable than my good friend Al's total in the Electoral College.

By the time we had headed into the Dardanelles our ship, inside and out, glistened like a convent school on the day the bishop is to call. When a lady signs a contract with a great transatlantic steamship line, such as Her Exaltedness, Aminah El Hamy, Queen of the Nile, signed, it is up to skipper and crew to deliver to the modern Cleopatra their snappiest goods.

After the fights I have made in steamship offices in the rush season to try to persuade a ticket man to take my whole bankroll, I have come to the conclusion that the way Her Majesty goes about the same thing is much better.

"One way or return, lady? No you save nothing, m'dam, by buying a

Egypt

O'Malley

round-trip ticket—six thousand dollars a day, or twelve thousand dollars in all for the two-day up-trip ticket in the spring, and the same for the down-trip ticket in the fall.

"Aristide, snap me one of those pink twenty-four-thousand-dollar May-November tickets off the rack for the lady.

"Yes, a fruity bunch of kale, Your Majesty, to set yourself back for merely the transportation end of your summer holiday, I'll admit.

"But see what you get! The entire first-class section of the liner—any ship you select—is exclusively yours, going and coming.

"If anyone else steps aboard—say, for the sake of argument, a family of common Americans and their mosquito hound pup—they will have to stay put back of the steerage dead-line while you are aboard or they'll get beaned. Your Majesty's entourage includes six or eight big black beaners from the harem police, I believe? Good! We shall have to explain this in advance, of course, to the American Johnnie, but we'll shoot the bad news at him, Your Majesty, in French so fast that he won't get the big idea until we have him battened down in the coal bunkers and his family and pup awash in the bilge."

Exactly my notion of the only way to trot off for a summer at the shore.

Her Majesty's marine court had been set up and was in full running order on our—now her—ship by the time my family, pup and I had returned from a forenoon among the antique-rug bazaars of Constantinople.

The Queen Mother had had lots of time to set up her seagoing court; give a certain member of my household a full morning among antiques and there is an immediate turnover in goods that haven't moved for centuries.

The Constantinople pier had also been weighted down with old Turkish rugs of royal crimson for the Queen, but in that respect the pier had nothing on me.

Two English gentlemen whom I approached on the way back to the ship—merely to ask street directions—must have been annoyed frequently by the pests in fezzes who are always trying to sell rugs to the tourists at the tin tables of Paris.

"Aoh, gao away!" they cried. "We don't wish any of your demmed rugs!"

They could have had my back-load for nothing. Before my first night of touring with royalty, however, I was glad that even M'sieu Max, the pup, had come aboard with a prayer-rug or two strapped to his back; it was a case of rugs for bedclothes or sleep on the ship's coal.

Not since Gene Tunney made the Social Register of New York have I felt so out of it. It began as I staggered onto the pier beneath my load of rugs. They were watching for me. The moment I led my rug-bearing family and pup toward the gang-plank leading to a first-class deck the gang-plank was yanked skyward.

Simultaneously another gang-plank, far aft, was thrust invitingly toward us from the back-door coal, cattle and tradesmen's entrance to the ship.

And it didn't help matters when I noticed that a tall, broad-shouldered, jet-black gentleman in long frock coat and fez, who was idly leaning over the rail of a high promenade-deck, was directing me in a stern tenor voice to go away back to the kitchen door of the ship and stay there. Yes, Jack Johnson Effendi was commencing. *And I was raised in Atlanta!*

Aboard again, amid an atmosphere of coal dust scented with fried onions, we found that while we were ashore bulling the Turkish rug market someone had moved our belongings hastily from our quarters on B-deck, forward, down to Bilge-deck, aft.

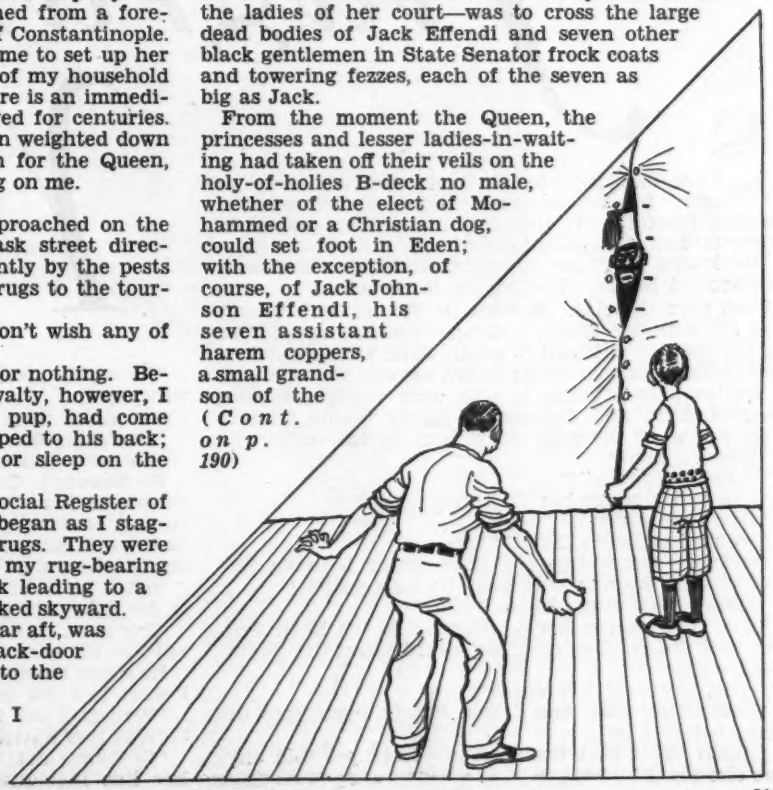
In the haste of moving, the movers forgot nothing of mine except all the pants to all my pajamas and three left shoes. So I decided to stroll up among court circles and bring up this matter of my missing shoes and pants with the Queen herself if necessary.

What I supposed in the semi-darkness was just a last pile of Welsh coal blocking the way turned out to be none other than Jack Johnson Effendi himself.

All that was necessary to gain access now to the Eden of B-deck—now sacred to the Queen and all the ladies of her court—was to cross the large dead bodies of Jack Effendi and seven other black gentlemen in State Senator frock coats and towering fezzes, each of the seven as big as Jack.

From the moment the Queen, the princesses and lesser ladies-in-waiting had taken off their veils on the holy-of-holies B-deck no male, whether of the elect of Mohammed or a Christian dog, could set foot in Eden; with the exception, of course, of Jack Johnson Effendi, his seven assistant harem coppers, a small grandson of the

(*Cont. on p. 190*)



"You're trying to beg off for your Smith boy," said Daniels. "I'm offering to bring you face to face with the person who killed Ponty," said Connie.

Concluding—

The Flagrant Years

"SLAGER?" repeated Consuelo. "I don't know any Mr. Slager. I won't see him." Another reporter—she thought fearfully. If this was to keep up she would throw up her job and go away.

"He knows you," Beulah Barr returned. "I've seen him around before. Waiting for Roberts."

That gave the clue. It must be Victor, Bob's Victor. Was his surname Slager? Connie couldn't recall ever having used it or heard it used. Such were the terms upon which that particular crowd associated. She took a furtive peep. Victor it was, sure enough, looking bronzed, hard and depressed. Barely taking time to greet her when she went out to him, he demanded:

"Where's Bob?"

"Gone to Buffalo."

"Can you give me her address?"

"Don't you know it?"

"Would I be here if I did?"

Obviously something had gone wrong between Bob and Victor. Ought she to give the information?

"You've been away, haven't you?"

"Yes. Out of the world. Fishing in the Northwest. Got back today. I've only just heard about the Pontefract murder."

"Why, when did you leave?"

"Late in August. And I saw Rowdy Pontefract the night before I left."

"Hush! This isn't the place—— Have you told anyone else that?"

"No. I've been afraid to say anything," he half whispered.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of mixing Bob up in it. *Is* Bob mixed up in it?"

"We can't talk here. Come back for me at five."

He assented. Connie telegraphed Bob for permission to divulge her whereabouts. In those blind alleys, becoming constantly more mazelike and complicated, she dared not move now on her own responsibility. Too many others were perilously involved.

Victor took her to a downtown restaurant. "I've got to see Bob. Are you going to give me her address?"

"I've got a wire from her saying, 'Give V. my love and tell him I'll write.'"

He shook his head. "No good. She can't tell me what I want to know in any letter."

"Perhaps I can help. What is it?"

"Was Bob having an affair with Rowdy Pontefract?"

"Of course not!" The defense of her friend came to her lips involuntarily, and in the face of her own

Copyright, 1929, Samuel Hopkins Adams

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

suspicion she uttered it with conviction. "What makes you ask that?"

"They were together the night before I left."

"The night before you left?" Connie's heart began to throb stiffly. "What was the date?"

"August twenty-sixth. I left on the twenty-seventh."

She controlled her voice to ask calmly, "How do you know they were together?"

"I saw Pontefract go into the apartment-house."

"Where were you?"

"On West Fifty-fifth Street. I was going to see Bob. We'd had a little pick over something. I didn't think it was very important, but she got sore—you know the way girls are—and passed me up for several dates. My plans changed and I didn't want to leave without telling her good-by."

"And you saw Ponty going in there?"

"He passed me at the corner, walking hell-bent, and carrying himself very straight and stiff. I thought he was soused. When I saw him turn in, it jarred me, for I knew he'd been hanging around the place before. But I'd always thought he was your boy friend."

"Go on, Victor. What happened then?"

"Well, he went in. But he didn't come out."

Every pulse in the girl's body gave a leap. "What do you mean, he didn't come out?"

"I waited around." He looked shamefaced and miserable and passed to his defense. "I wanted to know if Bob was putting something over on me. I was pretty batty over her."

"I know. How long did you wait?"

"Until after one o'clock."

"Then you went home?"

"Then I went up to the top floor and rang. I was going to have it out with them," said he fiercely.

"But you didn't find anything?"

"No. Everything was dark. What d'you think of that?" said he wretchedly. "I listened and I swear I heard somebody inside moving around. My Lord, Connie; I thought that girl really cared for me." His innocent, hurt hazel eyes threatened an overflow.

His companion had no pity now to spare for him. "What time was it when you saw Ponty go in there?"

"I don't know."

"You've *got* to know. This is terribly important. Can't you fix the time some way?"

"Well, it must have been before ten because——"

"Never mind the because. You're sure it was before midnight? You could swear to that?"

"Oh, absolutely! The theater crowds passed while I was—— What's the matter, Connie?" he cried, alarmed.

"Nothing. Have you got a drink?" she muttered.

He snatched out his flask and poured a stiff hooker of which she took a good half at a gulp.

"All right now," she assured him with a hard-wrought smile. But she doubted it. A curtain had fallen from before her mind's eye and the shock of that stark revelation was a wave engulfing her brain. "How could I ever have been such a blind fool!" she whispered.

"WHAT's that?" demanded the staring Victor. "What are you talking about? If Bob——"

"Victor, Bob wasn't there at all."

"How do you know?"

"She was out with a crowd. Mary Birney from the beauty shop was in the party and Bob was there when she left after midnight. It wasn't Bob that Ponty was looking for."

"Who, then?"

"Me."

"You!" He goggled at her. "Were you there?"

"No; no! But he thought I might be. I'd had an engagement with him that I couldn't keep. He must have been trying to trail me."

The man's face brightened. "Then Bob wasn't—there wasn't anything between them."

"Not a thing. I thought there might be until you told me about this."

Victor was thinking hard. "Was Pontefract seen again after he went in there?"

"No," she whispered.

His voice took on an awed quiet. "Connie, for Lord's sake, what happened up there in that apartment?"

Only too well Connie now knew what had happened. But she must make sure of it before she shared that grisly secret with anyone else.

"Have you got a key to Bob's place, Victor?" she asked.

"I *have* not! How do you get that way?"

"Oh, I hoped you might have." In the grip of her fixed idea she had no apology for her indiscretion. "Well, have you a flashlight?"

"I think you've got the queers, girl! What would I be doing——"

"You can get one, can't you?" she persisted. "I want you to go up to the apartment with me."

"What do you want to do there?" He had drawn back involuntarily.

"I want to see something. If you don't want to go with me, I'll go alone."

"Oh, I'll go."

From a garage he procured a pocket flash. They saw no light on the top floor when they arrived, and there was no response to their ringing outside. They tried another bell, got in and mounted. The front entrance to the apartment, in an angle, was quite dim. Connie took the flash with a shaking hand and directed it at the door.

"Look!" she whispered tensely. "Look at the lock."

"What's wrong with it?" asked the groping Victor.

"It's new. Surely it's new! Isn't it?"

"Right. It does look new. What of it?"

She leaned against the wall. "I'll—tell—you—if you—can—get—me—outside," she said in carefully spaced appeal.

Victor caught her up and carried her to the outer air, where she revived. In that shadowed hallway she had seen with a dreadful clairvoyance Jerry Pontefract, dazed with drink, burst through the door blindly seeking her, and Varvara Pravdina, dazed with terror, thrust her dagger into his heart.

Rumors of an imminent and sensational arrest in the "clueless mystery" flying about the beauty world sent Consuelo in perturbation to Gerstel Corss, who would be likely to have the latest "dirt." He had.

"Rotten, huh?" he greeted her with a gloomy mien.

"What's rotten?"

"Haven't you heard? They're goigg to pinch Ipsy."

"How do you know?"

"That woman of mine; the police official's wife. She says he don't want to do it because he thigks they ain't got enough to go on. But they're forcigg him to it."

"Who? Waller Daniels?"

"Yes. He's raisigg the devil because there ain't any arrests. Stirrigg up the papers to roast the police. So they're goigg to make a mark of Ipsy."

"But they can't have anything on him!" she cried.

"It don't look so good. You and me, of course we know he wouldn't do it. But that dagger-cane, and the fight and all. Huh? And if they once pinch a feller they can stir up all kinds of stigk against him."

"Gersty, I *know* Ipsy couldn't have done it."

"Huh? Make old Daniels believe it, then."

"I'm going to."

Something still and expectant and malign had marked Daniels' attitude toward Connie in their last few meetings. He had an appointment for that afternoon. She resolved to have it out with him then.

WHEN he came in she said to him quietly, "Mr. Daniels, why don't you try one of the other operators?"

He whirled, his finger arrested on the top button of his waistcoat. "Why should I?"

"I can't do anything with you when you're this way."

"What way?" he demanded with a rasp of exasperation.

"There! That way. You speak to me as if you hated me."

"Don't talk like a fool!" He planted himself obstinately in the chair. "Put on some of that stingy stuff," he directed. "My skin feels as if it had died."

She rubbed in the circulation stimulant, then gave him a lively ten minutes of muscle-strapping. His face seemed drained of vitality. Yet she had never seen it so harsh. The cruel lines around eyes and mouth were bitten in as if by some secret and vicious resolution. Throughout the facial he was unwontedly restless. As she started the manicuring she asked perfunctorily:

"Do you feel better, Mr. Daniels?"

"Not much."

"I told you. It's no good any longer."

He jerked his hand away from her. "Connie, why don't you play fair with me?"

"I've never played anything but fair with you."

"You're holding back something." It was his first purposeful reference to the death of his nephew. Her pulses speeded up.

"You've never asked me anything."

"I'll ask you now. Whom are you shielding?"

"Nobody."

"That's a lie. You won't be able to save him."

(Him! Her heart jumped with apprehension for Ipsy and at the same time with relief that Daniels was wide of the real truth.)

"I'm not trying to save anyone."

"I've got the whole record. I know the night you had the engagement with Gerald, you left him in the lurch and went out with young Smith."

"That's not true."

"Where were you, then?"

"I don't have to tell you that, Mr. Daniels." She would spare him as long as possible, lest his own part in the broken date hurt too much.

"I know that look on your obstinate little face. You'll have to tell the judge and jury, though."

"Then you *are* going to—to bring it into court."

"I'm going to put him through, by heaven! There's almost evidence enough now to send him to the chair

Next Month

A Novel

of New Spain

by that

Old Cosmopolitan Favorite

Gouverneur Morris

¶ *"Rowdy went into the apartment, Connie. But he didn't come out." "What do you mean, 'he didn't come out,' Victor?" "I waited around. I wanted to know if Bob was putting something over on me."*

and we'll have the rest before we're done. I'll spend a million to make sure of him."

His eyes burned at her. Tiger! Tiger!

"Ipsy Smith had nothing to do with Ponty's death."

"I suppose you know all about it!" cried Daniels.

"Yes."

"Well," he pursued viciously, "there's one night just about that time when your friend (*Continued on page 206*)

By Ben Hecht

Illustration by
William C. Hoople

Nagged t

NOTHING in his forty years of living had afforded Jerry Brune the happiness which the writing of this little note had given. He read it over with an increasing sense of lightness and exaltation.

My Dear,

Forgive me for doing this. I regret the pain and trouble it will give you. But I am tired. My head keeps bothering me—that queer noise. I love you, dear, as I always have. Be happy now. Good-by.

Your Jerry.

Opening the drawer of his desk, Brune looked at the gun loaded and ready. The weapon loomed. Its vividness startled him.

Why had he opened the drawer to look at it? He wasn't ready yet. So that Jane might enter suddenly and find him staring at it, holding it in his hand, and with a scream snatch it away from him?

He listened. She had locked herself in the bedroom. Small likelihood of her appearing! As if she were capable of worrying about anyone but herself, as if she could ever come out of her rotten egoistic sense of outrage long enough to wonder what he might be doing, sitting so long and so silently at his desk.

Come out, indeed! Lie there on the bed waiting for him to come crawling to her side begging her not to cry any longer. She was always the injured one, not he. She was the one who suffered. Twelve years of triumphant suffering! Never a quarrel but ended this way—she, heartbroken; he, the brute. Regardless of who was in the right; regardless of who started it.

He had contradicted her before guests. What of it? A calm, polite, necessary contradiction. They had not crossed on the Mauretania in 1920. It was the Aquitania. Good Lord, how could anyone make such errors? But he hadn't said it triumphantly, to make a fool of her.

He remembered his voice. Very calm, perhaps a bit amused. "The Aquitania, my dear." "How dare you contradict me in that superior fashion, Jerry, when I am in the right!" "But you're not in the right, as it happens, dear."

And then out of this nothing, out of this casual little contradiction—tears, recriminations, hysterics! His smugness, his brutality, his constant, ceaseless efforts to belittle her; his viciousness; his shouting, uncontrolled manner—the same tirade that had beaten him down for twelve years.

Never once during these quarrels had he been able to arouse in her a thought, even a glimmer, of her own meanness, selfishness and wrong. Blind to her own hysteria, blind to her own merciless, unjust denunciations of him, in the very midst of her harassings and torturings—she was the victim! It was her feelings that were being outraged, her life that was being ruined.

"The Aquitania, my dear. Not the Mauretania." That was all he had said. And for that he was a vicious and despicable nag! A brutal, screaming idiot, and must now, as he had always done for twelve years, come crawling to her side, knowing her to be in the wrong, knowing himself to be the victim, the outraged one; come pleading to her to stop crying—his tenderness a tacit admission of his crimes, his kisses a confession that he had been a brute.

Good Lord! this perpetual distortion of facts. The Mauretania! This insane refutation of truth she had demanded since the first months of their marriage.

A sneer, self-conscious as an actor's, came over Brune's face. He sneered at the empty room as if

to Death

it were full of her presence. Slowly, with this superior grimace on his face, he closed the drawer. He was unable to resist giving it a bang. The noise, unexpectedly, frightened him. And his eyes, fastened on the locked bedroom door, grew heavy with hate. She had not come out and saved him! Yes, he had been waiting, waiting to give her this last chance.

His eyes returned to the note. He smiled again.

"My Dear."

A very simple, unhysterical salute—weary and tender at the same time. It would remain in her mind forever as a proof of his gentleness, a proof that no hysteria or screaming ever could obliterate.

"Forgive me for doing this."

Even in death he must apologize—always apologize—as in life. It was he who lay ruined on the carpet, the smoking gun in his hand. But the habit of asking forgiveness in the face of his innocence and hurt; the habit of pleading with her not to feel hurt when it was his heart that had been torn, not hers—was too strong on him to abandon, even in his last moments.

Forgive him, indeed! Forgive him for being too stricken by her insane and righteous attacks on him to go on living. She would see it this time. This time she would fall to her knees and cry, "No, no! Forgive me. It is I who have been wrong. Oh, Jerry!"

And his unmoving lips, his staring, indifferent eyes would make no answer. He shivered with delight over this thought, over the spectacle of her confession. How incomplete and torturing it would be to her—this deafness of his as he lay on the carpet.

Alive, he would have taken her in his arms. His kisses would have removed the remorse she felt at having wronged him. Dead, he remained unforgiving. Dead, he left this mocking sentence to turn over and over in her heart: "Forgive me for doing this."

And the next one. "I regret the pain and trouble it will give you."

Always solicitous for her! Even in the extremity of his despair, uppermost in his mind this concern for her. How would she reconcile this with her insane, egoistic charges that he was an insensitive brute, that he never gave her feelings a thought?

"But I am tired."

NO RECRIMINATIONS in these four simple words. A man worn out with her injustice and unfairness but still refusing to accuse her. He might have taken advantage of his death to hurl the blame for it on her. But how much more devastating this little tired sentence would be, this proof of his chivalrous regard for her that she had always denied!

But there would be no mistake in her mind as to what had really happened.

"My head keeps bothering me—that queer noise."

How often had he warned her that her miserable attacks on him were unsettling his mind. How many times had he lain in the dark after one of her unfair hysterical outbursts and whispered to her, between their kisses, that his head felt queer and jumpy inside. Would she answer now, "Oh, it's nothing, Jerry. I feel rather shot myself"?

Not very likely. Brune smiled. His heart seemed to glow inside him. She would look at him cold and silent on the carpet and know that there had been a queer roaring in his head, a helpless disorder induced by her. Not the gun, but her screams and false accusations had killed him.

"I love you, dear, as I always have."

Tears filled his eyes as he reread this line. Yes, he loved her—in an involved, undecipherable manner. He loved her as he had the first night she had slept in his arms. So young, sweet, clinging—whispering in the dark. And dawn that came through the window . . .

"Be happy now."

"Oh, Jerry, how can I be happy without you? Jerry—come back!"

The tears flooded his face as his mind listened to the broken cries that soon would fill this room.

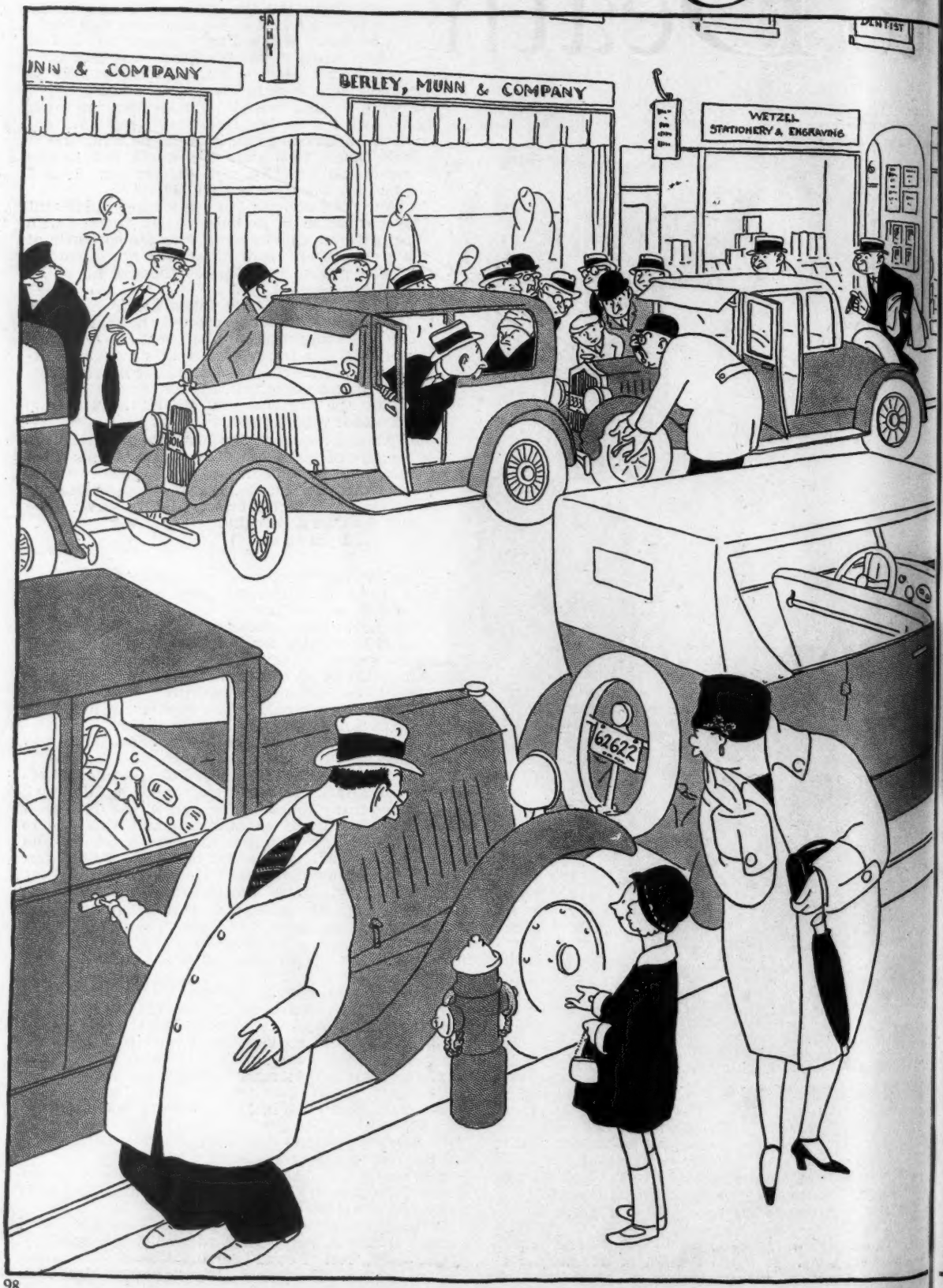
"How could you think I could ever draw a happy breath without you? Jerry, Jerry! You were all I had! How could you think that!"

"Because you were so unfair and unreasonable, Jane. I died thinking it was because you didn't love me."

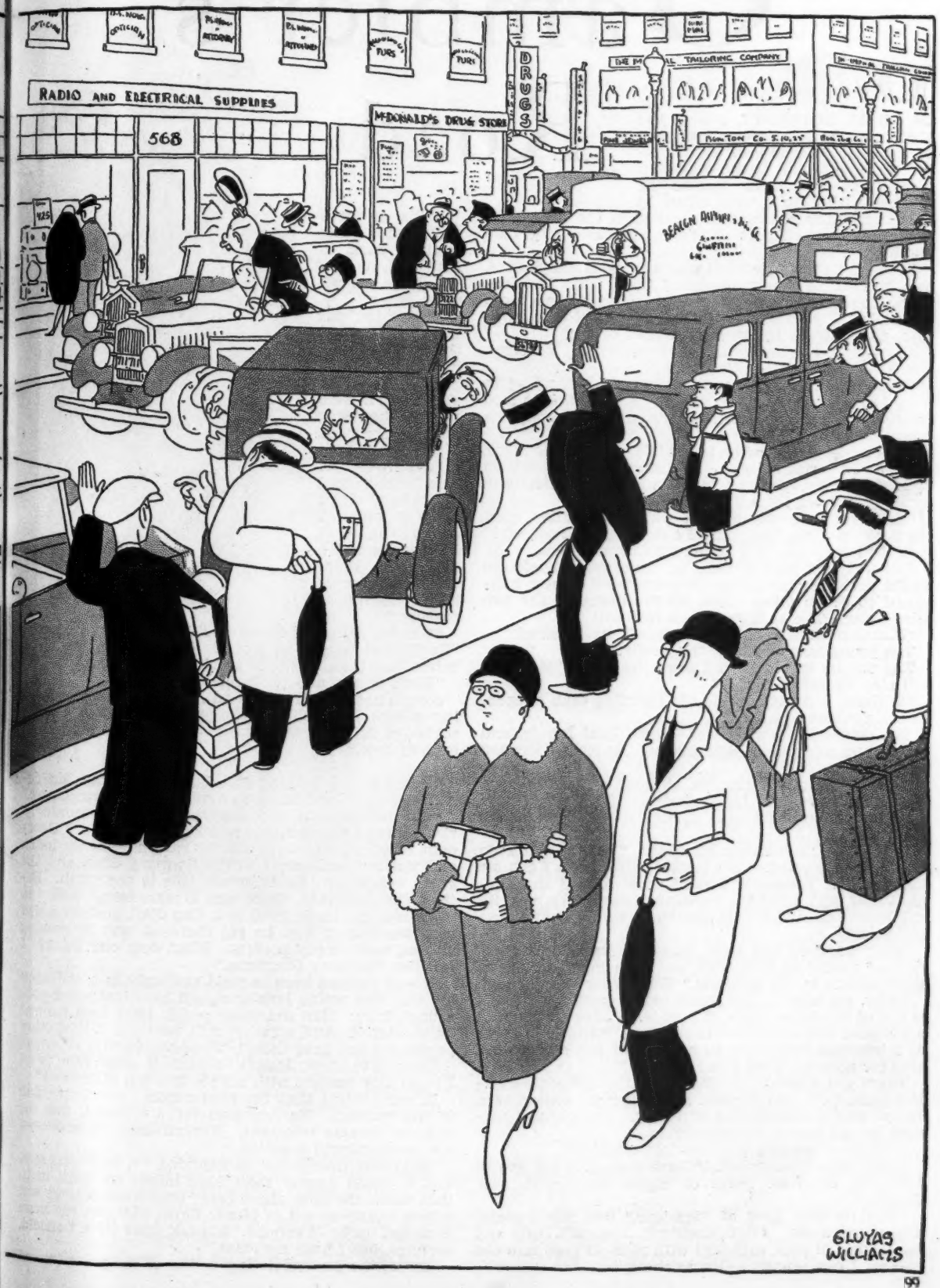
"Oh, Jerry. No! I can't bear that!"

Brune smiled. She would *(Continued on page 118)*

The Wide Open *Spaces*



By Gluyas Williams



The Gambler's Road

PIERRE GOURDAIN, son of the Niçois millionaire jeweler, and one of the young elegants of the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, presented himself at the main Bureau de Change with only a weak effort at that immobility of expression which, in the life of the Casino, is counted part of the equipment of the chic gambler.

Both his hands were filled with enormous red plaques, and he had no sooner deposited them upon the desk than, from his bulging pockets, he produced two more handfuls. The cashier, with a little skilful manipulation, spread them before him in rows of ten.

"Un—deux—trois—quatre—et soixante, monsieur. Quatre cent soixante mille francs."

"C'est ça!" the young man murmured, struggling to keep the elation from his tone. *"J'ai touché le zéro trois fois avec le maximum. Il faut gagner de temps en temps."*

The cashier produced an incredible pile of mille notes, done up in series of tens. He turned them over with agile forefinger, pausing to examine more closely a small portion of them.

"There is some sealing-wax which has fallen upon the backs of these," he pointed out. "Monsieur objects?"

"Not in the least," the young man assured him.

The forty-six packets were in due course transferred to the pocket of the fortunate young man. There happened to be no other client for the moment; the two were alone. The cashier leaned forward.

"Monsieur returns to Nice tonight?" he inquired.

The young man nodded. "Naturally."

The cashier looked up and down the room. "Monsieur will play tomorrow night?"

"Without a doubt. While the Sporting Club is open, I play nowhere else."

The Gourdains were a well-known local family, and the cashier was a born Monégasque. He leaned forward once more.

"Why not leave a portion at least of that money, Monsieur Gourdain?" he suggested. "I will give you a note for it, and you can collect it when you arrive tomorrow."

The young man shook his head. "Why should I do that?" he protested. "My banker thinks that I gamble too heavily. Tomorrow I shall show him: I shall deposit half, and bring the remainder away with me. He will believe then that it is possible to win. It will amuse me, this!"

"Four hundred and sixty thousand francs is a great deal of money to take with you from here to Nice at three o'clock in the morning," the cashier warned him.

"Why, my friend," the young man expostulated, "this is one of the safest roads of Europe. I have traversed it a hundred times without molestation. Besides, in a car at a hundred kilometers an hour, what can be done? I stop for no one. That I can promise."

There was a rush of business, and the fortunate gambler passed on. He lingered at the bar for a word with Joseph and a final whisky-and-soda. The popular barman leaned across the counter.

"Monsieur has had good fortune tonight?"

Pierre Gourdain smiled. "Good enough to ask you to take one of those boxes of cigars home with you, Joseph."

"That is very kind of Monsieur," was the grateful acknowledgment. "But Monsieur Gourdain, why not leave some of your winnings with me? It goes into the safe, or I can get you a Casino check."

"What on earth for? I am going straight back to Nice and, as you see, I am, as always, sober."

"Naturally," was the reply; "but the road between here and Nice——"

"Why, it is the safest in the world!" the young man interrupted. "I pass along it at all hours of the night and morning, four times a week. I ought to know. I have never heard anything more than a rumor of any attempt at robbery."

"Ecoutez, Monsieur Gourdain," Joseph begged eagerly. "Up till last week, yes; since last week, even the night before last, there has been trouble on the road."

"What do you mean? Robbery?"

Joseph nodded. "There is an American who was staying at Nice, in hospital at the present moment. He was robbed of fifty thousand francs—as yet he is not able to explain how."

"I HAVE heard nothing of this," Pierre Gourdain declared. "There has been nothing in the newspapers."

"The newspapers, no," Joseph remarked meaningly. "Do we read much in the newspapers, Monsieur Gourdain, of what happens in Monte Carlo, save of the galas, and the brilliant crowd at the Sporting Club, and the great winnings? Nevertheless, this is the truth. Besides the American, there was a man found dead two mornings ago, in the road near Cap d'Ail, and not a sign or a word as to how he got there—a man in evening clothes, with empty pockets. What does one think? I ask you, Monsieur Gourdain."

Joseph stepped back to yield smilingly to a call upon his till. The young jeweler sipped his whisky-and-soda thoughtfully. How did these people hear such things? he wondered. And, stranger still, how was it that other people did not hear them? Joseph presently returned.

"Who is to know, Joseph," Gourdain asked him, "that I leave here tonight with my pockets full of money?"

It was evident that the conversation was distressing to the barman. He hesitated for a moment, and his manner became reluctant. Nevertheless, he answered his young client's question.

"Monsieur Gourdain," he confided, "it has been said, and it would appear that there might be truth in it, that there are spies about here; that when a large win comes to anyone out of Monte Carlo, like you, the news is passed on by telephone. I speak more than I should, perhaps, but I have my ideas."

One of the perambulating deities of the place crossed

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Isobel drained the contents of her glass. Tresholm saw the cloudiness of the liquid too late. "An affair of sixty seconds," she assured him.

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

the threshold of the bar and looked around the room. Joseph faded away like a ghost.

Monsieur Gourdain paid one of his linen-coated assistants for his drink and made his thoughtful departure. As he struggled into his heavy overcoat, a person whom he had passed on the stairs entered the telephone-booth.

Four o'clock glowed upon his illuminated timepiece as Tresholm, homeward-bound from Toulon, swung round one of the last of the terrible curves of the Lower Corniche close to Cap d'Ail.

Against the high bank on his left, all the elements of tragedy were disclosed to him by his cautiously operated headlight. He turned it off and descended. His chauffeur, jumping from the seat beside him, was already in the road.

"An accident, I'm afraid," Tresholm muttered.

"It's that Lancia car from Nice, sir," the man volunteered.

They both hurried forward. An overturned car was leaning against the bank, with an ambulance wagon drawn up just short of it; upon the ground a prostrate form, over which were bending a woman in nurse's costume and a man who had the appearance of a doctor. A gendarme in the Monégasque uniform turned towards the two new arrivals.

"What is it that has arrived?" Tresholm asked quickly.

"A motor accident," the man replied. "Monsieur would do well to proceed. There is by chance here a doctor and a nurse. Further aid is not necessary."

Without a doubt, but for that last sentence, Tresholm would have climbed back into his car, would have passed the sad little scene and proceeded on his journey to Monte Carlo. He had years of experience behind him, however, and in the days when life and death were always in the balance he had learned to suspect a superfluous sentence.

"You are of the gendarmerie of Beaulieu or Nice?" he inquired, looking at the man's uniform.

"It is of no consequence, that. Monsieur will please proceed. My orders are to allow no one to loiter."

"Your orders? From whom?"

"Monsieur le Docteur Earnshaw," was the prompt response. "It is a question whether the injured man will live. A crowd around him would be fatal. Pass on, if you please."

"I myself have some knowledge of medicine," Tresholm persisted. "I may be of assistance."

He deliberately avoided the man's outstretched arm and approached the prostrate form. The doctor, a

clean-shaven, gray-haired man, swung round at the sound of his footsteps. The nurse, who was leaning down on the other side, pushed her veil back and looked at him with startled eyes.

"There has been an accident, I fear. Can I be of any assistance?" Tresholm asked.

The doctor hesitated for a moment. There was a look of distress in his face, and his black coat and dark trousers were covered with dust.

"You and your chauffeur can help us to carry this unfortunate fellow to our ambulance, if you will be so kind," he suggested.

"What happened?" Tresholm ventured.

"We scarcely saw," the doctor replied. "He passed us, traveling at a tremendous speed at the beginning of the turn there. Perhaps he did not allow himself quite enough room. Perhaps he had drunk too much. He gave a tremendous skid, hit the side of the bank, and the car turned over. We found him lying by the roadside here."

"Is he seriously hurt?"

"I can find no signs of life."

THE four men picked up the injured man with ease, and carried him to the ambulance. The nurse arranged the pillows for his head. Still he gave no sign of life; the blood coming through the bandage on his head trickled down on his clothes.

"How far do you go?" Tresholm asked.

"To Nice," the doctor answered. "I have a small clinic in the Boulevard Dubo[illegible]hage. My name is Doctor Earnshaw."

"I seem to know the young man by sight," Tresholm reflected.

"He is quite well known in Nice," the doctor confided gravely. "He is the son of a rich jeweler—a great gambler, I fear. Thank you so much for your help, sir."

Tresholm returned thoughtfully to his car. He paused to light a cigaret and watched the departing ambulance thread its careful way round the curve.

"We'll get along, Johnson," he called out to his chauffeur, who was examining the wreck of the Lancia.

"Queer things, them skids, sir," the man remarked. "The road's as dry as a bone at the turn here, and there ain't too much dust. Besides that, the front of the car's all smashed in, as though it had hit something solid. The bank's soft enough. No more than an odd bit of rock or two that wouldn't hurt anything."

Tresholm crossed the road at once and examined the car with his chauffeur. The terrible condition of the bonnet and the smashed front-springs was difficult to understand.

"It does seem queer," Tresholm ruminated.

"I've never seen the front of a car buckled up like that before, sir, just with running up a bank," the man commented. "Looks to me as though there might have been a bit of dirty work before the doctor and the ambulance car came along. He wouldn't think anything about that, naturally, seeing the car overturned here, and the man dead or unconscious."

Tresholm walked a few paces along the road. They were some distance from any habitation, except the ghostly Château d'Ail, whose empty windows had looked down upon the road for forty years. Tresholm studied them meditatively. Then he returned to his car.

"The young man's face was familiar to me," he repeated, as he climbed into the driving-seat. "I fancy he's been pointed out as a gambler from Nice."

"I know the car, sir," Johnson confided. "I've seen it doing a cool hundred along this road more than once. Never ought to be allowed, the way they drive on these curves. That was one who got what was coming to him, anyway."

Tresholm, the rare and unwilling victim of a gala dinner a few nights later, unfolded his napkin and glanced sideways at the card of the woman on his left. She caught his eye, smiled, and adjusted the strip of pasteboard so that he could read it more easily.

"Earnshaw," she murmured. "Isobel Earnshaw. That is my name. Yours I know, but I wonder whether you can remember where we met last."

Tresholm was genuinely intrigued. Something about the woman's eyes was vaguely reminiscent. She was a handsome woman, beautifully dressed in one of those elusive black frocks which to the uninitiated seem simple, yet which cost famous dress designers many hours of anxious thought. Her pearls were beautiful, her plainly coiffured hair attractive. The sense of familiarity was there, but for once Tresholm was at a loss.

"I have seen you somewhere recently," he admitted. "The amazing thing is that I cannot recall where."

"I will not spoil your dinner by leaving you guessing. Those were tragical moments in which we met. Three or four o'clock in the morning, it must have been, a mist over the moon, the commencement of a mistral—and that terrible accident."

"You were the nurse!" he exclaimed.

She nodded. "And my husband was the doctor. You can see him on the other side of the table. It was a great grief to us both that we were unable to do anything for that poor young man. He must have been dead several minutes before we arrived."

"It was a horrible tragedy," Tresholm said gravely.

"It was indeed," she assented. "I cannot think, Mr. Tresholm, why we English people do not try to bring our influence to bear upon the authorities here to stop this reckless driving. They estimated that he must have gone round that corner at eighty kilometers an hour."

"What I find even more difficult to understand," Tresholm confided, "is the extraordinary reticence of the newspapers when an accident of this sort takes place. One single paragraph in the paper is all that I have seen—just a brief account of a motor accident, and the death of the driver. Yet it seems to me the affair has been too easily dismissed."

"In what way?"

Tresholm, glancing idly down the table, suddenly caught the eye of a man whom he recognized as the doctor. They exchanged friendly nods.

"Well," he explained, "in England there would have been a terrible fuss. We should have had diagrams of the road and photographs of the smashed car. We should have had pages of your evidence, and your husband's, and a dozen theories as to the cause of the skid."

"The French are not like that," she observed. "An accident such as this in the center of a great pleasure-spot is, from their point of view, a thing to be glossed over, to be dismissed in as few words as possible. I am not sure that they are not right. It is simply pandering to the sensation-mongers to dilate upon a tragedy. Besides, in a police affair—which this, fortunately, is not—what a help the newspapers in England are to the criminal."

"In the case of a crime, I agree with you entirely," he assented. "In this case, however, when there is no suggestion of anything of the sort, one might have expected a few further details."

SHE shrugged her shoulders and turned to answer a remark from her left-hand neighbor. Tresholm leaned towards his hostess, Lady Westerton.

"We were speaking of that poor young man's motor accident on his way back to Nice," he explained. "One has seen so little of it in the papers."

"I was remarking the same thing to my husband this morning," Lady Westerton agreed. "Have they found any trace of all that money he was supposed to have with him?"

Tresholm turned once more to Mrs. Earnshaw. "Lady Westerton was saying something about the young man's having had a large sum of money."

"An exaggeration, I should imagine," she commented thoughtfully. "He was undressed at the clinic, naturally. The night-sister took my place, but I am sure I should have heard of it if he had had any unusual sum."

She leaned across the table, and spoke to her husband. "Lady Westerton has been telling us that that poor young man Monsieur Gourdain was supposed to have a considerable sum of money in his possession."

"Seven mille and some odd change," her husband replied. "I know because I locked it up."

"There are always rumors of that sort," Isobel Earnshaw reminded them. "In this case, however, it must

have been a mistake, for there was certainly no time for anyone to have robbed him and to have got away, before we arrived on the scene."

A guest from the other side of the table intervened. "There is no doubt that the young man won a large sum that night," he said, "but he probably left it somewhere in Monte Carlo."

"He had plenty of time," the doctor remarked. "They say that he left the Sporting Club at three o'clock. It couldn't have taken him more than ten minutes to get to Cap d'Ail, and it was nearly four before we came upon him."

Tresholm opened his lips, but closed them again. Someone spoke of the new supper place everyone was going to. Finis with poor young Monsieur Gourdain!

The party broke up as usual with a general exodus to the Sporting Club. Tresholm found himself afflicted with a curious fit of uneasiness. He watched the play for a time, and then, acting upon a sudden impulse, descended the stairs and strolled out into the soft night. He walked the length of the terrace, and returning, found himself in front of the Casino. He joined the thin stream of entrants and made his leisurely progress through the "Kitchen."

Suddenly he came to a standstill. Mrs. Earnshaw was seated at one of the tables, playing—and playing for high stakes.

He watched her closely. She had a book in her hand which she studied before each bet, but she was losing consistently. He changed his place, and strolled round behind her. She must have had four mille in the stakes on the table, mostly around twenty-one, and on red. Twenty-two, black, turned up. Her reluctant fingers stole into her bag. She drew out a packet of notes and passed five of them to the croupier.

Tresholm for a moment almost betrayed himself. On the backs of the notes were little spatterings of red sealing-wax.

Tresholm watched the notes disappear into the tronc of the table. Then he walked silently away.

The sordid, crowded room existed no longer. He looked into the darkness; he saw the flickering beams of the moonlight upon the white road, the little group of figures, the young man sobbing out his last breath—watched those white, cool fingers stealing in and out of his pockets.

TRESHOLM made friends with the Chef de Sûreté of the principality. It was rather a one-sided affair, for that functionary was reserved though polite, and Tresholm was on the borderland of being inquisitive. He persisted in discussing the tragedy of the Lower Corniche Road.

"You see, Monsieur," he ventured, "it is not as though it were the first affair of the sort. There have been two others presenting similar characteristics."

"From whom have you that information?" Monsieur Desrolles demanded.

"I gathered it with difficulty," Tresholm replied evasively. "Nevertheless, there was Monsieur Pierre Lavalle, the contractor from Saint Raphael, who was found dead, with a burst tire on his car, not a mile from the scene of the present tragedy. He, too, is reported to have been winning at the Casino, yet when he was discovered he had barely a mille note upon him.

"Then there was the wine-grower from Juan-les-Pins—I have forgotten his name—and his was a small affair, but when he left the Casino he certainly had seventy or eighty thousand francs in his pocket, of which there were no traces when his body was found at the roadside.

"It may be, as you say, a dangerous road, Monsieur Desrolles, but it is odd that these three accidents should have happened to men who left Monte Carlo with large sums of money which were never seen again."

"The affairs in question are occupying my department," the Chef de Sûreté declared. "At the same time, let me remind you of this—there is no direct evidence that any one of these three men whom you have mentioned actually had a large sum of money in his possession when the accident occurred.

"Young Monsieur Gourdain, for instance, is known to have called somewhere in Monte Carlo on his homeward way, and also at a dancing place in Cap d'Ail. Lavalle sat in a café two hours on his return journey, and the person from Juan was, according to the medical testimony, sodden with drink. All these might well have been robbed elsewhere than upon the scene of the accident."

"That is perfectly true," Tresholm admitted, "but as against that, no traces of the money have been discovered."

"How do you know?"

"Well, there has been no word of it in the papers."

"In England," the Chef de Sûreté pointed out, "you are foolish people with your newspapers. You often make escape from justice an easy thing for the criminal. You show him in what direction the police are working, and against whom their suspicions are directed. That is not our method."

"Admitting all this," Tresholm insisted patiently, "do you honestly believe, Monsieur Desrolles, that these three tragedies which have taken place within the last few weeks are ordinary accidents?"

"My natural answer to you, Monsieur Tresholm, is that we have no reason to suppose otherwise," was the dry rejoinder. "In your case, as you are a friend of Monsieur Robert's, I will treat you with some confidence, and I will venture to remind you of one fact. The amateur detective does not exist in France. We find that official business proceeds more satisfactorily without interference from outsiders."

"Monsieur Desrolles," said Tresholm, "I am not an amateur detective, and I have no wish to force your hand in any way. For anything I know, you may be on the point of making an arrest in connection with the *affaire* Gourdain. If that is so, your caution is justified, but unnecessary. I will walk away from here with a seal upon my lips. If it is not so, please listen to what I have to say."

"I will listen to what you have to say, Monsieur Tresholm," the other decided.

"The clerk at the *caisse* who handed Gourdain notes for some of his winnings is reported to have apologized for the fact that a number of them had been spattered with small drops of red sealing-wax. I have seen some notes spattered in the same fashion within the last twenty-four hours."

The expression of Desrolles had undergone no appreciable change but there was a keener light in his eyes. "Where?"

"In the Casino."

"You would recognize the person who passed them?"

"Certainly I should. I could tell you her name, if you would like to hear it."

"I am listening."

"Her name is Isobel Earnshaw. She is the wife of the doctor whom I saw upon the road bandaging the young man's head that night."

Tresholm was confused at the result of his words. Whether from shock or for some other reason, Desrolles was incapable of speech. Tresholm had the queer feeling that the man was personally affected.

"The lady in question," Tresholm went on at last, "was gambling in the 'Kitchen' for sums which, for a doctor's wife, were enormous. I suggest, sir, that you look up the dossiers of Doctor Earnshaw and his wife."

THE functionary was himself again. There was a new and rasping note in his voice, however.

"There is no one in the neighborhood," he announced scornfully, "who needs to look at a police dossier of Doctor Earnshaw, or his wife. The doctor has practised in Nice for at least seventeen years, served in the war, and has amassed, without doubt, a comfortable fortune. He has been married for twelve years and his wife enjoys the respect of the whole community. She won every distinction that was possible for a woman during the war. She was decorated by the President."

"A wonderful record," Tresholm admitted.

"So wonderful," Desrolles continued, "that your suggestion, I must say, took my breath away. There are many bundles of mille notes, Monsieur Tresholm, which bear traces of sealing-wax."

Tresholm rose unwillingly. "After what you have told me, Monsieur——"

"No, sit down," the other interrupted. "We must consider this matter apart from the sentimental point of view. Any theory you may have formed concerning Earnshaw and his wife is of course absurd, yet tell me what was in your mind. What had you to propose?"

"Simply this. I am fond of an adventure—a gambler outside of gaming-rooms, you understand. I had an idea of leaving the Sporting Club a heavy winner one night, and testing the affair by going to Nice myself. If you approved of my plan and were willing to help me, I thought we might perhaps solve this mystery."

Desrolles was scribbling with his pen upon a scrap of paper, his head leaning on his hand, his face half hidden.

"Your plan is worth trying," he conceded. "See me later, and we will work out the details. In the meanwhile, Monsieur Tresholm, let me impress upon you one thing—the necessity for entire and inviolable discretion. Upon that condition alone we work together."

"I agree," Tresholm assented.

On the following night, Tresholm justified himself at last in the eyes of all Monte Carlo.

The news went flashing from the Sporting Club back to the hotel and through the Casino. The attack upon its resources was opened. Tresholm had bought a million francs' worth of plaques, and was playing a steady, systematic game of roulette in maximums.

An hour later a further bulletin was issued. Affairs were going ill with the intrepid gambler. He was half a million down, and losing steadily.

Gustave Sordel, hurrying through the passage, chuckled to himself. It was a tardy triumph, but worth while.

Tresholm backed the same numbers and every possible combination of them without flinching at his losses. His luck began to turn when a vacated place next to the croupier on the opposite side of the table was taken by a woman.

Their eyes met as she sat down. Whatever surprise Tresholm may have felt, he succeeded in concealing it. His greeting was friendly.

Following her first smile, however, was a look in her beautiful eyes which puzzled him. He had suddenly become of some account to her. So might she have

looked at him if, by some incredible chance, she had overheard his conversation with Desrolles. She had betrayed only a trace of it, but she was afraid.

Luck at the tables is a singular thing, or the world's interest in that mechanical toy, the roulette-wheel, would long since have evaporated. The woman opposite him was playing on black numbers of low denominations. Tresholm, with every stake, was directly opposed to her.

From the moment of her sitting down, his numbers dominated the board. In five spins, he won *en plein* three times. His luck was prodigious. The heap of disks in front of him grew and grew.

As he won, his vis-à-vis lost; as his pile of plaques increased, hers diminished. Once or twice she looked across at him. Their contest seemed to have affected her nerves. Her lips were trembling; her fingers shook.

"You are invincible, Mr. Tresholm," she murmured.

"You are playing against the table," he rejoined. "The run of it is for my numbers."

At one o'clock she left off playing, and at a quarter past Tresholm rose. The cashier handed him back his check for a million, which he had cashed at the beginning of the evening, and over a million in mille notes. For once he broke through his habit of silence.

"It is perhaps as well for the Casino, Monsieur Tresholm," he said diffidently, "that you are only an occasional player. Would you like me to send one of the clerks up with you to your room?"

"Thanks very much," Tresholm replied, "but I am staying at the Negresco at Nice—moved in there yesterday."

"You are not going to make that journey, Monsieur Tresholm, with all this money?" the man expostulated.

"As a matter of fact, I must. I am a careful driver, though. I do not think that anything is likely to happen to me."

"Leave the money with us," the man urged. "We'll telephone it to you at Nice tomorrow morning."

"You know what they call me here, Monsieur," Tresholm confided—"'the professional gambler.' That is because I like to take an occasional risk."

He stuffed the most magnificent offering which the desk had ever received into the depository provided for it and strolled away. In the bar he called for a whisky-and-soda. Joseph welcomed him.

"Walk quickly through the passages, Monsieur," he advised. "A million francs burn in the pocket."

"I'm not going through any passages," Tresholm told him. "I am going to Nice. I'm staying at the Negresco for a few days."

"Leave your money with me, sir," Joseph begged. "It will be safe."

"I think it will be pretty safe with me," Tresholm rejoined sipping his drink.

Joseph was worried. "Mr. Tresholm," he pleaded, "you are a brave man, like most great gamblers. Do not be foolhardy. Monsieur Gourdain——"

"But Gourdain was driving a motor-car round a corner at eighty kilometers an hour," Tresholm argued, "and I'm not going to do anything of that sort."

There was a rush of custom, and Joseph moved reluctantly away. Tresholm finished his drink and turned to leave the room. In the entrance he came face to face with Isobel Earnshaw.

"Better luck, now I've left?" he asked.

She ignored his question, laid her long nervous fingers upon his arm and drew him into the little recess.

"Mr. Tresholm," she said, "you will think that my nerves have all gone because I have been losing tonight, but it is not that. I have a superstition—a real one. Don't go to Nice tonight."

"But my dear lady!" he protested. "Why not? I am not like these young men—a reckless driver—and I shall call nowhere on the way."

"Nevertheless, I implore you—do not go."

Their eyes met for a single moment. Hers fell.

"Madam," he said, "this, I believe, is kindness, which I shall always remember, and for which I thank you. Good night!"

He strode out, and down the stairs. As he stood waiting for his hat and overcoat, someone hurried into the telephone-booth.

The Sporting Club was still crowded, an hour and a half later, when Tresholm made his unexpected reappearance. He strolled into the bar and made his way towards a vacant stool. Joseph stared at the newcomer as if he were a ghost and asked breathlessly:

"You changed your mind, sir?"

"Not exactly that," Tresholm admitted. "I found the road just beyond Cap d'Ail practically in the hands of the police, and such a hullabaloo going on that I thought I'd come back."

Gustave Sordel, who had been at the bar, leaned forward. "What, then, has arrived?" he demanded.

Tresholm paused for a moment, and in that moment he heard soft movements; a waft of perfume crept his way. The woman's dress was almost touching his knees. He had no need to turn his head; he knew who had stolen up onto the vacant stool by his side.

"Well," he replied, "do you happen to know a sort of deserted château on the road near Cap d'Ail?"

"Naturally. All the world knows it," Sordel assented. "Proceed."

There was a little indrawn breath on his other side—almost a sob. Tresholm was merciful. He avoided the temptation of a dramatic recital.

"I found a barrier across the road there," he recounted. "The Nice police had got possession of the place. From the little I could gather, it seems to have been temporarily in the possession of a doctor. Someone had got hold of the place before him, I suppose, though, and just round the bend there was a most diabolical affair, worked by an engine from a secret opening in the wood, which dragged an iron structure up to the right-hand side of the road. That's the thing young Gourdain ran into, of course, and probably others. As a matter of fact, it was out tonight—for me."

There was a babel of questions.

"Can't you see that Mrs. Earnshaw isn't well?" Tresholm protested. "Give me some brandy, Joseph."

"Was anyone arrested?" someone asked eagerly.

The fingers of the woman gripped his own. She had recovered. She was deathly pale, but her eyes commanded.

"Go on," she insisted. "Tell your story."

"There is not so much to tell," he obeyed reluctantly. "Half a dozen arrests were made, among whom—it was ridiculous, of course," he added, "but your husband was nominal owner of the property—so, as a matter of form——"

"What else?" she interrupted.

"Let me take you home," he begged.

"If you don't tell me everything," she gasped, "I shall die. Can't you see? I must know!"

"There was another tragedy," he confided. "Monsieur Desrolles—no doubt it was a point of honor with him—he thought that the Nice police had been too officious; he drove up, passed me on the way, in fact, found out what had happened, and blew his brains out."

There was a little shiver of emotion. Isobel Earnshaw stretched out her hand for the brandy.

"You have yourself received a slight wound, Monsieur," Sordel remarked.

Tresholm dabbed his cheek with his handkerchief and nodded. "A bloodthirsty night," he observed. "Someone took a pot-shot at me from a car. I had just turned my head, fortunately."

The woman dropped a white pellet into her glass. There was a furor of conversation. She drew closer to Tresholm.

"It was Armand Desrolles who tried to shoot you," she confided. "He was my lover. I am glad he didn't. You're a brave man anyhow, although you deceived Armand and went for the Nice police."

She drained the contents of her glass. Tresholm suddenly saw the cloudiness of the liquid and snatched at it, but he was too late. She leaned over and kissed him.

"An affair of sixty seconds," she assured him. "You took a gambler's chance, anyhow, and I like you for it."

"Tresholm!" someone called out.

He turned his head. Another voice was raised above the general hubbub.

"Look out! What's happened to Mrs. Earnshaw?"

She slipped from her stool, clinging to his shoulder to break her fall. Her arm dragged him down, her pale lips whispered.

"I was a gambler from birth, through life—to death," she faltered. "You, too. Good-by!"

Beauty and the Beast *by John Erskine* *(Continued from page 45)*

in the way to put me out of my troubles when we happened to mention you, in the general talk. 'You can just bring her to me,' he says, 'and if she'll have me I'll marry her and you can slide out of it with your life.'"

"He's as rough as that?"

"All of that and more!"

She sighed. "That would be a fine husband if he were only a man!"

"And a fine 'if,'" said her father.

"Do I understand, unless I marry him, the beast will kill you?"

"That's *his* idea of it but I've no intention of going back alone. If you don't want him, we'll both stay away."

"And what's to prevent his taking a mean revenge?"

"Nothing but our wits."

She swept up the floor and drew a chair to the fireside. "Since it must be, Father, we'll go to the castle tomorrow and I'll see what he's like."

The man sat rather stiff, not at all happy. "Daughter, I can tell you now he's like nothing pleasant, and if you let him know what you're sure to think, there I'll be, handy for him!"

"Stay here then," said she, "and I'll go alone. I'm hopeful there may be something in it. If he wants me so much as you say, and it's a fine castle and an easy life, perhaps I can learn to keep my eyes off him."

That's how they came knocking at the gate the next afternoon, the girl cheerful and looking her best, the man weak in the knees but ashamed to stay home. They had rapped but once when the

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beast stood across the path, uglier than before.

"It's you again, is it?" said he. "And is this the girl?"

"This is," said the man.

The beast hung down his jaw and looked at her. She held up her head and looked at him.

"Well," said he, "am I your husband? Be quick about it!"

She didn't hesitate a minute. "Good evening, Father," she said. "A pleasant walk home to you."

THERE she was, alone with the beast for a week or a month, and however he behaved, he didn't eat her, and except for his looks she had nothing to criticize. Her only trouble was what kind of mess her father would make of the house, for being a lover of beauty, he wasn't neat.

"Would it inconvenience you at all if I stepped over this morning to see who does the dusting for him?"

The beast was doubtful. "Don't you love me, after all?"

"What a question! Of course I love you, but that won't keep the old house from looking a disgrace, and I came away in a hurry."

"The point is," said the beast, "if I let you go now, will you come back?"

"At a quarter to six."

The beast grew feeble and melancholy. "Then a quarter to six will be the decisive moment of my life," said he. "If you're on time, it will be because you love me."

"No," said she; "it will be because he's been cleaning up after himself."

The beast didn't appreciate that answer at all, and the last she saw of him, he had a bad droop to his spirits.

Well, she wasn't on time. It was two minutes past the hour when she hurried into the castle. She called him, but he couldn't answer. He was flat on his face, upstairs in the library, just about to die.

"It was worse than you'd believe," she began, excusing herself. Then she observed his state. "Darling!" said she.

The beast gave a desperate groan. "I had one chance to live," said he, "if I could find a woman to love me. Since you don't, I might as well die."

With that he started to draw his last breath. It came over her that she was used to him and would miss him sorely. As a husband he was better than most and the only one she was likely to have. A bad lump came in her throat.

"You've been good to me, and I wasn't late for anything but to make my father's house respectable. God knows I love you as I should!"

The beast stopped midway in his dying. "If you had it to do again, would you marry me?"

"As often as you like, and for love."

With that he gave a cry, the ugly hide fell off him and he got up from the floor, as handsome a young prince as you ever heard of.

"I don't need to explain," he said, "there was a spell on me."

She could see his manners were perfect. Whatever she would have said, he put his lips on hers, and they used kisses for words.

In our childhood that's as far as we got with the story. They lived happy ever after. But after what? There's the whole point. Can a husband turn from a beast into a prince without a ripple? He cannot!

For a while she enjoyed herself. It had all the improvements of a second marriage without losing a bit of the first. He continued to worship her day and night. On the wedding date she had her father in, and he strained himself to do her credit, in a new suit of clothes, kept his eyes on how they use the knife and fork in the great world, made no serious mistake and was a proud man.

Twelve months, or a little less, came on with the usual speed. He would take the shortest path now from his work to his cottage, since he knew what was behind the castle walls and had nothing to guess about. As he drew on his pipe of an evening, he praised heaven that his child wanted what she had, and that his son-in-law looked as fine as he was.

Then they asked him in to remember the wedding-day again, and he took out the new suit and went over. They were very polite, of course, but from the moment he stepped across the mat he observed a decline in their temper. The extent to which the prince nudged himself to say nice things to his wife was enough to make a father's heart sink, and though she smiled at her husband, the wrong answers she gave made him wonder what she was thinking of.

It was the longest dinner the poor man had ever eaten his way through. Trouble there was, beyond question, and he'd be a sorry kind of parent to leave the house before he'd got to the bottom of it. So when they asked him to stay the night, he said yes.

At breakfast the prince asked him how he slept and his daughter had his toast burned just to the flavor he liked, but it took more than that to throw dust in his eyes.

"Would you care for some exercise in the garden?" said the prince.

"Later," said the man; "but for the present I'll gossip with my daughter while you're starting the day." So the prince called for his horse and went off.

"Now, daughter," said the man, "you may tell me what's on your heart."

"Nothing but happiness," said she.

"Consider you've said your duty, and let's get to the truth."

She began to cry her eyes out. He waited till she could manage her tongue.

"I don't know whose fault it is," she said, "but he isn't what he was."

"Few of us are," said her father. "Where does it show?"

"It's hard to lay a finger on any fault," said she; "he behaves more like a gentleman every day—but he isn't interesting."

"Well, daughter, that's a difficult thing to ask of any of us, year in and year out. It's a rash man would promise it to any woman. To love, honor and cherish, that's in the contract, but not to be entertaining."

"I don't ask entertainment—I've more than I need—but at first he was interesting. That is, while he was a beast. Of course I'm glad my love turned him into his natural shape, glad for him, that is, but it's hard on me."

"Would you mind making that a little clearer?" he said.

"I can put it into three words, Father. So long as he was a beast, I didn't really know what he was, and though he treated me gently, how could I be certain he wouldn't break loose any minute? I was just hanging on to life from hour to hour, and I tell you now, Father, I'll never again have such a thrill of a time. But as soon as he turned back into his proper form, I saw his manners would be as regular as the tick of the clock, and I've nothing to look forward to."

With that she began to cry again.

"That's very sad, as you put it," said the man, "yet you seem to overlook your fortune in having a husband at all. If his manners are monotonous, the quality of them is otherwise beyond reproach."

She wiped her eyes and went at the argument again with a little more spirit.

"I took him because he was a beast," said she. "If I'd met him first as what he is, how do I know I'd have taken him at all? He's a good man, but there's nothing exceptional in that. If he's a prince—well, if I'd wanted a prince I'd have looked over more than one. There may be better. Really, his one distinction is that he once was a beast. That's not enough to found enduring affection on. And I don't think a husband has the right to change so much. I vowed to be faithful to one sort of person, and now it's another."

"Daughter," said the man, "you may not know it, but you're talking about matrimony. Yours isn't a special case."

"Isn't it!" said she. "I dare say I know my own case as well as anybody. When you married my mother she wasn't under a spell, was she?"

"No," said the man. "I was."

She turned discouraged and sulky. "Well, that's how it is. I shouldn't have told you if you hadn't inquired. I didn't expect you to understand."

"You're the sort of woman," said her father, "who wants love to be a constant surprise."

"I am," said she.

"You'd just as soon marry a poor man as a prince, if he had that mysterious something in him which keeps up the astonishment."

"I would."

"But if you must marry a prince, it would be your true destiny to have one who could bring a fresh flavor on every time he kissed you."

"That would be my proper destiny."

"Well, it's evident you've missed it, daughter, and I'm sorry for you. It's a sad thing when a fine woman with a taste for pleasure gets a dull husband, with nothing in him but virtue. I suppose it's too late to help it."

"Too late, is it?" said she. "I'll invent a way out, before I'm an old woman!"

He shook his head sympathetically, but if she had seen his eye she would have caught a twinkle in it. Something not grief was in the back of his head. He sat around the house all morning. At luncheon he had a second helping to every dish and left the table reluctantly.

"How about a walk in the garden now," said the prince, "or is it your habit to take a nap?"

"The kind of life I lead," said the man, "that is, when I'm not visiting distinguished relatives, gives me no occasion even to remember the name of a nap. I'll walk in the garden."

"And will you join us?" The prince spoke to his wife so politely she couldn't think of going.

"I'll have a moment or two to myself," said she, not gracious at all.

THE prince took his father-in-law to look at the best rose-bushes.

"You get that shape on the vines by pruning," he said. "It's an art."

"That was my own impression," said the man, who was thinking of something else. "I'm glad you and she are so happy."

The prince looked startled, if not guilty. "She? Oh, you mean your daughter! Yes, we're furiously happy. Perhaps you'd care to see my latest bushes."

"It often happens in marriage," said the man, "that though the people are fond of each other, they don't mix well."

The prince nodded. "A very common tragedy," said he.

"I'm glad you've escaped it," said the man, "since it's my daughter you married."

The prince realized he would have to see this subject to a conclusion.

"Yes, I married your daughter, and since it was my own idea I ought to

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SHE is tall, slim as a wand, with beautiful bright brown eyes, full of golden lights, and a skin like a Marechal Niel rose.

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accept the consequences without complaint. We're fond of each other, but don't think we are harmonious. We aren't."

"That's the saddest news I've had for an age," said the man. "Here I've been persuading myself you two were living on the same heart-beats and all that sort of thing."

"Ah," said the prince, "that's what I dreamed of!"

"Is there a comfortable spot to sit down and talk it over?" said the man.

"Talk will do it no good," said the prince, dusting off a bench with his handkerchief. "It's partly our temperaments, and partly it's in the situation."

The man settled himself back and crossed his knees. "The cases which have come under my observation have always been blamed on the temperaments. What's the situation you refer to?"

"Why, she was the first woman whose attention I managed to attract," said the prince, "and then only indirectly through you. If you hadn't taken the rose, she and I would never have met."

"Well, what of that?" said the man.

"She was serviceable in putting an end to the spell," said the prince, "and I'm aware of my obligation to her on that score, but I doubt if the circumstance is sufficient to sustain a lasting passion. She saved me once, but that episode is finished and now I have to live with her. It doesn't sound gallant but I can't help it. If you yourself fell into the sea and a handy woman pulled you out, you'd feel at the time like giving her everything you had, but afterwards, when you made her acquaintance, you might ask why she should profit so much by your falling in."

"Come now," said the man, "you didn't marry her for a reward—you were for having her or me, and the rescue came later, when she loved you for yourself alone."

"The order of the incidents is immaterial," said the prince. "She did rescue me once, and somehow I confused that service with her personality. What I loved, I see now, wasn't herself but the rescue."

"In the wear and tear of life," said the man, "such a distinction is too subtle. You can't marry a bit of conduct—you have to take the woman along with it."

"Precisely," said the prince. "That is my grief."

"Tell me this," said the man. "If you were to do it over again, this time starting in your natural shape, with no rescue needed, do you think you would take her for a wife?"

"I have grave doubts of that."

"And why?"

"I can put it into three words," said the prince. "So long as I was a beast and an ugly monster to look at, there was a strong chance she might leave me, any minute. Each kind word she spoke I feared would be the last, and couldn't blame her. If she took by accident a step or two away from me, I'd be watching if she'd try to run. That was the wild romantic life for a red-blooded man, keeping hold on a woman with so good a reason for being ticklish! But now that I'm dangerous no longer, she'll stay till the end of time. You couldn't put her out. There's no satisfaction in it."

"I see it all now," said the man. "You're the high-spirited sort yourself that must have mettle in your woman. You don't object to her being faithful but she must not be reassuring."

"I couldn't have found better words for it," said the prince.

"It's not my daughter's humble birth that annoys you—you'd like a simple girl as soon as a countess, if only she put you to some inconvenience watching what she'd be up to."

"There it is!" sighed the prince.

"I'm sorry for you," said the man, with the same twinkle as when he comforted his daughter. "You were made for better things. You should have married a girl who would flirt with the lamp-post and give you a heartache every time you had a friend in for dinner. It would have called out the best in you. You've missed your destiny."

"That's the sad part of it."

"Perhaps it's a blessing," said the man; "you can't do anything about it now."

"Can't I!" said the prince. But his father-in-law didn't care whether he could or not, and the conversation shrank back to garden-planting.

At supper there was a pleasant restraint on all of them, till his daughter began to think of the housekeeping.

"You'll stay another night with us, of course," she said.

"I'll have to be walking home," said the man. "Many thanks just the same. It's done me good to have a look at you both, and to see with my own eyes how well you're getting on."

When he referred to their happiness, she and the prince put on more gloom.

"If we told the truth about marriage," he continued, "the young folks wouldn't waste so much time expecting happiness while making each other's acquaintance. The pleasure of it comes later, when you know the worst."

"The worst!" said the prince, out of a full heart.

"My husband and I are so well acquainted already," said his wife, "our happiness should be almost too much to bear."

"It is," said the prince. She looked murder at him.

"That's the sort of remark no gentleman would make before the relatives."

"My dear," he said, holding himself in, "I was agreeing with a statement from your own lips."

All the while the man was sitting back, trying not to show his delight in the row.

"There are some statements," said his daughter, "no gentleman should agree with."

"There are," said the prince. "You're quite wrong to say we understand each other. You don't understand me at all."

"How you flatter yourself!" said she. "For even an average woman, now, you'd be no more complicated than a shallow dish of water."

"Complicated! It's simplicity itself. I was born for better things."

"And what was I born for? Was it for nothing but to rescue my father from you? What affection can you ask of me now, remembering the awkward way we were introduced? And after that I was to pull you out of that spell you were under. Do you think two such deeds of mercy are enough to satisfy a young woman with a zest for living? Haven't I a destiny of my own? The way you men believe the world centers in yourselves!"

"As to that," said the prince, "I'm nothing if not reasonable. The world should center in me and my wife. But there can't be two centers, obviously. If we were the proper mates for each other, no doubt we'd agree without difficulty, you'd have the same tastes as I, and the one destiny would do for both. Saving your father and rescuing me were, as you put it, minor incidents; almost any woman would have served. The question now is whether you're a fit wife for me, you having no leanings toward the romantic side of things."

"Haven't I though!" said she. "Just because I have, I'm expostulating with you now in this restrained tone. I've made up my mind to leave you, sooner or later. There must be a man somewhere who has a spark in him, and I don't lack the courage to find him."

"What courage you have, I don't know and I care less," said the prince. "If I hadn't a control of myself, with your father listening to your disgraceful talk, I'd give you a piece of my mind that would raise the skin off your back. One misfortune after another have I suffered, and my patience is wearing thin."

"Misfortune, do you call it?" said she. "Lift your finger towards me, and you'll have the house to yourself for the rest of your days. You've enough to live down as it is. All this time I've stayed with you and never asked what naughty thing you did to turn yourself into a beast in the first place! I didn't intend to mention it so soon, but it's been on my mind. Who'll have you next, if I go?"

The prince drew a long breath.

"Just put out of your head the idea of leaving me. You're my wife. It's permanent. I'd hate to lift my finger against a woman, but the common sort, such as you come from, sometimes learn from a thrashing. I'm master in my own house, and from now on you'll behave like a lady, especially when we have guests."

"This very minute I'll get my hat and coat," said she, starting for the door. It was beautiful, the quick way he had his fist under her chin.

"At this point," said the man, "I'll take my leave, if it's all the same to you. Thank heaven, neither of you has a destiny which can't be satisfied at home."

They let go of each other and saw him to the door, with their best manners. As he stepped down the path, limber and smart, the prince asked his wife if she didn't think her father was a remarkable man for his years, and she thought he was.

Then the prince turned off the porch light and bolted the door. "I'll retire now," said he. "I've had a full day."

"I'm weary myself," she said, "and I don't see why, for I've accomplished nothing in particular."

"The dull days are the most tiring," said he. "But entertaining your father crowded me a little, with all I have to do on the place."

"I appreciate your kindness to him," said she. "I knew it was for my sake."

"Oh, don't mention it," said the prince. "He's quite a person in his own right."

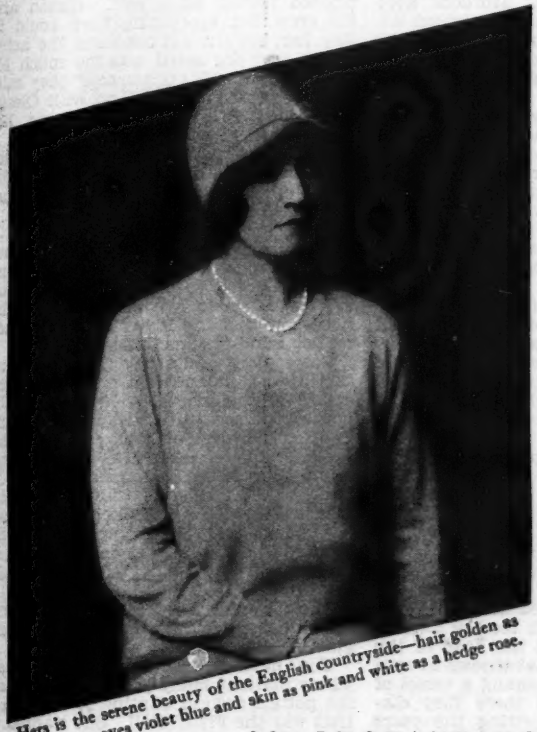
"What I was thinking," she said, "was that an important man like you, with a fine destiny to live out, ought to be saving his energies for the essentials. I ought to take the little annoyances off your hands, so you could carve out your career with a free sweep."

"Not at all," said he. "You can read in history the great folk always had time for the common incidents of living—it's what keeps us in touch with the less fortunate. And I wouldn't make a drudge of you—the kind of wife I'd want would have a career of her own."

"You're career enough for me," said she. With that she kissed him good night, and he kissed her back, and one thing led to another, and there they were locked in each other's arms, partners in the perfection of bliss.

Meanwhile the man found his way back to the cottage. At the gate he walked out between the two rose-bushes and never gave them a thought. He was busy with kind memories, running over his youth, and what he had learned then and picked up later about men and women, trying to straighten the tangle of it, as a man will who is slipping from the end of middle age into something more mysterious and more profound.

Lady Violet Astor



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The Flyin' Gull *by Joan Lowell*

(Continued from page 41)

kept driving on. Muffling her moans of pain, blinking through the spray that blinded her, shivering under the icy hail and rain, still she drove on, with old Andy Murdock at the wheel.

The crew, part of them, were aloft, frozen to the foot-ropes, trying to clew in the topgallants, but the bullying mate, Black Oleson, lashed himself with a rope to the mainmast and bellowed up his orders while he remained in a safe spot.

Murdock held the wheel. His fingers stuck to the spokes even while his fists cracked open from freezing. Night came and the wind rose fiercer. It snatched the royal yard from the masthead and sent it flying dizzily into the sea, taking canvas and rigging as it went. Wounded, the Flyin' Gull listed over until her deck was awash under three feet of seas. She could not live until morning if the storm kept up the way it was going.

Twisting the wheel, holding her into the seas, Murdock knew how hard it was for her with the too-heavy cargo rolling around in her hold. It was no time to think of dollars and cents, and Murdock wouldn't anyhow. All he ever thought of was the brave old ship he loved, so he ordered the crew to jettison the cargo, to give the Flyin' Gull a chance.

Along about midnight the wind suddenly died. Quiet, broken only by the screech of frenzied birds, came over the sea. Murdock never left the wheel—he was frozen to it. With the quiet he began to sing, as he always did in danger. He was crooning to his ship, telling her it was all right, soothing her pains.

Then the wind came from another direction, blowing harder than ever and taking the Flyin' Gull off her guard. The kicker, a sail on the spanker-mast, slapped over, ripping the rigging and ratlines as it went. A block wrenched loose aloft and struck Captain Murdock on the side of his head. He stopped singing. Numb, dizzy, he clung to the wheel. He raised his eyes to look aloft and saw nothing but blackness. He leaned his face over the wheel and scratched his eyelids on a spoke to open them—still he saw nothing but blackness and then little shoots of fire. But he did not need his eyes to navigate, because he could feel his course by the direction from which the wind was coming.

So they drove on through the night. By the feel of the wheel the Flyin' Gull knew something was wrong, but she did her best.

Captain Murdock called to Black Oleson to come aft. "With daylight we'll heave to and set on new canvas."

Oleson looked at Murdock closely. "It's daylight now, captain," he sneered.

But it was night to Murdock. His eyesight was gone from the blow on his head and the freezing of his eyeballs.

Oleson saw the Old Man was blind and he lost no time in telling the crew. But the Flyin' Gull came out of the storm, broken spars and all. If her master was blinded, she wasn't. She helped him through the Horn until they hit a fair wind.

Captain Murdock got better. His frozen body thawed out; his eyes got so he could tell light from darkness, but that was about all. The crew saw how things were and began to take their orders from Oleson.

There was nothing Murdock could do about it. Still he kept on navigating the ship. How he did it, no one knew. He would take his sextant every noon and go through the motions of shooting the sun—though his eyes could not read the numbers on the sextant and he could not prick the ship's course on his charts. Still he figured by dead-reckoning, and the Flyin' Gull did her part. And somehow they worked up toward port.

Through it all Captain Murdock never lost his grip. Oleson did everything to balk him, but somehow Murdock kept command. Sailors are a superstitious lot, and when their old captain brought the Flyin' Gull through a storm, blind, they came to feel that some spirit was guiding him.

The Flyin' Gull knew her master was needing all the help she could give him and she seemed to pick her own way through the sea. After fifty-three days she hove off Norfolk Shoals. When Murdock ordered the hooks dropped in Norfolk Harbor the Flyin' Gull sighed with relief. Together they had made it again.

The owners came out in a steam-launch to see Murdock and get his bills of lading for the nitrates and wool.

"Here are your bills of lading," he told them, "but I threw most of the cargo overboard. The water-soaked wool would have broken the back of the Flyin' Gull and I had to save the ship."

Did the owners understand? Hardly. They cursed Murdock for an old fool.

Then Black Oleson came aft. He told the owners how he had sailed the ship from the Horn because the Old Man had been knocked into a blind, blithering idiot. That was too much for Murdock. With a cry of rage he dived at the sound of Oleson's voice, but Oleson laughed and stepped aside and the blinded captain smashed into the cabin wall. That was enough for the owners.

"You are unfit," said the head of the firm. "No blind fool that throws away a valuable cargo can command a vessel of ours." And then and there they discharged Murdock, forgetting the years of hard work and devotion and all the money he had made for them.

Of course Murdock owned a part of the Flyin' Gull, but he was a sailor and did not know how to protect his rights. When they told him a week later that they had sold the ship to a millionaire clubman on Long Island, he could do nothing but take the few dollars they gave him for his share. So the Flyin' Gull was sold to be beached and used as a club boat-house. Think of that—a glorious ship that had sailed the seven seas laid up for rich landlubbers to get drunk in.

Some repairs had to be made before the ship sailed for Long Island and Murdock was allowed to stay on board until then. Those were hard days for Murdock and the Flyin' Gull. He would hardly touch food and he almost never slept. All day he wandered over the ship, touching her lovingly, smoothing down her worn rigging—and the Flyin' Gull, she understood. She pulled at her mooring-buoys as if she were trying to tell him, "I won't sail for anybody but you."

Oleson saw the Old Man talking to her one night and reported to the owners how the captain had gone plumb crazy and that they had better get him off the ship. So after twenty years old Andrew Murdock had to take his sea-bag ashore, and he went down over the side into a small boat, his heart aching. The Flyin' Gull was crooning to him and making kissing sounds against the water.

Murdock had asked to be allowed to sail the Flyin' Gull to her last destination on Long Island, but the owners had promised that job to Black Oleson.

The Flyin' Gull writhed under Oleson's command. He drove her full sail on in the teeth of the wind; he cursed her when she would not tack round. But the Flyin' Gull was bedeviling him on purpose. She knew her old skipper was stranded on shore and she knew no one else ever was going to sail her.

Three nights out from Norfolk she pitched herself on a reef. Oleson and his crew did everything they could to stop her, but she did not mind the helm.

The way she acted was too much for the crew. "She's gone crazy," they said, "same as the captain." And with Oleson they took to the boats, leaving her stranded there with all her sails set.

The sharp rocks on the reef bruised the Flyin' Gull, but she did not mind the pain. She had rid herself of the scum that was desecrating her.

Informed by Oleson, the owners sent wires to New York for tugboats and wrecking-crews to catch the Flyin' Gull and take her to her prison. They did not know that the Flyin' Gull had made up her mind to something different.

For a night and a day the Flyin' Gull pulled and moaned on the reef. She called to the winds to help her. She begged the sea to release her. Racking and tearing, heaving with all her might, she tried to free herself. Then the wind and the sea heard and answered her. In the highest flood-tide of the year she rode off the rocks with her sails all set and no man aboard to steer her. And with the aid of the current she twisted into an offshore wind and made for the open sea.

The tugs and the wrecking-crews came and all they found was sea spray and gulls circling where a ship had been.

You have seen a lonely old woman whose mate of many years is gone—how she potters around wanting to die. Well, that was the Flyin' Gull. She wanted to die. Without Captain Murdock her old heart was breaking.

Over the sea she scudded for days, her sails flapping or pulling as the wind happened to veer, defiantly sticking her nose into every breeze that came to take her to her grave. Only twice was she sighted, but when they went to look for her the Flyin' Gull was not there. You say an unmanned ship can't run away? Well, the Flyin' Gull did.

On and on she plowed; water leaked into her bilge and up into her holds; her topsails ripped, her rudder snapped off in the backwash of a squall, but she did not lose her courage. Half dead with fatigue and a bursting heart, dizzily she sailed on.

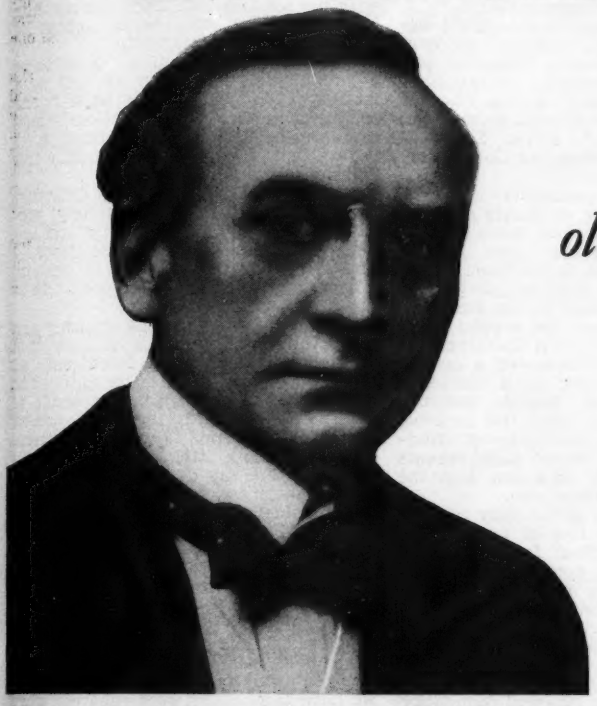
She was dying of loneliness and heartache for her captain who had stood by her so many years. She was going to her finish at the place of their greatest fight together. Through space she must have heard the slower heart-beats of old Murdock ashore—dying too of loneliness. On, on she went towards the Horn. She found no mercy—she wanted none.

Content at last, through the roaring wind she leaped to meet the mountainous seas that engulfed and drove her down.

Some sailors have it that when they sail round the Horn now they can hear the Flyin' Gull's dying laughter where she sank. Others swear, and I believe them, that as she went down into the grave of one thousand and one dead ships, she wept for the long, lonesome sleep she was taking without her master.

Now have I made you believe that ships can be alive and feel and love and hate as we do? I hope so, because I believe it.

DR. LEONARD WILLIAMS



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I Have My Rights, Too

(Continued from page 46)

stronger and more congenial food. A child, even a child greatly beloved, becomes an unmitigated bore after continuous hours in its company.

We are taught that we dare not lower the standards to our children; we dare not lapse into common humanity lest we shock their illusion of us, fail their expectation, set them a bad example and prove ourselves something less than the gods they take us to be. This theory seems a little unfair to the natural intelligence of children.

No matter how carefully we walk, children see through us sooner or later. It seems to me, therefore, more sensible to discourage the idea that parents must appear to the child superhuman people. Why not let them be just people? It would be less strain in the long run.

As a matter of fact, for a good many years children look upon their parents as unlimited pocketbooks—or a species of magician producing at a moment's notice new leggings, bicycles, automobiles and what-not from the invisible high hat. In the beginnings of childhood children also regard their parents as medical wizards who can kiss the bruises and make them well.

But it is not long before they relegate the parents to the rôle of anxious onlookers and place their faith—where it rightly belongs—in doctors and nurses.

Parents, from my view-point, having given life to a child, having brought a child into the world, are obligated to equip that child for life in that world to the best of their ability. And the equipment, I firmly believe, amounts to just this: as good a physical foundation for happiness and success as possible, which means merely good health; as good an education as can be afforded, and a few sound, decent principles, a certain code of honor, a certain number of restrictions. After that, having also provided the essentials of food and roof and clothing, the parents are through. It is then up to the child.

A child brought up without any restrictions, but permitted to follow his own sweet little will, is a child who will be disliked in childhood and also in maturity. All very well to talk about letting them follow their own bents and make their own decisions. They may have a charming childhood from their own view-point, but they do not grow into charming people. And therefore the parents are blamed—and rightly.

We may not be much better than our children but we have gained some wisdom from experience, and we are, therefore, more fitted to make certain decisions by virtue of that experience.

I believe in parental authority. I do not believe that children "owe" us anything in the sweeping sense in which that term is now used. That is to say, unless we are worthy of love, they do not owe us love. Unless we are worthy of respect and gratitude, they do not owe us respect and gratitude. I am not anxious that my children shall love me blindly because I am their mother. But I hope they will love me because they find me a lovable person.

As I have said before, I feel that in bringing these children into the world I am under certain obligations to them. I shall fulfil them to the best of my ability. If my children at some later date take it into their hearts to be grateful to me for the manner in which those obligations were fulfilled, I shall not discourage it.

As for respect, I shall not demand it, but if it is handed to me on a silver platter I shall not refuse it. I have no great modern desire to be "pals" with my children. I do not want my daughters to consider me a sister; nor do I wish my sons to look upon me as their best girl. Such view-points appear to me strained and unnatural.

In the first place, while I hope to be a friend to my children as well as a mother, I do not wish to be a friend to them in the we-are-free-and-equal sense. I believe it to be impossible. I believe that the mothers who coddle this delusion are much misled.

The relationship itself, the difference in age and experience absolutely precludes this perfect comradeship and understanding we hear so much about. I and my child are two different persons. I have as much right to my own life as my child has to his or hers.

If my daughters find me amusing and sympathetic and my sons discover that I am entertaining and intelligent, all the better for me and my daughters and sons. But this undignified scramble to identify oneself with the generation of one's children seems to me unintelligent, impossible and a little absurd.

By the time my daughters are in college or business, by the time my sons are squandering their allowances in the sacred halls of learning or dreaming of show girls, I shall be a definitely and admittedly elderly woman. I shall have neither the time, energy nor inclination to sit up all night with my girls, drinking in their lovely puerile comments on what he said and what he did.

I should look an idiotic sight, being dragged into night clubs—or whatever we have then; they were cabarets when I was young—by my tall boys in their tuxedos, for which I have paid. I should hate it. I should think they would hate it, too.

As for confidences, I shall be glad to hear them if they come my way. If my advice is asked, I shall probably give it, being human. But I shall know that, probably, it won't be taken. And I have no desire to pry. I shall not get a vicarious kick out of it.

I shall try to give my children the principles—just a few rather basic ones—of which I have spoken before. I shall endeavor to issue the usual warnings, but after that I am through.

Let them fight it out for themselves. I had to fight it out for myself.

I have grown up. Let them grow up. I shall help them all I can, but I prefer to help them as their mother, not as their best pal or their sister or their maternal sweetheart.

The relationship of parents and children should be just that. Parents and children. It is absurd, it is dangerous, it is unsatisfactory to tack all these extraneous, unnatural relationships to it.

As far as the relationship of husband and wife is concerned, it has always appeared to me that the mutual relationship of parents has—as W. S. Gilbert says—nothing to do with the case. Children bring to a man and woman a common responsibility. They bring obligations. They afford an endless topic of conversation. But they do not and cannot intrude upon the intensely personal relationship existent between husband and wife.

It has been stated that children bring husband and wife together or urge them apart. I do not think this is true. If people are forced apart by certain temperamental circumstances, it is easy to lay the blame on the children.

As for bringing Mary and John together, save in the sense of the shared responsibility, children don't do that

Dandruff disappears so quickly

SOONER or later, everyone experiences the annoyance and humiliation of a case of dandruff. Contact with others, promiscuous use of towels, combs and brushes, the trying on of hats, spread this common ailment.

When this dandruff appears don't let it become serious. At the first sign of it, use full strength Listerine. It has remedied this condition for thousands.

The treatment consists of dousing Listerine, full strength, on the scalp and massaging vigorously, repeating the treatment frequently for several days. This is important.

From the outset you will be conscious of a marvelously cool, clean and healthy sensation of the scalp, and within a few days, you will note that dandruff is disappearing.

Dandruff is a germ condition, and noted dermatologists declare that the successful method of combating it is by frequent massage and applications of antiseptic.

Full strength Listerine, as you know, is not only a safe antiseptic with a tendency to soothe and heal tissue, but is also one of great germicidal power.

Laboratory tests show that it destroys 200,000,000 of the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds. We would not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the U. S. Government and the medical profession. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

either. This business of solemnly setting about to make an unsatisfactory marriage satisfactory by producing a child to complicate and unsettle it further is ludicrous and tragic. A child is a third person, no matter how beloved. No third person will resolve an unhappy mating into a happy one.

Equally tragic and ludicrous is the struggle of unhappily married people to stay married "because of the children." If people no longer care for each other, the spectacle of their remaining together because they have produced children may be edifying to the sentimentalists, but it is not edifying to me. Nor, I think, to the children.

Children grow up—children become aware of friction and unhappiness even before they are grown up. How much better to end the thing decently and permit the children to make their adjustments! It is hard on children to be forced to a family life which is not complete. But it is harder on them to possess a full assortment of parents whose dissatisfaction cannot be hidden from these enforced spectators.

Moreover, why should a man or woman whose marriage has turned out unhappily be compelled to sacrifice his or her self for the sake of children who sooner or later will grow up and depart and make their own happy or unhappy family lives? Parents have rights, too. Parents are entitled to their lives. Parents are entitled to a certain amount of freedom, to their own opinions, to their own amusements, their own intellectual diversions, their own friends.

If they render unto Cæsar that which is due—physical care, education—education not wholly confined to the schools—they have certainly done all that can be asked of them. Surely they are entitled to find a little peace and a little pleasure for themselves!

Why should the lives of men and women stop when children are born to them? Why should they sink their lives into the lives of their children? Or rather, why should they try to? For actually, no matter how much they try, they cannot.

I hope as time goes on that my children will find me a pleasant person to live with. I hope they will find me just. I hope they will know me to be friendly. I hope they will care for me because they want to, not because it has been taught them in the Bible, in fiction and on the stage and in ballads.

I hope they will like to have me with them—and that I shall like to be with them—but not continuously. I hope they will occasionally ask my advice—it would flatter me. I know they will often ask my help—the help of the pocketbook, the help of the diplomat.

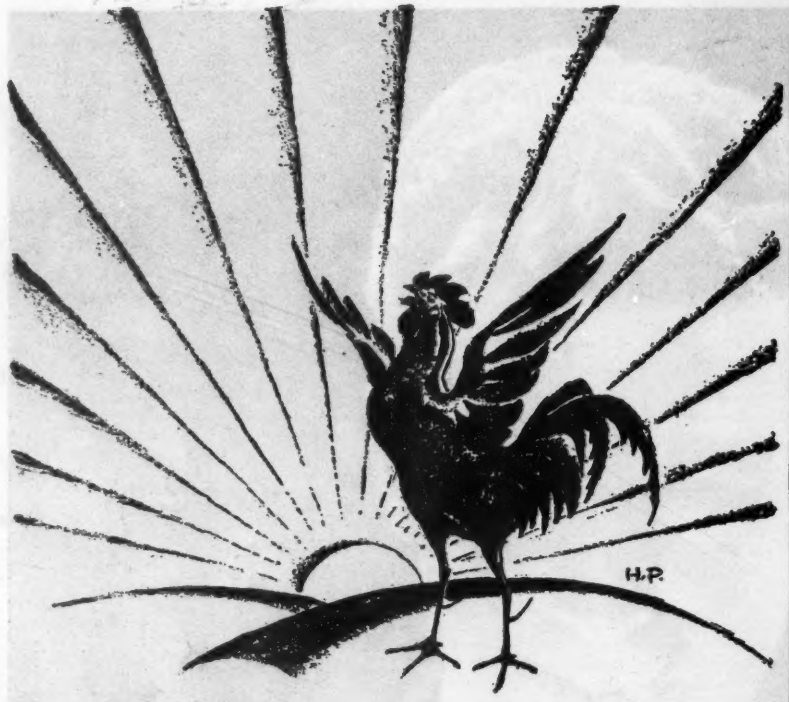
I hope they will think I have done pretty well by them. And I also hope that they will not try to delude themselves into feeling that I belong to their generation. I don't. And what is more, I don't want to.

The authority vested in me, since time immemorial, over my children I intend to use while they are children. I trust I shall use it wisely. But wisely or foolishly, I shall use it all the same, if only in self-defense.

I see no reason why my children should be permitted to be rude to me just because they didn't ask to be born. I see no reason why I should not demand a certain amount of good manners in the home.

If this attitude cuts me off from the equality basis with my children, if it deprives me of this sloppy, perfect-comrade business, then I thank God for it.

The relationship of parent to child



Make the "Top of the Morning" last all day!

As soon as you arise—go straight to the bathroom shelf—get down your bottle of Sal Hepatica and, into a glass of water, pour a teaspoonful or more of this saline combination!

Drink the sparkling mixture. It cleanses *gently*. It works *promptly*. It improves your attitude on life. Get to know its good effects. Make the "top of the morning" last all day long.

For the saline method—with Sal Hepatica—has no equal for overcoming constipation gently, thoroughly and with dispatch. It rids the body of poisons. It neutralizes acidity. It is good for headaches, colds and a long list of common ills.

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Ask your doctor to explain to you the benefits of the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica, the foremost American saline. Buy a bottle at your druggist's. And the next time you wake up feeling a little out of sorts—drink a morning glass of Sal Hepatica. It is prompt in its action . . . speedy in its result . . . You'll feel better the whole day long.

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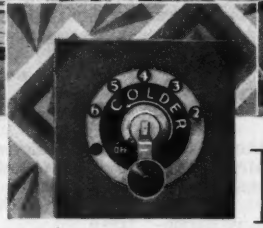

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The new Frigidaire Cold Control is a simple dial with six freezing speeds. It enables you to *control* the time required to make sparkling full-size ice cubes... and to tap Frigidaire's surplus power for freezing unusual salads and desserts easily and quickly.

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does not bring with it the complete and godlike understanding of another human being. Nor does any other relationship, no matter how intimate. The human soul walks by itself.

I intend to give what I can to my children. But I also intend to keep something over for myself. My own life did not stop upon that moment, some years ago, when I came out of the ether and was told that I had a son.

Children are all right. They are entertaining—in broken doses. They are lovable—provided you don't have such respect for them that you let them grow up without any training in the amenities; they are interesting and worth while. But as far as I am concerned, they are simply part of my life. Not all of it.

The most successful mother I have ever heard of demanded the most from her children. She did not demand it from a Mother Machree basis. She simply said, "I am your mother. I am older than you; I am wiser. I have kept a roof over your heads and bread on your table and clothes on your backs. I have educated you to support yourselves."

She was what is known as the old-fashioned mother. She had a large family. She brought nine children to maturity. And of all the mothers I have known she was the most loved. And she had no modern scruples about not using her authority—she had no shrinkings from the word "respect."

Not long ago a famous editor confided to me that he had been alone for some days with his little son. The child was, I think, some three years of age. His father loved him dearly and was proud of him. But, he informed me, at the end of the few days of unadulterated companionship he found himself both bored and impatient with the small person. And why not?

If I am able to earn enough money to provide my children with nurses during the period in which nurses are necessary, I prefer to do it rather than save the money and take care of them myself. I know what I am talking about, for I have taken care of them and I am not equipped by temperament to do so. I therefore prefer to provide the care under my own supervision.

And when my children are older I shall turn them over to the common nurse of all of us, sometimes called life and sometimes called experience. Over this nurse, too, I shall expect to exercise some supervision as long as my children remain under my roof. But no longer.

"I did not ask to be born," each generation cries out. "I have my own life to live," it cries, further. When my children start repeating these ancient catchwords, I think I shall remind them that I didn't ask to be born, either. And that I have my own life to live, also.

I cannot expect them to live mine for me, and I certainly can't live theirs for them. But where those lives touch, to some extent, I fully expect to speak the final word.

If my children don't like the fact that my skirts are short and my hair is shorter, if they dislike the novels I write, if my literary style gives them intellectual colic, I grant them the right to their opinions. But they may as well keep those opinions to themselves, for mine is not a sacrificial nature and I have only one life to live that I am sure about.

I shall live a good deal of that life with my children, but not *for* them. I shall expect them to live part of their lives with me. But not *for* me. And if I exercise my authority I shall only be following a well-ordered plan.

Parental authority is an established institution. If some parents make of it a reform school, that is unfortunate. If others discard it entirely, that is more unfortunate still—as they soon find out. Like most institutions, it has its good and its bad aspects, and so far no substitute has been found for it.

"Why," asks the small boy, "must I take castor-oil?"

"Because," says the weary mother, "it is good for you."

"But I don't like things that are good for me!"

"That makes no difference, Tommie."

"But why," repeats Tommie again, "why must I take it?"

"Because I say so," the exasperated parent answers with finality.

The new psychologists tell us that this is not a good reason. In fact, it is no reason at all.

Nevertheless, it is reason enough for me. I was brought up on it and if I have turned out no better than the average woman, I have turned out no worse. Therefore I shall try it on my children.

Write me in fifteen or twenty years and ask me what has happened to these poor things. Perhaps I'll tell you. Perhaps I won't. But I'll tell you this much in prophecy. I myself shall have had a pretty full life, for better or worse. And you will not find me nodding by the chimney-corner complaining that I have sacrificed everything for my children and that they don't appreciate it.

Why I Did Not Choose to Run (*Continued from page 30*)

laws for the direct expression of the choice of the voters.

A President in office can do very much about the nomination of his successor, because of his influence with the convention, but the feeling that he had forced a choice would place the nominee under a heavy handicap.

When the convention assembles it is almost certain that it will look about to see what candidate has made the largest popular showing, and unless some peculiar disqualification develops it will nominate him.

That was what happened in the last convention, although no one had a majority when the convention assembled.

A strong group of the party in and outside of the Senate made the mistake of undertaking to oppose Mr. Hoover with a large number of local candidates, which finally resulted in their not developing enough strength for any particular candidate to make a showing sufficient to impress the convention.

Although I did not intimate in any way that I would not accept the nomination, when I sent word to the heads of certain unpledged state delegations not to vote for me, they very naturally turned to Mr. Hoover, which brought about his nomination on the first ballot.

The Presidential office differs from everything else. Much of it cannot be described, it can only be felt. After I had considered the reasons for my being a candidate on the one side and on the other, I could not say that any of them moved me with compelling force.

My election seemed assured. Nevertheless, I felt it was not best for the country that I should succeed myself. A new impulse is more likely to be beneficial.

It is therefore my privilege, after seeing my administration so strongly indorsed by the country, to retire voluntarily from the greatest experience that can come to mortal man. In that way I believe I can best serve the people who have honored me and the country which I love.

In Next Month's Cosmopolitan Mr. Coolidge *will tell of his boyhood days in Vermont*

Nagged to Death *by Ben Hecht* (*Continued from page 97*)

have to bear it. He would never be there to hear her agonized denials. They would remain in her heart. And the thought of his last moments in which he had felt himself alone, unloved—because of her insensate pride and viciousness—this would be the darkest note of her grief.

"Good-by.

Your Jerry"

Her Jerry who had loved her, toiled for her, done everything to please her, even to removing himself from life when he thought it would mean her happiness . . .

Brune's tears stopped. A coldness had come into his body. His teeth began to chatter. With a sudden vagueness in his thought, he wondered what he was doing. Why was his hand making queer gestures in the air, circling, the wrist bending, the fingers waving slowly in a meaningless pantomime? Why was he grimacing at the wall?

Good Lord, it was true! The gun in his hand. Who had given it to him? Jane. It was Jane pointing it now. Jane was going to kill him.

Wait a minute . . .

Brune had caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. A white, staring face with desperate pleading eyes. A stranger's incredible face. Who was it? Who was pleading so?

A voice was calling, "Jerry, Jerry." No; that was not imagined. That was Jane opening the bedroom door. His eyes saw her in the glass entering the room and exclaiming, "Jerry, I found it!"

Calmly, with a sudden cruel smile darkening his features, Jerry Brune pretended to sob. Like an actor coolly simulating a deep emotion he cried out, "Jane, forgive me, please . . ."

The gun exploded. Brune shivered in the chair for an instant and then tumbled to the floor.

Screaming, her eyes alive with terror, Jane Brune rushed to the body of her husband. She knelt beside the dead figure sobbing wildly and pressing to her nightgowned bosom a 1920 passport with the name of the Mauretania stamped across it.

Half-Caste *by Rex Beach* (*Continued from page 61*)

I told you all the truths about Louis. It would not be honest."

"Thanks for doing it, sir. I've always known you were square, Mr. Scheutema."

"Then everything is settled. That is very good." Hendrick smiled and shook Tony's hand again. "You will, of course, stay here tonight—there is no need to fear the dinner: I shall watch the cookhouse. Tomorrow early you and I will go to Amboyna to sign the papers. I shall not come back. In two days there is a boat for Batavia. I shall go on it. Mr. van Hoesen I know will let you leave him at once so that you can come in here. He is a very decent man."

THEY were talking of planting matters when Louis came sauntering towards the bungalow. He was clad in well-cut brown riding-breeches, leather boots to his knees, and a khaki shirt. He was about Tony's age—twenty-five—and he had straight, rather good-looking features, but his small hands and feet, a skin the color of weak cocoa, and soft dark eyes unmistakably bespoke the Malay in him.

"*Hul-lo*, Tony, old thing!" he cried, mounting the steps. "Topping to see you. Hullo, Pater! Deuce of a sultry evening eh?" Louis affected a carefully acquired English manner of speaking, especially before strangers.

They returned his greeting amiably.

Scheutema, Junior, was not surprised to see Tony, who often came over to spend the night here. "Can I mix a spot for anyone else?" he inquired, pouring out a drink for himself.

No thanks. They'd had theirs.

"What luck with the shooting?" Tony inquired.

"Only fairish. Bagged a red deer—the only one I saw. But on the way back I spotted a big sea-hawk flying right overhead. A hundred-to-one chance with a rifle, thinks I, but might as well take a crack just to keep the old eye in form. Ping! And down came Mister Seahawk in a lovely nose-dive. As sweet a shot as ever you saw."

"Pretty smooth work," said Tony.

"If you were so good a planter as you are a good shot——" began Hendrick.

"I'd own half the Dutch Indies," Louis finished. "But I'm not. It doesn't interest me." He laughed, gulped down another *pâhit* and went off to his bath.

As they sat down to dinner Hendrick said: "Louis, I have a surprise for you."

"I like surprises, Pater. Fire away."

"I have sold the plantation to Anthony."

Louis stiffened, glanced quickly from one man to the other, then looked down at his plate.

"Well," he said, raising his eyes after a moment, "that *is* rather a surprise. What am I expected to say about it? Congratulate you?" He smiled and endeavored to speak lightly, but his chagrin was plainly discernible.

While the deal was being explained in detail a look of sullen resentment came into Louis' eyes. However, it did not last long and he brightened up considerably when told that he was to remain on with Tony. The more he thought of being identified with the young Englishman, the better he liked the idea, for it promised very definite social advantages, and furthermore, old Hendrick of late had been guarding altogether too well against his son's pilfering tricks.

Later, when the three parted for the night, Louis said with apparent heartiness, "At least I'm glad the place is being taken over by a gentleman. I fancy we'll rub along pretty well together, Tony. What?"

"Yes. Yes. Of course we shall," the visitor assured him.

Tony had answered at random, for during the past hour he had been thinking of a girl in England, a girl whose sunny brown hair had blown about her eyes in short, curling strands when they tramped the wind-swept downs or played golf together. He could hear her laugh, now: he could see her gray eyes, steady and humorous, lighting up at the news of his—of their—good fortune.

She had a small straight nose, slightly contemptuous at the tip, and a firm chin below an impetuous mouth, the most adorable, the most kissable mouth in the world, he felt sure. She had promised to marry him. But it had been an indefinite promise and its realization had seemed problematical, for Tony's salary was small.

Now some good fairy, in the form of a fat old Dutchman, had waved a magic wand, and everything was changed. He could claim her—tonight—tomorrow—any time.

Too excited to sleep at once, he filled a pipe and sat by the open window of his bedroom. There was no moon, but the stars glittered like a million pale aquamarines set in a vast inverted bowl of deepest blue velvet. Beyond the stately kanari and tamarind trees he could see the smooth water and hear the lazy waves breaking and running up the white beach. The air was heavy with the fragrance of slumbering flowers.

"Kate will be enraptured with this place," he thought. "We'll wander along that beach on moonlight nights. I must have those mangy lawns weeded and put in shape. And there ought to be a tennis-court. I'll make one. Kate must keep up her tennis."

It was late when he undressed and got into bed, and as he happily made plans for his life with Kate the monotonous call of a night-bird lulled him to sleep.

When Tony took possession of the plantation and made a careful survey of the premises, he found that he had indeed acquired a bargain. Owing to sparse tapping in their younger days, the rubber trees were large and healthy; most of the coffee was at its best, and there was more land under cocoa, pepper and coconuts than he had expected.

For the most part, the property was neglected and weeds were plentiful, but an augmented labor force was soon at work putting matters to rights. And, too, in the thick jungle beyond the cultivated area Tony found large quantities of wild rubber, teak and mahogany. Sixty coolies were turned in there to tap trees and fell timber.

All this gave the new owner a feeling akin to what he had experienced in his youth when opening Christmas parcels. From daybreak to dark he toiled like a galley-slave, and the coolies, who liked him because he was undeniably a *tuan* and treated them well, responded readily to his spurring and accomplished far more than they had under the easy-going Hendrick.

For the first few days after the change in ownership Louis had plunged into the work with a commendable zest, but his enthusiasm quickly died and he returned to his old habits. When not away shooting or fishing, he was usually to be found on the veranda of his bungalow, stretched out on a rattan lounge.

There were times when Tony felt like hauling the lazy half-breed over the coals for his idleness, but on second thought he realized that it was better to have Louis away from the coolies. They hated his lofty swagger, and his presence only put them into sulks and retarded the work. After all, the plantation had been presented to him and he could well afford the small bit of pay he gave his benefactor's son.

At his own request, young Scheutema had moved to the smaller bungalow. This seemed like an act at once tactful and considerate on his part and Tony, of course, had no idea that the fellow's object in making the change was to enable him the more easily to get to and from the godown when everyone else was sleeping.

Often in the small hours of the morning Louis would flit through the trees to the store, open the door with his skeleton key and pass out to a ghostlike waiting figure bags of produce that had not been marked and checked for shipment. This buyer of stolen goods was a Chinese trader from the other side of the island, who departed as silently as he had come.

In six months Tony had worked wonders with that plantation. Every square foot of it was as neat and as well-cared-for as a Kentish hop-garden. More land had been cleared and planted; new buildings had been erected; the old ones had been repaired. Painters had finished renovating both bungalows.

The ornamental garden, an unkempt wilderness when Hendrick departed, had been converted into a beauty spot; borders of crotons grew by the raked paths; brilliant splashes of bougainvillea, poinsettia, and red and yellow lantanas contrasted pleasingly with the dignified feather-palm and graceful clumps of bamboo. The white ribbon-like markings of the grass tennis-court invited players, and shady rustic seats added a note of cool restfulness. On the balcony of the bungalow were enormous blue porcelain pots containing jasmines, delicate ferns and orchids which formed a special attraction for humming-birds and multicolored butterflies.

To the beautifying of the garden and bungalow Tony had given most careful thought, and the supervision of his plans brought him unbounded pleasure. He was doing something for Kate. And she would arrive on the next boat.

It had been agreed that she would come out and marry him in Amboyna, inasmuch as he dared not leave the plantation even for a few weeks. He did not care to get a stranger in, even temporarily, and Louis was utterly undependable.

FURTHERMORE, he had begun to suspect that the latter was up to his old tricks. Twice recently money had been taken from Tony's desk drawer. He had questioned the servants closely and found that on each occasion Louis had been seen leaving the bungalow shortly thereafter. This, of course, was inconclusive evidence upon which to formulate a direct charge of such gravity, nevertheless it certainly looked bad.

Up to this time Tony had paid off, in addition to interest, almost a quarter of what he owed old Scheutema. A representative of the Netherlands Bank, who was invited to inspect the property, had valued it at seven hundred thousand guilders, and Tony had arranged a new mortgage at five percent which enabled him to discharge his debt to Hendrick in full and effect a saving thereby.

Tony was the first person up the gangway-ladder when Kate's boat reached

Amboyna. Never had life seemed so good to him as when he stood on that deck grasping Kate's two hands and drinking in her fresh English beauty. Interested passengers cast admiring glances at this tall, good-looking young man and the lovely girl.

They were married late that morning, and after a champagne party which Mr. van Hoesen insisted upon giving, they left in an awning-covered motor-launch for the plantation. It was a dream voyage for both of them.

On reaching her new home Kate was enchanted with everything. "Why, Tony," she cried, her eyes dancing, "this is a positive Paradise! I had no idea I was coming to anything so beautiful!"

"It wasn't always quite so bright," he told her, well repaid by her enthusiasm for all his weary labors. "I made it like this for you."

She patted his bronzed hand affectionately—and he was happy.

Later, while they were having tea on the shady side of the balcony, Louis, clad in immaculate white and carefully groomed, called from below.

"Come up, Louis," Tony called back.

Louis was presented to the bride. He chatted pleasantly for a few minutes, then went away.

"What an awfully nice assistant you've got," Kate said when he was out of earshot.

"Not half a bad chap," Tony replied. In his letters he had not mentioned Louis as one of the reasons why he had been unable to go home to be married and he felt disinclined to mar a perfect day by a bothersome explanation.

During the ensuing weeks Louis often dropped in at the bungalow. Tony could well have done without his company, but the fellow was so obviously grateful for companionship that he lacked the heart to raise an objection. Besides, Kate might think him boorish if he did.

And then, with a suddenness that was amazing, a change came over Louis. From being a worthless drone he blossomed forth into an indefatigable worker. He was on the job from the time the big tom-tom summoned the coolies to early morning roll-call until darkness descended.

Like a general supervising the operations of his troops, he went from latex shed to copra-drying plant, from nurseries to godown. Planting, tapping, weeding, clearing, gathering the produce—every branch of the work, in fact, came under his now watchful eye. And his manner of treating the coolies altered. No longer was he brusk and overbearing; he handled them with that tact which is necessary to get the best out of a Malay.

IN THE evenings he came to Tony's bungalow to talk over the next day's work, offering suggestions here and there, many of them helpful. He reduced his drinking to a decent moderation and he ceased to amuse himself with the women on the place. It was as if he had been injected with some powerful serum which had changed his entire nature.

Tony was astonished and a bit skeptical for a while, but as time went on and Louis' exemplary behavior continued he began to wonder if the fellow had not indeed passed through a distinct phase in his moral development. It really seemed as if the healthy blood of his father had triumphed over the feebler strain inherited from his mother.

Such awakenings do happen occasionally and though the owner of the plantation could not bring himself to trust implicitly in his employee's honesty, he could not deny the proofs of his industry.

Tony was honest enough to pay tribute. Louis was enormously pleased at the recognition; he thanked Tony and they had a drink. Frequently thereafter they had a drop together in Louis' bungalow when the day's work was done.

Life ran along agreeably for the Berestfords until Tony contracted malaria, or swamp-fever, or something of the sort. He dosed himself in the customary manner, but the thing proved to be uncommonly stubborn and the local doctor could not seem to help him greatly.

He would feel splendid for a while, then experience lassitude, chills, a dull discomfort in his head. As a consequence he grew irritable. Kate and he did not get along as well as they should.

They quarreled one day, and over nothing. A photograph of her, a small picture in a leather case which Tony had carried for two years, disappeared. It was an old picture, and its case was shabby, but he loved it. Kate took the loss so lightly that he was offended: he growled about her lack of sentiment.

Just how the quarrel developed—it was their first—he could not later remember. Undoubtedly it was all his fault, but he was horribly nervous and thoroughly miserable at the moment and for some reason he derived a malicious satisfaction from yielding to his anger. He accused her, quite unreasonably, of shirking her household responsibilities.

Kate, of course, defended herself with spirit; harsh words were spoken; there were tears. It was wretched; husband and wife made themselves horribly unhappy.

They went to sleep that night still angry with each other and probably they would have awakened in the same frame of mind except for the fact that Tony took a turn for the worse during the night. Kate was awakened by his groaning and found him in a cold perspiration of agony. Severe pains in the stomach had seized him and she was frightened. It was hours before she managed to make him comfortable.

Gratefully he thanked her for her tenderness and her concern; abjectly he apologized for his beastly behavior on the day before. In a moment she melted.

But as he faded off to sleep along about daylight with Kate's cool shoulder against his, he came abruptly back to consciousness. His brain was clear, clearer than it had been for days, and a thought leaped into his mind with the suddenness of an electric shock.

Hendrick Scheutema had complained of pains in his stomach, of drowsiness, of bad health, and he attributed it to slow poisoning. Good heavens! Tony had been too deeply engrossed in his affairs to recall more than vaguely that talk with the Dutchman, and besides, this "malaria" had come on by imperceptible degrees. Malaria, indeed! . . .

What if Kate were taken next? This query almost brought the man off his pillow, but he forced himself to lie still. This was no time to get panicky. He must not alarm his wife. Heaven knew she had enough to put up with in him. How rotten he had been about that photograph . . .

Photograph! A queer suspicion began to take form. That picture had been stolen, but why? By whom? No servant would have taken it . . . If he were being poisoned the drug did not come to him in his food, or Kate would have felt it, too . . . Louis! Those gin *pâhits!*

He had seen the fellow staring at Kate with a queer light in his big brown eyes . . . This recent explosion of industry! The filthy cur!

It was useless to accuse Louis of his villainy. The little devil would blandly deny it. A waste of time, likewise, to search his bungalow for the drug, the herb or whatever it might be. It was doubtless in some form which no European would recognize. Nor could he rouse the fellow to anger, goad him into a display of feeling which would afford an excuse to kill him. Louis was impervious to insults.

All the same, he deserved killing. He could be sent away, of course, but in Tony's present frame of mind he could not bring himself to consider that; he would as soon have considered allowing a cobra to escape unharmed from Kate's flower-garden.

THE next morning after breakfast he said: "Louis dodges about here quite a bit when I'm not around, doesn't he?"

Kate nodded. "Fairly often. Why?"

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to show him you don't enjoy his calls? He's half Malay, you know, and the coolies chatter about anything like that. I'd hate to have them link your name, even casually, with his."

"How absurd! My dear old thing, he doesn't even come up on the veranda. Merely says a few words from the lawn. Louis is quite a good egg."

"Just the same, I wish——"

"Jealous, dear?"

Tony smiled and nodded. "Frightfully!"

"That's good." Kate dimpled at him. "Surely you don't imagine I've encouraged him in the least?"

"What a monstrous suggestion!" The husband went around the table and bent over her chair. He kissed her and said with a laugh, "I'm a sick man and I insist upon being spoiled. You must let me be as jealous as I choose and as unreasonable as a Turk. I love having you here, all to myself, and I hope you don't hanker greatly for outsiders."

"I don't, darling, at least—not yet." Kate smiled happily, pulled his face down to hers and kissed him.

Louis saw less of his employer's wife thereafter and although he gave no sign that he was aware of any change in her attitude towards him he writhed inwardly. Inordinate egotism persuaded him that she avoided him because she felt herself irresistibly drawn in his direction. Or it might be that Tony feared him as a rival and was undertaking to keep her out of his way.

In either event he suffered less chagrin than disappointment and it comforted him to realize that the husband was fading daily. Not even Kate's watchful eyes could see or measure the full effect of those occasional gin *pâhits.* A few weeks more at this rate and—— Louis took the little leather photograph-case from inside his shirt and devoured it with hungry, sensual eyes.

But Tony abruptly turned teetotaler He dropped in as usual at the smaller bungalow to talk over plantation affairs and he was friendly, cordial; but he declared that liquor had gone back on him. He proposed to lay off alcohol for a week or two.

A week or two! That would negative the work of that jungle sap which Louis combined so delicately and so tastily with his gin; it would set him on his feet again. The idiot! The pig! Louis was furious and he pondered the situation in some dismay.

"Seems a dog's age since I had a gun in my hand," he announced one morning. "I believe I'll toddle out for a shot later, if you think I've earned an afternoon off."

"Indeed you have earned it," Tony agreed heartily. "Everything's in fine

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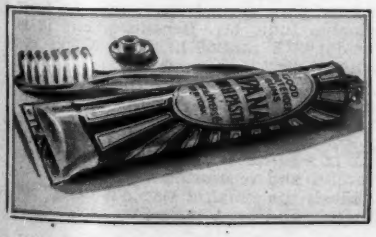

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shape, thanks to you. You ought to get out oftener."

"You've been sticking to the grind yourself. Better come along."

"No, thanks! I don't feel up to much. Still, I don't know——" The speaker hesitated, frowned, then he changed his mind. "Maybe it will do me good. You're on! We'll start soon after tiffin."

A merciless sun struck at them as they set out about two o'clock, but a short walk brought them into the partial protection of rubber trees. Soon they left the plantation behind and entered the dense tropical forest, following for a while a narrow path that lead eventually to a small *kampong* in a remote part of the island, where it was said the natives occasionally indulged in a surreptitious orgy of cannibalism.

Magnificent trees, giants of the jungle, to which clung masses of snakelike creepers, met overhead and formed a cool canopy. Underneath was a matted growth of vines, ferns and brakes, of flowers and plants. A pleasant smell of dampness rose from the fallen leaves and fecund earth.

Louis halted finally to say, "I think we'd have a better chance of getting something if we separated. There's no wind. Suppose I work round the north end of that little fresh-water lake and you go round by the south? We'll meet at the big *kayu besi* tree on the other side; you know, the one where the paths come together. One of us is sure to start a deer, and the other may get a shot."

"All right," Tony agreed.

He was about to turn away when Louis said: "That looks like a peach of a gun you've got, old man. I wonder if you'd mind my trying it. I've been thinking about getting one like it."

"Take it, by all means." Tony handed the weapon to him. "I'll have a go with yours."

"Thanks awfully. Go slow, take it easy and you're bound to stir up a *babirûsa* at least. See you soon."

Tony proceeded for a few yards, then a sharp look assured him that he was out of his companion's sight and he broke into a run. He ran at top speed, crouching low and dodging furtively across open spaces where there was danger of observation.

Thank heaven, he had not tried this a week ago or his legs would have refused duty! As it was, they tired quickly and soon he felt those damnable cramps again. He was afraid they would double him up. He was even weaker than he had suspected and the heat, coupled with his exertions, nauseated him.

Onward he plunged. He began to gasp and to retch; perspiration streamed from his pores.

Louis had told him to go slow, take it easy. Indeed! Clever stunt, trading guns . . . Killed by a bullet from his own rifle. Smart boy, Louis! Smarter than a white man. Oh, yes!

How slowly he was moving! He must have run a long way, and those pains were getting stiffer every minute. A joke on him if he dropped dead before he reached that *kayu besi* tree; all the luck would be Louis' . . .

But there it was: he was in time. Reeling, stumbling, fighting for his breath, he flung himself forward. For a while he lay writhing among the ferns.

Louis trotted steadily and purposefully down the path he had selected; he pulled the bolt of Tony's rifle and made sure there was a shell in the chamber. What a simpleton, that Beresford! He had the mind of a child; how could he cope with a superior intellect? . . .

Kate would be shocked, of course—the other way would have been much the better—but she could be comforted. She'd have to stay on for a while and run the plantation, for it was all they had and she was a practical woman. Smart, too. Smarter than any Malay. And she had read his mind . . .

So much the better. Women hated calm, phlegmatic men. Elegance, fire, good looks, passion, were what appealed to them and he'd show her the meaning of passion . . . No trouble about marrying her, there were more ways than one to make sure of that and thereby to make sure of the plantation. His plantation . . . Every woman he knew was crazy to marry him. And the idea of old Hendrick's giving, practically giving, the place to this stranger. Louis had never forgiven his father for that.

He was nearing the end of the lake now where the paths joined, and it was time to slow down and get his breath. That was better! His heart was beating evenly once more, hand and eye were steady. The earth was damp and his feet were noiseless when he stole forward.

Ah-h! At a turn in the path, through an imperfect screen of leaves and fern fronds, he caught a glimpse of Tony's coat. Cautiously he moved onward, a foot at a time, his face a ghastly white, his mouth contorted with nervous twitchings. Forty yards . . . Thirty-five. The closer, the better.

He had a foolish desire to laugh but for the moment he restrained it. Tony was resting at the foot of the tree, facing in the opposite direction; his white pith-helmet was pushed back on his head, so far back that the rim of it hid his neck. Four inches below that rim and a bit to the left was the bull's-eye.

Louis' face blazed as he smoothly lifted his rifle and nestled his cheek close against the stock. The sights fell into alignment, he drew them fine, then he squeezed the trigger.

Crack! . . . Louis Scheutema was scarcely aware of the splitting detonation, for along with it all the hate, all the jealousy, all the malevolence he had repressed these many months exploded and his very soul was rocked, his self-control was shattered. There was a shouting in his brain; he was drunk with exultation. All over! That was that! And so simple, too——

He blinked and thrust his head forward; his neck seemed to lengthen; there was something reptilian in the alert and watchful pose he assumed. Automatically he ejected the spent shell and reloaded his weapon.

How odd! Tony's body had been perceptibly shaken by that murderous expanding bullet but it had neither crumpled nor sagged forward as he had expected. Not even the helmet was dislodged. Something queer about that. For interminable seconds during which his heart leaped and fluttered at some suggestion as yet unformed he stood frozen, his mind paralyzed.

Then he breathed. Killed instantly, without a kick or a tremor. That was it. The corpse was supported by its own weight against the trunk of the tree. Of course. All the same, it was startling.

The jungle was as silent as a church. Following that blast of sound it held its breath and listened. Then something stirred! At Louis' back there was the faint rustle of parting leaves and he became aware of a presence, of something alive and menacing, so close at hand that his flesh cringed and his nerves shrieked a warning.

He whirled, catlike, to behold—a ghost, the ghost of a hatless, coatless Tony Beresford whose face, twisted with rage and with pain, glared at him over the barrel of a rifle. Louis' rifle. That face was streaming with perspiration, the shirt beneath it and the trousers, too, were wringing wet and stained with the black mold of the woods, the lips were drawn back in a dog-snarl. It was a ghastly, shining devil-mask that peered at Louis over the foreshortened gun-barrel with its round black center of death.

A voice issued from the apparition but it was meaningless—words conveyed nothing to Louis in this instant of mental and physical paralysis; upon his Malay brain they registered only as lip movements. Then his muscles jerked, the rifle flew to his shoulder and he fired. All three acts were involuntary and simultaneous. The forest roared.

Ha! Louis Scheutema uttered a fierce cry of triumph. The earth rocked under him and the world spun; then a sudden sense of well-being flooded him. He was in complete mastery of himself.

Tony was dead this time; his body had been blown away in a blinding flash of flame and Louis was alone. He was whole, unharmed, reborn; his voice, raised in a thunderous shout, bent the trees and caused their branches to thrash drunkenly; his breath was the hurricane and it laid the forest low; he strode the earth like a giant. The vigor of ten thousand heroes coursed through him; he sang in a voice louder than the tempest . . .

Kate! Her warm lips and her soft body were against his, she loved him and the bliss of that certainty was ineffable . . . He was back in the big bungalow at heavenly ease in the long chair with the gay-colored cretonne cushions. It was cool. Kate was bending over him; her arms enfolded his body; her lips were pressed hungrily to his . . . Kate! This was Elysium——

Tony stooped over the dead body and with shaking hands he rifled it.

"Swine!" he growled when Kate's photograph lay in his palm. He hid the picture in his own pocket, then he exchanged weapons with the dead man and searched underfoot until he retrieved an empty shell, which he also pocketed.

This done he went to the *kayu besi* tree, lifted his helmet from the stick supporting it and shook the stuffing of grass and ferns out of his coat. Curiously he stared at a neatly bored hole, scarcely larger than a lead-pencil, which pierced it . . . Good shot, Louis! And a smart fellow. Smarter than a white man. Like the devil he was!

The big, well-fed half-caste official who had come from Amboyna to conduct an inquiry sat on the bungalow balcony, toying with his fifth or sixth *pâhit*. His investigation had been the customary casual affair.

"Well," he said, "I think that will be all, Mr. Beresford. And I thank you. It is most clearly a case of accident. Who can say now it happened? A man is out shooting. He is found killed by a bullet from his own gun. Death was instantaneous." He spread out both hands in an eloquent gesture. "These things happen."

"No doubt," Tony agreed with a nod.

"Now I go," said the official, rising. "I have been most sorry to take up your valuable time, Mr. Beresford, but it is my duty. I cannot help it. Good afternoon, sir."

"Good day—and many thanks."

Tony watched the bulky form strut importantly down the gravel path and disappear among the trees. The distant whir of a gardener's lawn-mower sounded peaceful and reassuring.

"Much the simplest way out of it," he thought, and went inside.

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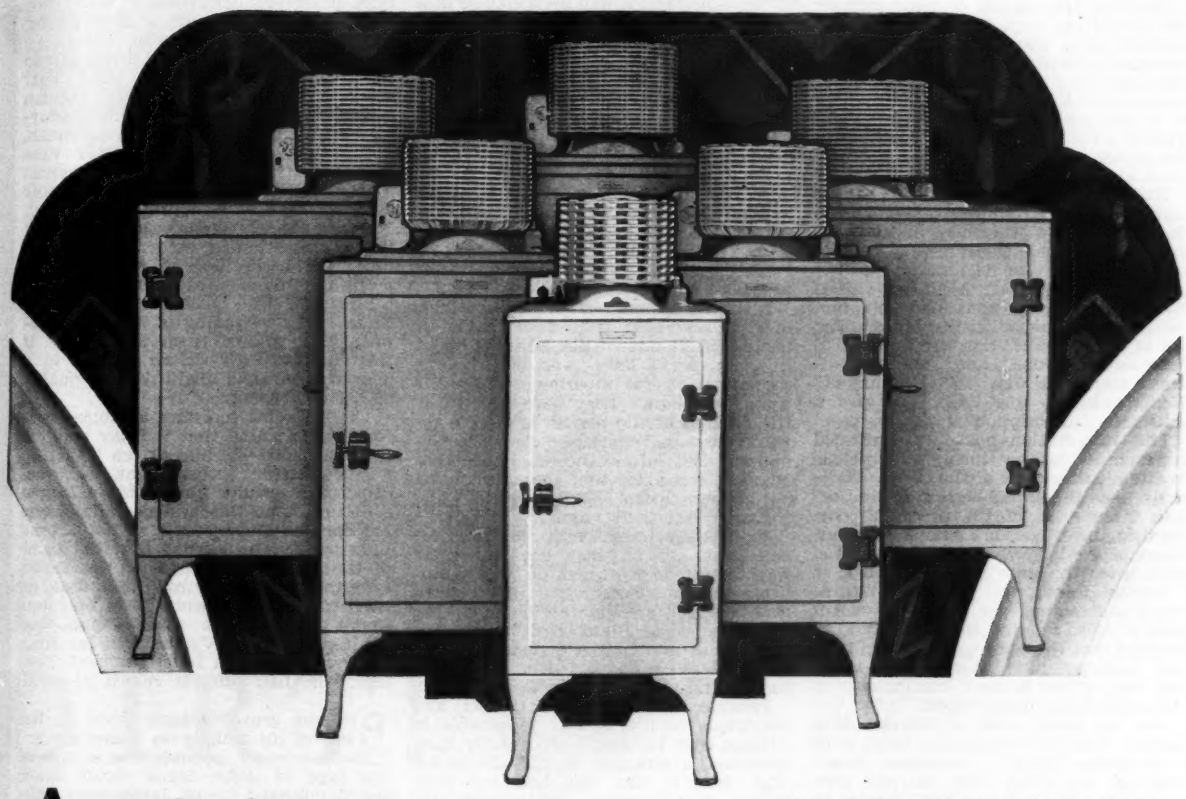

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The Man in the Blue Overcoat (Continued from page 33)

had been named as the Abbé's executor.

Among the assets mentioned in the will were seven five-percent Métallique bonds —five of them (numbers 14145, 25760, 89135, 191148 and 192511) of a par value of 1000 florins each; and two (numbers 225 and 3475) of a par value of 500 florins each—a total par value of 6000 florins (about $2400).

These securities were nowhere to be found in the apartment.

However, the coupon of bond number 89135 (due on April 1st, 1827) was discovered in a small dispatch-box, and Jünemann concluded that this box had also been the repository of the bonds themselves. He thereupon communicated to all the public and private bankers of Vienna a list of the missing bonds, with instructions that he be notified the moment any one of them appeared.

Within a few hours a private banker named August Wedl reported that, on the day before—February 13th—about three P. M., he had bought from a stranger five of the stolen bonds, and that, a little later in the afternoon, a jeweler named Wenzel Johann Swoboda had sold him the other two bonds in the series. The bill of sale for the first five bonds had been signed, "Joha Hose," and the address appended was the "Weinhaus." Wedl, however, was unable to give a satisfactory description of the man.

This information not only confirmed Jünemann's robbery theory, but helped to establish the time of the crime. Obviously Abbé Blank had been murdered before three P. M. of the preceding day. Further investigation among the inmates of the house where the Abbé lived established the time as one-fifteen P. M.

Ludwig Raby, who for twenty-three years had cleaned the Blank apartment daily between ten and eleven-thirty A. M., testified that the Abbé had returned from the academy just before eleven-thirty and had settled himself comfortably in the living-room with a book.

On the third floor of the building, directly under the Blank apartment, lived a Professor Riepl. Jünemann, interrogating the Riepl cook, learned that, about one o'clock, a man had knocked on the door and had made inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Blank apartment. She had directed the stranger to the flat above, and had thought no more of the episode until about twenty minutes later, when she heard a noise on the stairway.

Looking out into the hall she had seen the same man pick up his hat and stick from the steps, where he had evidently dropped them, and then rush precipitately from the house.

Pushed for a description of the man, she was unable to recall any detail with the exception of the fact that he was wearing a blue overcoat.

Professor Riepl, who was next questioned by Jünemann, said that at one-fifteen P. M. he and his wife, who were having their dinner, had heard a loud hammering noise in the flat above, as if someone were knocking on the floor with a wooden mallet. He had remarked to his wife, "What the devil is the Abbé doing?"

Two stepsisters, Franziska Renaty and Anna Heyder, who lived on the fourth floor, told Jünemann that they had seen a man in a blue overcoat knock on Abbé Blank's door at one P. M., and had also seen him leave the apartment in a more or less disheveled condition twenty minutes later, and dash down the stairs. He had slipped, dropped his hat and stick, retrieved them and continued his flight.

Jünemann made inquiries at the restaurant where Blank ate his dinner, and learned that the Abbé had not put in an appearance that day. Thus it was conclusively established that the crime had occurred almost exactly at one-fifteen P. M. on the thirteenth, and that a man in a blue overcoat was the murderer.

Wedl, the banker, was again questioned, and under Jünemann's cross-examination recalled that the seller of the stolen bonds had been attired in a blue overcoat.

The detailed testimony of the jeweler Swoboda was also significant. He explained that, about four P. M. on the afternoon of the thirteenth, a man had come to his shop and bought a diamond ring for ninety florins, offering two bonds (totaling 1500 florins) in payment and requesting that the change of 1410 florins be given him in cash. Swoboda had refused, but the stranger had suggested that he take the bonds to Wedl—a suggestion which had been followed. Swoboda also described the purchaser as wearing a blue overcoat.

It should be noted here that these blue overcoats were at that time the latest fashion in Vienna. They were cut about to the wearer's knees and bore a long cape with several superimposed smaller capes, or collars. They were affected by the dandies of the period, and were regarded as a hall-mark of wealth and elegance. But after the trial of Abbé Blank's murderer they became known as "gallows-cloaks" (*Galgenmäntel*), and instantly lost their vogue.

Jünemann's task, with this slender clue, was not an easy one, for there were hundreds of owners of similar blue overcoats in Vienna; and his problem was rendered even more difficult by the fact that Abbé Blank had lived a secluded life and had had almost no acquaintances or friends. Yet Jünemann turned this very obstacle to advantage.

Because of the Abbé's morbid and suspicious nature it was reasonable to assume that he would not readily have admitted a stranger to his apartment. The door of the flat had not been forced, and Jünemann rightly concluded that only an acquaintance could have committed the crime. Moreover, the two stepsisters had seen the man in the blue overcoat knock on the door—a fact which revealed the caller's assurance that he would be received.

Careful inquiries, however, failed to reveal a single known acquaintance of the Abbé belonging to the fashionable social class, who would have been likely to own one of the modish new overcoats. The name "Joha Hose" signed to the sales note of the bonds was obviously a false one.

That night Jünemann visited the Imperial Court Valet Kalb, who had been named as executor in Blank's will, and here he came into possession of another slender clue. Kalb was the same age as Blank, and the two had been friends for forty years. But despite this fact they seldom visited each other. A recent exception had been the day preceding the murder, when the Abbé had driven to Kalb's home to request the return of a dispatch-box which he had placed in his friend's care.

Kalb had never known what the box contained, but on this occasion the Abbé had explained that an acquaintance of his—a count—wanted to inspect some Austrian bonds, and through this remark Kalb had surmised that the case actually contained bonds.

It could now be assumed that the man in the blue overcoat was a count, especially as a count would be the kind of person who might dress in this fashion. But there were many counts in Vienna; and although Jünemann put his subordinates to work checking up the Abbé's acquaintances, no member of the nobility was unearthed.

The next noon Jünemann began questioning all the cabmen of the district, on the theory that a count, even though bent on murder and robbery, would ride in a fiacre. After hours of interviewing, a cabman was found who, about one P. M. on February 13th, had driven a man in a blue overcoat to a point near where the Abbé lived. The cabman stated that the man, from his appearance and accent, was a Polish nobleman.

This testimony added another item of characterization to the hypothetical murderer. Not only was he presumably a count, but also perhaps a Polish count. Jünemann's search was thus somewhat narrowed, although no evidence whatever had been adduced to fasten the crime on this elusive person.

But with this start Jünemann continued his questioning of Vienna's cabmen, now asking them specifically if they had recently driven a man in a blue overcoat who might possibly qualify as a Polish count.

The following morning a cabman was found who stated that the day before—February 15th—he had driven a man in a blue overcoat, with a slight Polish accent, to a saddler named Mayenberger.

Seizing upon this evidence, Jünemann hastened to Mayenberger. After a brief interrogation he learned that the name of the blue-coated customer was Count Séverin von Jaroszynski, and that he lived in the Trattnerhof. Not only was Count Jaroszynski's name Polish, but his reputation in Vienna was far from savory. Jünemann felt that in all likelihood he had run his culprit to earth.

But one grave obstacle stood in the way of his making an immediate arrest. How was it possible that a man of the type of Abbé Blank would know the flamboyant Count Jaroszynski sufficiently well to admit him to his apartment? In looking into the life of the Abbé, Jünemann remembered that before taking the chair of mathematics at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, Blank had taught at the Pleban Institute, which was one of the most exclusive private schools in Austria, attended only by the sons of the aristocracy. On further investigation he discovered that among the Abbé's pupils had been a lad named Séverin von Jaroszynski, the son of a wealthy Polish nobleman.

This fact established the welding link in Jünemann's chain of evidence, for it explained the acquaintanceship between the murdered man and his assassin. On the night of February 16th—the second day after the crime had been discovered—Jünemann went to Jaroszynski's apartment with a warrant for his arrest.

Of the many picturesque characters in Vienna at the beginning of the nineteenth century none was more widely known and spectacular than Count Jaroszynski. Young Séverin was born on December 20th, 1789, in Poland. His father intended him for the government service and sent him to the Nikolaus Kaiser school in Warsaw and later to the Pleban Institute in Vienna. On his return to Poland he joined the army and was made a Knight of the Order of St. Anne. At the death of his father in 1817 he inherited large estates which

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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

brought him an annual revenue of 50,000 florins (about $20,000); and he at once quitted the army and entered the civil service, where, in 1820, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Mohilev and made a Knight of the Maltese Order.

His riotous extravagance, so common among the Polish aristocracy, soon plunged him into debt, from which he was temporarily relieved by a rich marriage with Theophila Scalacola, who had an independent yearly income of 150,000 florins (about $60,000). But his extravagance, combined with an almost insane passion for gambling, soon brought him again into tight financial straits.

His wife's fortune having been dissipated and his own estates being hopelessly mortgaged, he diverted some government property to his own use, and found it safer to flee Russia. He prudently took with him all the money he could lay his hands on, consisting largely of government taxes; and in June, 1826, he established himself in Vienna.

Here he lived the life of a Grand Seigneur, representing himself to society as *"Le Comte Séverin de Jaroschinski, Maréchal de Mohilev."* At first he found no difficulty in borrowing large sums of money in Vienna, where a title, however spurious, never failed to impress. His chief creditors were tradespeople, innkeepers and even waiters. To his borrowings he added substantial winnings at cards, and for a time he was in no immediate financial need, but soon ugly rumors of sharp practise began to circulate; and he was soon without victims. His creditors began to grow restless, and threats of court action were made against him. In the early days of February, 1827, he became desperate.

Women were not the least of Jaroszynski's items of expense, and particularly was the famous and beautiful comedy star, Therese Krones, a heavy drain on his uncertain resources. Indeed, one cannot help wondering to just what extent her demands were responsible for Abbé Blank's death. Perhaps it is significant that Jaroszynski was in her company when the inexorable arm of the law reached out for him.

At eight o'clock on the night of February 16th, Jünemann, accompanied by Swoboda and Wedl, presented himself at the address in the Trattnerhof given by the saddler Mayenberger. Jaroszynski was in the midst of a dinner-party. Besides Fräulein Krones there were present another famous stage beauty—Antonie Jäger—and a Major Lebreux, a well-known figure in Vienna.

For an hour before Jünemann's arrival the murder of Abbé Blank, which had roused public interest to an extraordinary degree, had been under discussion, and the fair Therese had expressed an impassioned hope that the criminal would be apprehended. Jaroszynski had taken but small part in the conversation.

In an effort to cheer him, Therese rose and began to sing a song which she had made the rage of the city:

> Brother of mine, brother of mine,
> Friendly must our parting be . . .

It was at this moment that Jünemann grimly appeared at the door with his witnesses. Swoboda and Wedl identified Jaroszynski; and the arrest was made.

A search of Jaroszynski's apartment immediately following his arrest brought to light a new carving-knife containing blood stains, the ring purchased from Swoboda for ninety florins, the famous blue overcoat, and a walking-stick which, when microscopically examined, revealed several blood spots on the ferrule. Furthermore, 2865 florins were found in the possession of Jaroszynski's valet, Michael Sinion, who declared that his master had given him the money that day for safe-keeping.

Jünemann began an investigation in connection with the carving-knife; and by noon the next day discovered a shop on the Graben where the weapon had been purchased. Tobias Stubek, the salesman, stated that a man in a blue overcoat had bought it on February 5th, choosing the largest knife in stock.

Considering that only two days had elapsed since the discovery of the Abbé's murdered body and that the police not only had found and arrested the criminal but also had built up a complete case to place before the courts, one can understand that Jünemann looked with satisfaction on his handling of the case.

But the task of the police was far from completed. In those days no conviction involving capital punishment was permissible without either the confession of the defendant or the direct testimony of two eye-witnesses to the crime. Jaroszynski, despite the powerful circumstantial evidence against him, continued to deny his guilt—he had, he stated, bought the bonds several months previously from an acquaintance whose name he did not know; and the money which he had given his valet had been won at cards—and the investigation soon reached an *impasse*.

Now, Jünemann was an efficient, energetic police official—indeed, one of the greatest evidential detectives in the history of criminology—but he lacked psychological insight into the workings of the criminal mind; and at this stage of the proceedings the authorities saw fit to call in Councilor Edmund Karhan, a man of great human sympathy and deep understanding. To this latter officer is due the credit for penetrating Jaroszynski's stubborn defense—a feat he accomplished by playing sagaciously on the other's colossal vanity and arrogance.

Karhan first acquainted himself with Jaroszynski's antecedents and psychology. He studied his actions and his traits of character; and at the very first interview succeeded in inveigling the prisoner into several damaging admissions.

One of the interesting psychological points brought out in the battle of wits between Karhan and Jaroszynski hung on the fact that the prisoner would not mention the name of his victim.

Karhan seized upon this reticence and taunted the prisoner with it. He called Jaroszynski's attention to the name on the bill of sale for the bonds, pointing out that the signer had started to write the first name of his victim—to wit, Johann—but had halted that terrifying signature after "Joha" had been penned, as if he could not bear to complete the name.

Much of the interrogation naturally centered round the financial affairs of the accused. Jaroszynski asserted that he had received sufficient money for his needs from his brother, and that he had augmented this allowance by his winnings at cards. But Karhan confronted him with the testimony of numerous persons from whom he had borrowed sums of various amounts. The tailor Missgrill had lent him 12,000 florins in cash, and also held a heavy bill against him. Valets, waiters and innkeepers were brought forward to testify to smaller loans made to the prisoner.

Karhan then pointed out that on the evening of February 14th—the day after the crime had been committed—Jaroszynski had paid most of his smaller debts, besides giving the sum of 2865 florins to his valet.

But even when faced with this mass of evidence Jaroszynski persisted in denial. He worked himself into a state of exalted and almost hysterical pride, and

scoffed at the idea of having stooped to borrow money from menials. Karhan, quickly taking advantage of this mood of superior arrogance, ordered him taken to his cell and placed in irons. Immediately Jaroszynski pleaded for a rescinding of the order, and when Karhan reluctantly gave in, he admitted his need for money and the loans.

On April 21st, Jaroszynski was on the brink of confessing, but was withheld by the idea of a possible death on the gallows. Karhan continued to prod the weak spots in his victim's armor.

For another week this psychological game went on. Karhan did all in his power to enhance Jaroszynski's self-pride and social vanity, in order to render him more vulnerable to the treatment he had outlined. Then, on April 26th, after the prisoner had haughtily refused to answer any further questions, Karhan signed an order that he be given twelve strokes of the rod and placed in irons. The humiliation contained in this threat was so great that Jaroszynski broke down and confessed.

He had, he stated, decided on the murder on February 5th, and had bought the carving-knife for the purpose; but twice the Abbé had produced bonds of small denominations, and the murder had been postponed. On February 13th the Abbé had produced the Métallique bonds, and it was then that Jaroszynski had stabbed him in the neck and had belabored the body, fearing an outcry.

We have only one portrait of Jaroszynski—a sketch made by the Viennese painter, Karl Agricola. It reveals a stout, broad-shouldered man, about five feet and four inches in height, with brown curly hair, a high intellectual forehead, a broad energetic chin framed by side-whiskers, and small deep-set eyes. The sale of this sketch, as well as that of a portrait of Abbé Blank (now in the Historical Museum of Vienna), was prohibited by order of the Austrian Prime Minister. Prince Metternich feared the public effect of such a sale because of the severe criticism that had been aroused by rumors that the prisoner was receiving preferential treatment on account of his distinguished rank. The bloody storm which was to break over Europe in March, 1848, was evidently foreseen by this great statesman.

Anna Pleban, the widow of Jaroszynski's old teacher, has given us some interesting side-lights on the character of the young man who had been a student of the Pleban Institute from his eighteenth to his twenty-second year. He was an indifferent scholar in all subjects except mathematics, and of all his teachers, Professor Blank was the only one to express satisfaction with him. His most striking trait was his colossal vanity. He was impulsive and hot-tempered, but always ready to ask forgiveness, and showed a kindly disposition toward the other boys in the school.

This estimate of the man who was to shock Vienna to its very foundation with a brutal premeditated murder was borne out by the testimony of his colleagues in the Russian government service, who described him as pleasant, well-mannered, full of sympathy and always ready to help the poor with liberal gifts.

Jaroszynski was, however, boastful and vainglorious; and it is characteristic of him that, at a dinner following the murder, he told of his enormous estates in Poland and displayed a large sum of money—undoubtedly the proceeds of the crime he had just committed.

In Vienna Jaroszynski bore himself proudly and commandingly. He had charming manners, a boundless optimism, and a total lack of scruples. At

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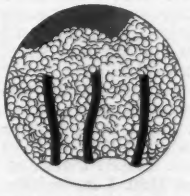

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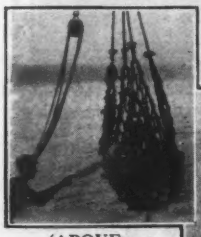

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his trial Therese Krones testified to his great generosity. Incidentally, she was compelled to retire from the stage because of her liaison with him. The Viennese public regarded her extravagance as a contributory factor in the murder.

When the confession had finally been forced, Jaroszynski was given three days in which to submit any reasons why the death penalty should not be pronounced against him; for under the existing law no further trial was necessary. But he replied that he could offer no mitigating circumstances, adding, however, that he relied on the clemency of Emperor Franz. The accused was then found guilty of premeditated murder and robbery, and was condemned to death—a sentence which was duly confirmed by the Supreme Court. On August 27th Jaroszynski was informed that the emperor had refused to intercede, and that his execution would take place on the morning of August 30th.

In accord with the legal requirements of the day the verdict was publicly read in the presence of the condemned and a crowd numbering many thousands.

Jaroszynski enjoyed many privileges during the latter days of his incarceration; and among the official documents of the case we find receipted bills for food and delicacies, ordered by the prisoner for himself and his guests. We also find receipted bills for the erection of the scaffold, the executioner's fee, and the cost of the cortège to the gallows, all of which had to be paid for by the condemned—a delightful if grim touch of fitting justice.

On the night before the execution Jaroszynski, with but a few hours to live, expressed a desire for a game of whist; and a rubber was arranged with Father Münich, Doctor Kölbinger—the police surgeon—and the poet Ignaz Franz Castelli, who described the episode in his famous memoirs. Jaroszynski played with no outward trace of emotion, and to his great satisfaction won two rubbers.

At dawn the next morning the prison procession started to the place of execution, arriving at the scaffold at half past eight, where a multitude estimated at more than 20,000 had collected. Jaroszynski had hoped to the last moment that the emperor would not permit a member of the aristocracy to undergo a felon's death, and suffered a complete collapse when he realized that his doom was inevitable.

At eight-forty-five the noose was adjusted; and one of the historic criminals of Austria paid the price for a brutal and sordid murder.

What I Have Missed (*Continued from page 73*)

every letter instantly, and, as an editor, give quick decisions upon manuscripts. I'm just built that way. And I lose more time waiting for other people to keep their appointments than I care to count. Punctuality is indeed the thief of time.

I happen to dislike bridge; and, being a bachelor, perhaps I have missed the art of playing it well. I don't think that's much to have lost. On the contrary, I imagine it's a great deal to have gained. And if I have missed marriage, the chances are great that I have likewise missed an unhappy marriage—considering the age to be what it is.

I often wonder if married people miss those sacred hours which I so frequently enjoy, wherein one need not be called to the telephone, or forced to go out to dinner if the mood to go is not with one. There is a vast difference between loneliness and solitude. Plenty of people have been lonely together, which is about the saddest state known to weary mortals. Selfish? Maybe. I'll make no apologies. We get so little out of life that we really desire.

But speaking of selfishness, the unmarried male is ever thought of as steeped in it. No one seems to consider the economic pressure that may have entered into his piteous state. Yet I have known plenty of unmarried men who have given lavishly to charities.

This may not be deserving of credit, since charity begins at home, and bachelors are supposed to have no homes with which to begin. But single blessedness isn't half so bad as it's thought to be. That word "blessedness" must be a thorn in the side of certain crabbed observers; and now that women, being economically more independent, are seeing with clearer eyes the dubious delights of matrimony and the actual delights of the single state, I don't think these same observers have so much on their side as they used to have.

It is tragically true that every year one becomes more particular, and less desirable. The longer one waits to take the matrimonial plunge, the harder it is to take it; just as it is more difficult to jump into a cold tub, the longer one waits and considers the temperature of the water. Only, in matrimony, it's apt to be hot water. Cynical? Not at all. One can't help seeing certain things if one remains on the side-lines.

A charming spinster of my acquaintance told me the other day that she had received a one-hundred-percent bill of health from her physician. Her three married sisters and a married brother, on the contrary, are always ailing. She may have missed something in life, but not health—which is obviously the peak of happiness.

Now, we bachelors in New York often have curious experiences with our married friends. Jack, whom we knew at college, decides to wed Mary. He drops out of sight, as bridegrooms have a way of doing. He is said to be deliriously happy. Good. God bless him, and all that.

Comes the summer. Mary has her cottage 'way down on Long Island. It's too far for Jack to commute. He goes to her only for long weekends. Lonely, Jack rings us up. He takes it for granted that we have nothing better to do than to dine with him. We do so. We are frankly bored by his effulgent praise of Mary; but we bravely bear up. We are told that we should go and do likewise. We are missing so much. (We are missing the girl whom we wanted to take out that evening, but whom we gave up because Jack had told us that it wouldn't be at all necessary to have any woman along.)

We spend a pleasant enough evening, however, in the society of Jack, at the club from which he has been absent so many months.

Second summer: Jack again at the telephone. Dinner? All right. A pause. "How about those Phipps girls we both used to know?" (The Phipps girls are eminently respectable.) Very well. A foursome. "Fine!" from Jack. No club, this time. No, indeed. A gay restaurant, with distant music. A roof-garden, in fact. The stars, and the summer moon. Laughter. But everything most refined. And Jack tells us of his wonderful boy.

Third summer: Once more the dashing Jack—just a little more dashing

now. Dinner? Certainly. With the Phipps girls? Oh, no; maybe it would be better for us to corral one of those Other Girls—two, preferably—that we knew so long ago. We wish to be kind to Jack. We have nothing to lose, thank heaven. But Jack must not go to that roof-garden this time. A little speak-easy, hidden away. He knows the very one. So he takes us there—all four of us. It's a gayer party than last year—by far. We see one of the Other Girls home; and so does Jack.

Fourth summer: Silence. A summer widower, lost somewhere in the jungle of Manhattan. And if, with our Particular Girl, we happen to run across him in a quiet speak-easy, he does not bow to us. For he's now a Respectable Married Man, the father of two bouncing boys. What we bachelors don't know about our married men friends of summer evenings!

Well, if I've missed this sort of conniving, I'm not so sorry. Not that I wouldn't do it, too, if I were in Jack's place. But I do think I'd be more subtle.

We poor bachelors are always being taunted about the possibility of a lonely old age. "Things may be all right now, old man," friends will pityingly say. "But what are you going to do when you're sixty—or seventy? No wife to comfort you then; no children to support you, no grandchildren to love you? You'd better begin, before it's too late, to select a wife"—I suppose as one would select a suit of clothes.

Now, it does seem to me that I've heard of such things as widowers, and childless marriages, and therefore a lack of grandchildren. To marry simply for the sake of making a safe investment in a wife and offspring and offspring's offspring seems to me to be forgetting the old adage in every childhood copy-book, "Man proposes; God disposes."

Moreover, it's about as egotistical as any process could possibly be. It assumes that God will forever be in His heaven (for us) and that all will forever be right with the world. Stuff and nonsense! What about in-laws, I'd like to know. If I've missed matrimony, I've also missed Her Folks. And she, likewise, dear unseen girl, has missed mine. An even break, again. Things do have a way of balancing.

I knew an actress once who was most unpopular in the theater. She was arrogant and vainglorious; and she lorded it over every little member of her company. She was getting on—forty-five or so. One day at rehearsal she bawled out the poor character woman in the presence of the entire company.

And the old lady, like the celebrated worm, turned. She said, addressing her star and the rest of the troupe, "Say, you're laying up a lonely old age for yourself—and it isn't far off, either!" With which stinging remark she walked out into the garish light of Broadway.

It may be that any bachelor is also laying up a lonely old age for himself. I may be doing the same. But what, in the name of common sense, is the use of worrying about it? Most of us don't live to be very old. And if there are so many of us, men and women alike, who are to remain unwed, and therefore lonely in later years, there's always the chance that some of us may get together before we lie down in the grave.

But it so happens that I haven't been lonely yet; and something tells me that I'll be just as interested in the mysterious pageant of life twenty years from now as I am today. One thing I'm glad to have missed all along the way—the foolish habit of crossing bridges before one comes to them.

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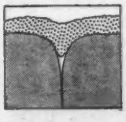

*How Colgate's cleans where the toothbrush cannot reach

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Ride 'im, Cowboy! *by William Slavens McNutt* (Continued from page 89)

split fraction of a second before he does it, and guess right, or you're gone. Lucas guessed wrong and came loose. I knew he was gone when I saw him miss a movement."

Two white-coated young doctors examined Lucas hurriedly where he lay, and Slim Coleman, aided by three other cowboys, carried him limp and senseless from the arena. The voice of the announcer boomed from the loud-speakers: "The next rider Tim Callahan on Hammerhead, riding out of Chute——"

SANDY LUCAS opened his eyes, blinked confusedly at the doctors and cowboys standing about him, and slowly sat up.

"Take it easy," a young doctor said unctuously. "You're all right."

"Ain't you nice to tell me!"

"He kicked you right in the pit of the stomach," the doctor continued.

"You're just full o' gossip, ain't you?" Sandy said. "I thought maybe I'd been took with the measles all of a sudden."

"Just keep quiet for a while," the doctor advised.

"S'pos'n' you do that for me," Sandy suggested testily.

"Goin' to haze for me?" Slim Coleman asked.

"Why not?" Sandy countered.

They moved away together, heading towards the arena. Ten minutes later the announcer called out: "The next steer wrestler Slim Coleman, Number Forty-seven on your program."

Hands swung open a chute gate. A rangy brindle steer plunged forth and headed across the arena. As he crossed the white line of a semicircle a few feet from the chute, a near-by starter dropped his red flag. As the flag fell, Sandy and Slim spurred forth from open chutes on either side of the one from which the steer had been released.

Sandy on the right, Slim on the left, they rode hard after the fleeing animal. As they pocketed the running steer between them Slim leaned far out and down to the right, arms extended, and leaped from the saddle, catching the animal's curved horns with his hands.

Locking his right arm about the steer's right horn and holding to the left with his left hand, he dug his heels into the dirt in an attempt to break down the animal's speed.

The steer was heavy, powerful and full of spirit. Speed unchecked by the weight of his opponent, he rushed the length of the arena and side-wiped Slim against the concrete wall at the far end. Slim's grip relaxed. He slumped to the ground and lay still. In the balcony Inez Walker gave a cry of exasperation.

"Why, the silly fool!" she exclaimed. "What did he want to hang on for till he got hurt? Why didn't he leave go?"

Two white-coated young doctors hastily examined Slim, and Sandy Lucas, aided by three other cowboys, carried him limp and senseless from the arena.

"That fellow's hurt!" the reporter declared.

"Can't tell," Whittemore said. "I couldn't make sure from here whether the steer got his horn in him or not."

"Boy!" the reporter said, awed. "This is one rough racket!"

The voice of the announcer boomed: "The next steer wrestler——"

Slim Coleman opened his eyes, blinked confusedly at the doctors and cowboys standing about him, and slowly sat up.

"Where's Sandy?" he muttered.

"He was here a minute ago," one of the hands said.

Slim moved his arms and legs experimentally. "That steer I drew tonight was a playful old beetle, wasn't he?" he said ruefully.

Sandy Lucas appeared, coming from the direction of the arena. "All right?" he inquired casually.

"Nothin' busted," Slim assured him.

Sandy squatted near the cot on which Slim sat. The other cowboys and the doctors drifted away.

"Got any money?" Sandy asked.

"Two bucks," Slim said glumly. "I was figurin' on pickin' up one o' the daily moneys in the bulldoggin' to eat on."

"Them two is together," Sandy said.

"Two what?" Slim asked grumpily.

"Girls," Sandy explained. "The one with them pink things on her hat an' that blonde you was lookin' at."

"Oh. Yeah?"

"I was just out lookin' to see if they was together an' I see 'em talkin' to each other. I kind o' like that one with the pink things on her hat."

"How much you got?" Slim asked.

"Six bits," Sandy said. "I got drug over some rough country in that crap game this evenin'."

"If you want to get your skin back pick the teeth o' the dog that bit you."

"Throw in together?" Sandy asked, drawing a half and a quarter from his pocket.

"Sure," Slim agreed. "One bullet. No good blazin' at this with a shotgun."

"Gimme," said Sandy. "I'll roll 'em."

"There's got to be a reason," Slim objected.

Sandy held the quarter between his thumb and forefinger. "Heads you roll 'em, tails I do the dirty work. On?"

"Spin it," Slim said.

Sandy tossed the quarter. It fell, tails up.

"Don't waste any more o' that luck," Slim urged, handing Sandy his two dollars. "You'll need it all."

They went to the floor below, where the stock was kept. Penned steers there. Calves. Tethered lines of cow-ponies and bucking horses. Stacks of baled hay.

A blanket spread on the cement floor at one end of the huge room. A number of stock-hands and idle contestants shooting craps. Sandy wedged in and waited until the dice came to him. Then he flipped the two dollar-bills and seventy-five cents in change onto the blanket and warmed the dice in his palms.

"Home to bed or out for the evenin'!" he chanted. "A good sleep or a good time! Tell me, dice!"

They scampered across the blanket and lay seven, a three and a four. That made the total capital five-fifty.

"Can't grow us no sin flowers in this town on that little dab o' fertilizer," Sandy declared, retrieving the dice.

"Shoot the piece an' shame the pikers."

The five-fifty was covered. Sandy rolled an eight and made his point after three tries. He picked up the money and counted it.

"'Leven feet, Slim," he said. "How 'bout it? That ain't land enough for the two of us to run around on, is it?"

"Shoot the works an' let's find out what our plans are," Slim advised.

Sandy placed the eleven dollars on the blanket and rattled the dice in his cupped palm. "Hungry bums or happy boys!" he said. "Come on, dice. Put us where we belong. Bam!"

The dice read eleven. Six, five. Slim let out a shrill yip. Sandy picked up the twenty-two dollars and straightened up.

"I got some busy ideas for this evenin'," he explained to the others in the game. "You boys come see me some day when I'm all wore out drinkin' champagne an' hellin' around, an' I'll show you how to mix in profit with your pleasure when you shoot craps."

The two left the Garden by the dimly lighted employees' entrance on Forty-ninth Street.

A band of ragged, noisy urchins passing by, commenting shrilly on the appearance of the cowboys. "Looka da guy in da big hat. Looka da funny shoes he's got on. Looka da heels on 'em, would ya? Them guys is tough eggs. If they get sore at ya—good night!"

Sandy and Slim loafed east to the corner of Forty-ninth and thence north on Eighth Avenue to the main Garden entrance. Smartly dressed, shoddy-faced girls smiled at them invitingly. Black-haired little prize-fighters with gray, hammered faces looked them over, speculating on their racket. Bootleggers and gunmen, panhandlers and ticket-speculators, milling about the lighted lobby, like moths about a lamp, patronized them with contemptuous appraisal.

Suckers! That was the Broadway racketeer verdict on the rodeo hands. They risked too much for too little in a racket that was too hard to fix.

The performance had just ended. The lobby ran full with outgoing cash customers. A number of Indian hawkers were loudly crying souvenirs. Sandy and Slim stood shoulder to shoulder, hats pulled over their eyes, smoking cigarets. Sandy glimpsed a hat adorned with pink doo-dads and called Slim's attention.

The two girls crossed Eighth Avenue and walked east towards Broadway. Sandy and Slim followed. In a show-window near Broadway was an exhibition of some of the prizes to be awarded the rodeo winners: cups, saddles, bridles. The two girls stopped to look at the display. Sandy and Slim approached.

"Didn't we see you girls over at the Garden?" Sandy asked.

The two girls looked at them, startled, and then, questioningly, at each other.

Inez tossed her head. "You got your nerve, ain't you!" she said. Although Sandy had asked the question, she spoke directly to Slim.

"Wouldn't give much for a man without nerve, would you?" Slim asked.

"Catch me givin' much for any man!" Inez countered.

They looked at each other, challenging, questioning.

Mabel spoke. To Sandy. "Did you get bad hurt?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," Sandy assured her. "Just the wind knocked out o' me."

"I was scared you were hurt," she said.

THERE was a pause. The two girls looked at each other; asked questions and answered them without speaking.

Inez turned to Slim, eyed him scornfully. "What do you wear them funny clothes for?" she asked.

"I got a mole on my elbow," Slim explained solemnly. "I'm scared folks'd notice it if I went naked."

"You're a wise-cracker, ain't you?"

"Polly want that kind?" Slim inquired.

"Maybe Polly does," Inez said. "My name ain't Polly."

"I bet it's a lot nicer name than Polly," Slim said. "Do I win my bet?"

"Don't you wish you knew!" she teased.

"They like to have us wear our workin' clothes on the street," Sandy explained apologetically, speaking to Mabel. "They figure it helps advertise."

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A Letter from a Girl who smokes

"Every woman realizes," writes Miss Marie Brehaut of Philadelphia, Pa., "that white teeth and a sweet breath are absolute essentials. When I started to smoke about a year ago, I noticed that my teeth began to look quite cloudy. I hated to forego the joy of smoking and decided to ask my dentist if he thought it would discolor them permanently.

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"I like 'em," Mabel declared. "I think them big hats look swell on you."

"Let's go somewhere," Slim suggested.

"Go ahead," Inez said tartly. "We ain't holdin' you back."

"How 'bout you?" Sandy asked Mabel. "Want to go some place for a while?"

"I think I better get home," she said. "I got to get up in the mornin'."

"I know a nice place where they get good beer," Slim said.

"Beer!" Inez exclaimed. "I can't go that stuff."

"They got anythin' else you want," Slim assured her.

"I like a little drink of good Scotch once in a while," Inez admitted.

"They got plenty o' that," Slim declared. "Come on. What d' you say?"

"I think I better get home," Mabel demurred.

"Aw, come on!" Slim urged. "You can always get in at home an' these other places close up sometimes."

"No use talkin' to her," Inez said. "She won't go any place."

"You go ahead if you want to, Inez," Mabel said. "I don't mind."

"Look pretty, wouldn't I!" Inez said. "Goin' up there with two o' these fellows all dressed up like a movin' picture!"

"Don't you want to come along just for a little while?" Sandy urged.

"I think I better get home," Mabel repeated.

"You make me sick," Inez snapped.

"I could take you home if you feel like you got to go," Sandy suggested.

"Aw no," Mabel said. "I live 'way over in Brooklyn."

"That's all right," Sandy said. "I got nothin' to do."

"Sure!" said Slim. "That's all right. You two run along an' we'll go up to Bob's an' get us a little drink."

"That suit you, Miss Particular?" Inez asked.

Mabel nodded. "I'd just as leave go alone," she said. "It's 'way over in Brooklyn."

"I got nothin' to do," Sandy repeated.

"Come on," Slim urged Inez.

"I'll be home pretty soon," Inez promised as she moved away with Slim.

Sandy and Mabel walked to Broadway and turned south. The theaters were out and the sidewalk was packed.

"Some crowd, ain't it?" Sandy said.

"Uh-huh," she agreed.

They made a half-block in silence.

"Sure is plenty electric signs," Sandy said.

"Uh-huh," Mabel repeated.

They reached the subway entrance at Forty-second Street. Mabel stopped.

"I can get home all right," she said.

"I'll come along," he said. "I don't mind."

They went into the subway and squeezed into a crowded car.

"They sure pack 'em in, don't they?" Sandy said.

Mabel nodded. More stations. At Brooklyn the crowd thinned.

"The next is ours," Mabel said.

"Yeah?" said Sandy. "We ain't been long."

They left the train and mounted the steps to the street. A neighborhood of medium-height apartments, small stores and theaters. Mabel stopped on the curb and looked at Sandy defiantly.

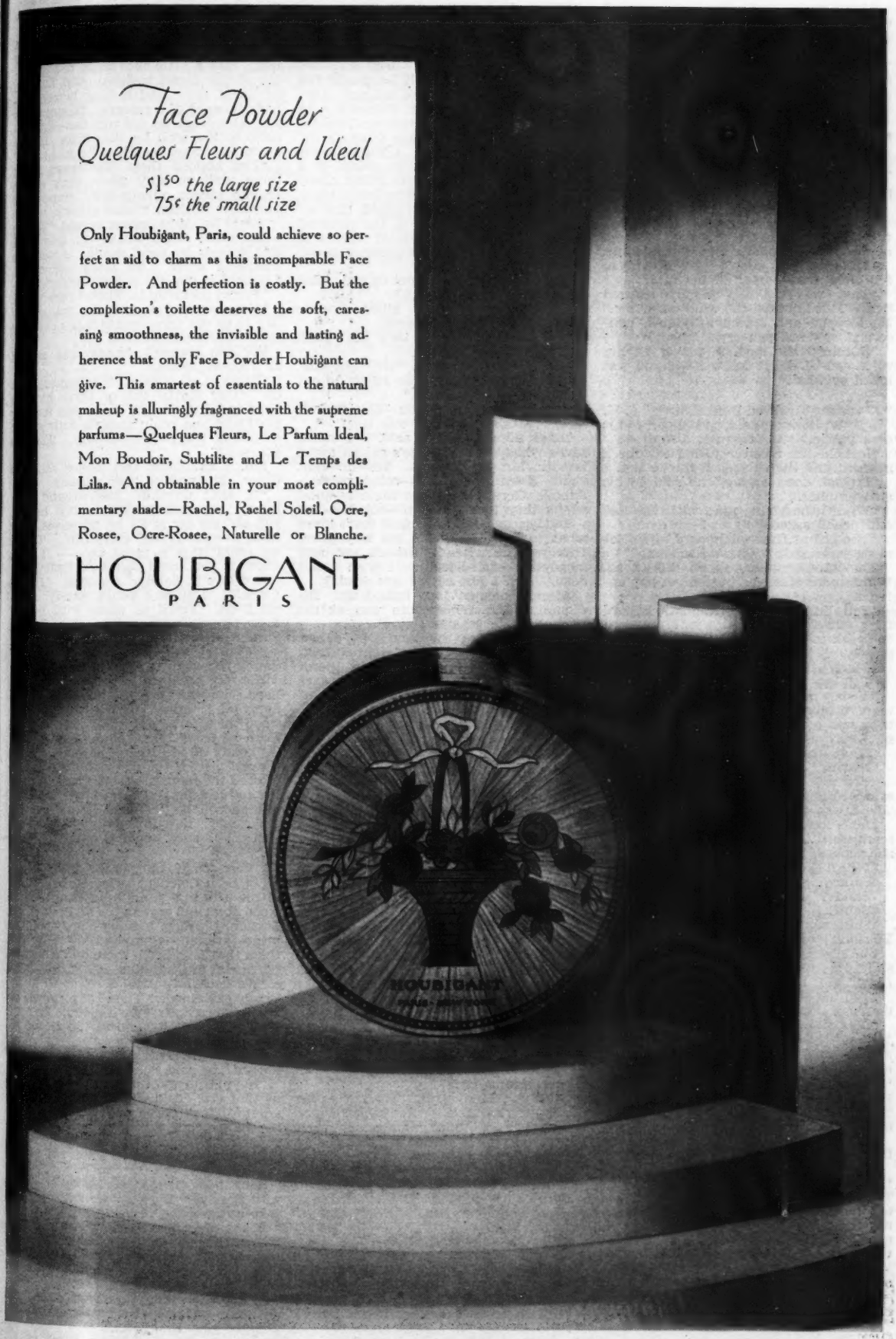
"It's only a block from here where I live. You needn't come any further."

"Can't we set an' talk for a minute?"

She shook her head. "Me an' Inez just got this one room," she said. "There ain't any place to bring anybody."

"Ain't you got a parlor or anythin'?"

"No," Mabel said. "Just the one room. We rent it from some people that's got a flat."



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HOUBIGANT
PARIS

"Ain't there any place open around there where we could go an' set for a minute?" Sandy persisted.

Again the look of defiance in her face. "You'll laugh at me but you might just as well know it anyhow," she said. "I don't drink anythin' an' I don't go an' set in speak-easies either."

"I don't see nothin' about that to laugh at," Sandy said. "Ain't there some place we can get a cup o' coffee an' a piece o' pie or somethin'?"

A pause. "The Athens up here about half a block," she said finally.

"Good!" said Sandy. "Let's try that."

The Athens was small. Marble-top tables. One waiter. Mabel ordered apple-pie and coffee. Sandy the same.

"I'm glad you wasn't hurt when you fell off o' that horse," Mabel said.

"That was nothin'," Sandy assured her. "Just knocked the wind out o' me." He stopped and stared at Mabel, concerned. "What you cryin' about?"

"Nothin'" she said, a quaver in her voice. "I—I didn't know if—if you was killed or what."

"GET me Mr. Fred Deffenbaugh," J. K. Whittemore said, speaking into his desk phone. "At Mason and Andrews'."

He held the receiver to his ear for a moment and then placed it in the slot.

"I think she's crying," he said to his stenographer.

"Who?" the young man with the pad and pencil asked.

"The girl at the switchboard," Whittemore explained. "What's her name?"

The stenographer shook his head. Whittemore pressed a button. A boy entered.

"Tell Eddie to take the switchboard for a minute," Whittemore said. "I want to speak to—what's her name? The operator."

"Clare," the boy said.

"Tell her to come in."

The boy nodded and went out. Whittemore dismissed his stenographer. The door was opened and Mabel Clare came in. Her eyes were red. Her lips quivered.

"What's the trouble?" Whittemore asked.

"Nothin'," she mumbled. "I'm all right."

"You've been crying," Whittemore said. "Suppose you tell me about it." There was sympathy in his voice.

Mabel looked away, fighting tears. The tears won. "I don't know what to do!" she sobbed. "They got him in jail."

"Who?" Whittemore asked.

"Sandy," she sobbed.

"Sandy?" Whittemore repeated.

"Sandy L-Lucas," she said.

Whittemore sat up. "Sandy Lucas! You don't mean the bronc' rider."

She nodded. "The one that was in the show up—up to the Garden. It's all my fault. Oh, I don't know what to do."

"Tell me about this," Whittemore commanded. "Give it to me straight."

"Inez started it," she said. "She—she took up this fellow Slim Coleman an'—an' I went with Sandy. She told Slim a lot o' stuff about me, how I was stuck up an' all because I wouldn't go out places an'—an' when Slim told Sandy what she said about me they—they had a fight. Oh! I wish I was dead!"

"They arrest Sandy for fighting with Slim?"

"No," Mabel said. "They fought in the room at the hotel where they lived. Then they wouldn't speak to each other any more an'—an' then me an' Inez had a fight 'cause she said Sandy was no good an'—an' she moved. I don't know what to do!"

"Just a minute!" Whittemore said soothingly. "What's Sandy in jail for?"

"Inez had a f-fight with Jimmie Gorante," Mabel said.

"Who's Jimmie Gorante?" Whittemore asked patiently.

"He's Inez' fellow," Mabel explained "He's a gangster. He's a dirty bootlegger an'—an' everything. Him an' Inez had a fight an' he said if he caught her out with anybody else he'd kill him. Inez went an' took this Slim Coleman with her down to that dance-place on Twenty-third Street where Jimmie Gorante an' all his crowd hang out. I guess maybe she thought they might be scared of a cowboy. They pretty near killed him!"

"Shoot him?" Whittemore asked sharply.

"N-no, sir. They just kicked him an' beat him, I guess. He's in the hospital. Do you know what Inez done? She went an' made up with Jimmie Gorante again! Ain't that the limit?"

"Pretty bad," Whittemore agreed. "But how did Sandy get in jail?"

"He—he pretty near killed Jimmie Gorante," Mabel whimpered.

"He was there when they beat Slim up?" Whittemore asked.

Mabel shook her head. "No," she said. "He went down there after he found out what they done to Slim."

A proud smile grew on Whittemore's face. "Attaboy! When was this?"

"Last night," Mabel said. "I never saw anybody so mad! He's got an awful temper, Mr. Whittemore. He—he went right down there an'—ooh-hoo-hoo—Jimmie Gorante's in the same hospital where they took Slim an'—ooh-hoo-hoo—Sandy's in j-jail an'—oh, I don't know what to do! He didn't win any prizes this year an' he—he hasn't got any money an'—ooh-hoo-hoo—I wish I was dead, I do. I just wish I was dead!"

After a moment she looked up. Indignant. Mr. Whittemore was at the phone and he was laughing!

"Cortlandt one thousand," he called, his voice shaky. "That's right. Hello. Mayor's office? Eddie Kerrigan there? J. K. Whittemore. Hello. Eddie? Jack Whittemore. Fine. Listen, Eddie——"

Whittemore's office. Mid-afternoon. Sandy Lucas, new-sprung from the law's grip by the power of the right friend's word relayed into the right friend's ear, sat stiff and solemn on the edge of a chair. He was dressed for the occasion. An ill-fitting blue sack suit and a pair of low tan shoes. He was not an impressive figure in that rig.

Mabel Clare sat beside him, solemn, white-faced. Whittemore leaned back in his chair, eying the pair thoughtfully.

"So you're going to get married!" he said.

Sandy nodded. "Soon's I can get started at somethin' an' lay a little money by," he said. He looked out the window. Sky-scrapers. A bit of the East River. A fragment of Brooklyn for a background. He set his jaw stubbornly. "I'll get started at somethin' around here."

"Where were you born, Sandy?" Whittemore asked.

"Nevada," Sandy said. "Up north o' Battle Mountain."

"Been riding long?"

"Always," Sandy said. "Workin' cattle mostly up till five years back. Since then me an' Slim Coleman's been monkeyin' around rodeos an' pictures."

"Like it here in New York?"

Sandy looked out the window again. "I can make out to stand it," he said.

Whittemore nodded. "It's standable if you do well," he said. "Ever work in Arizona, Sandy?"

"Some," Sandy said.

"Ever been in Payson?"

Sandy smiled. "Indeedy!" he said. "Up there north o' Globe. Sure!"

"Nice piece of country up in there?"

"It'll do till God makes a better piece," Sandy declared. "He ain't got around to doin' that yet."

"I bought a little hunting-place up in that country last summer," Whittemore said. "It's a little slice right in the middle of the forest reserve. Old Mormon friend of mine had it long before anybody thought of a reserve. He got pretty well along—up in his nineties—and decided to live with his daughter. He was beginning to get feeble, so he sold to me."

"I've noticed them old-timers up in there ain't so spry when they get up around ninety, ninety-five," Sandy said solemnly. "I think it's the drinkin' water."

"Might be," Whittemore agreed. "There's a six-room stone house on this place and corrals in good shape. About five thousand acres. No stock, of course. I bought it just for a hunting-lodge."

"Plenty game up in there," Sandy said.

"How would you and the young lady like to go out there and run the place for me?" Whittemore asked.

For the moment Sandy was as still as a stone statue.

"Stock it, of course," Whittemore went on. "Buy maybe two or three hundred head to begin on. I'd stake you for your start and you could gamble with me for a split of the profits—if any. What do you say?"

Sandy swallowed and looked at Mabel Clare. She nodded, eyes shining.

"It ain't anythin' like around here, honey," he said huskily. "It'd be just you an' me for it all by ourselves, away from everybody an' everythin'. 'Course we could have a radio an'—— I don't know if you could stand it, honey."

"I'd love it, Sandy," she said. "Honest I would! I know I would, Sandy. Honest I do! You'll be there with me an' I don't care about anythin' else. I don't, Sandy! Honest I don't."

"'Course we could have a radio," Sandy repeated. "We could——"

His face began to work. He swallowed hard, shut his jaws tight, got up suddenly and walked to the window. He stood there for a full minute looking out. Then he faced Whittemore.

"You've nired a hand," he said. "That's a sweet piece o' country up in there." He crossed the room to Mabel Clare and took her in his arms. "I don't know if I could o' made out to stand it around here or not, honey," he said shakily. "I'd o' tried, though. I sure would o' tried!"

"HOW 'bouts do you go from here?" Slim Coleman asked.

One arm in a sling, head bandaged, he stood at a train gate in the La Salle Street Station, Chicago, bidding Sandy and his bride farewell. Slim had traveled with them that far. From there on his way led northwest to Cheyenne.

"We hook on to the S. P. at El Paso," Sandy explained. "Then out to Bowie an' change for Globe. We'll pick us up some kind of a second-hand car in Globe an' drive from there." He looked nervously at the clock. "Think we better be gettin' aboard," he said.

"Hey, Sandy," Slim whispered. "Look at that one down there by the board in front o' Track Three. See her? Just tellin' the old lady good-by."

"She's a blonde," Sandy warned him. "I'm tellin' you, Slim! They get you in trouble."

Slim shook hands with Mabel and then with Sandy. "'By, kid," he said. "Don't take any wooden nickels."

His bride on his arm, Sandy passed through the gate and started towards the train. At a shrill yip from behind he turned and looked back. Slim was pressed against the iron palings, grinning.

"They don't marry you so often," he shouted. "That's why I like 'em."

An Amiable Young Lady *by Michael Arlen* (*Continued from page 65*)

affected his fresh appearance, certainly. But in ravaging his complexion it had added a gentle melancholy to his air.

He looked at me moodily. "Guy, I shan't be responsible for my actions if you offer me a drink."

"All the same, I think you ought to have one. You shouldn't cut off alcohol too sharply, Johnnie."

"Oh, the devil! Have you seen Harriet today?"

"I lunched at the house."

"I hear that Italian is arriving day after tomorrow. I'll bet she marries him."

"What makes you think that?"

"Sure I think it. Harriet's a snob."

"Sticking to you, she has refused some of the oldest titles in Europe."

"And why not? Aren't I always trying to go on the wagon for her? She and I," Johnnie went on, while I ordered a Martini from the Russian colonel who came to serve me, "have each one big fault. See? For her sake I try to mend mine, and for my sake she tries to mend hers. We've been trying for years now, but this evening I've got a hunch that things can't go on much longer as they are.

"It's no good, you see," Johnnie said moodily. "I can't really give up drink, and she can't really repress that side of her that wants a grand life. She will fall for a duke in the end, see if she doesn't. It will make her miserable, but she will. That sort of life is in her blood, as drink's in mine."

Now I had never thought of Harriet as a snob. I believed Johnnie, though. Particularly as I had always heard her ridiculing titles.

"So you think she will marry Pepi?" I said thoughtfully.

"Sure. Is he a good fellow?"

"Yes, the best."

Johnnie grinned that very attractive grin of his. "Then I'm sorry for him."

At that moment Pepi, escorted by the Russian colonel, came towards us.

"Pepi! You aren't expected for a day or two!"

Short and slim, dark and melancholy, Pepi was considered to be the best-looking man in Spain. Being, after the Duke of Alba—and, of course, Berwick—the richest, his good looks inspired awe. He was renowned for his chivalry towards elderly Englishwomen. Also he wore short side-whiskers and had a capacity for dark silences. Crowds of women were exasperated into loving him.

Somberly nodding to Johnnie, who nodded back, Pepi said to me in French:

"Yes, I was to stay at San Sebastián for a day or two, but I came straight on."

Johnnie was staring at him moodily. But a moment before he had been very good-looking. Now, beside Pepi, his Nordic face wore an *air de commerce*. It is an unjust world.

"It's rude to talk in French," he said, "when you know I can't understand it."

"I apologize," said Pepi, with the absent-minded hauteur that baffles retort and can only be answered by a punch in the eye. Johnnie clenched his fists and ate a potato-chip.

"What are you doing this evening?" Pepi asked me in English.

I told him I was dining with Mrs. Poe.

"Good; we can go together," said Pepi.

"Being only a bum and not a duke," Johnnie murmured as though to himself, "I haven't been asked. But I hope you have a delicious evening."

Pepi gave me a European look—as distinguished from a Siamese look, for I believe that Siam is the only country in the world to which America has not lent money—and his somber black eyes said: "How awful these Americans can be!"

As we left, I heard Johnnie ask the Russian colonel to bring him a dry Martini.

Pepi called for me at nine in his new Bentley. Bareheaded at the steering-wheel, he listened absently to my admiration of the new car. We drove on towards Mrs. Poe's house.

Pepi, masked behind his profile, said: "Guy, you are my best friend. I have come here to ask Harriet—finally. What do you think? I am so uncertain, Guy. Does she really like me, or is she just—playing?"

For so good-looking a fellow, Pepi was always the most modest creature in the world. Very beautiful women were continually making themselves tiresome all over Europe in pursuit of his melancholy affections, but he never could bring himself to believe that any woman loved him. Therefore he was always skeptical of their declarations.

Naturally this infuriated them and, loving him more frantically than ever, they made his life a burden to him. He was a martyr to his profile, like any popular film star.

With Harriet, however, the first woman he ever had longed to marry, his soul yearned for the certainty that she loved him. It was embarrassing to tell him the truth: that she was incapable of sustaining a deep passion.

"Tell me," said Pepi. "You are my friend."

"What can I tell you that you do not already know, Pepi? She likes you—that is understood. I think she will marry you. But the point is—does she like Johnnie Cramb more or less than you?"

"That is nothing," said Pepi gravely. "Johnnie Cramb is no more than an incident in a young girl's life—the development of a schoolgirl flirtation."

"Oh," I said. "Are you sure, Pepi?"

"Of course. I have it not only from my own observation but also from someone in whose words I have the greatest confidence. No, Harriet could not marry the fellow—has never even seriously thought of it."

"Is that the result of your own observation too, Pepi?"

"Harriet told me so herself," he said simply.

Well, that was that. The barefaced impudence of the girl!

"Harriet," Pepi went on, "is a girl who, beneath all her extravagances, has a profound sense of the fitness of things."

That, I reflected, was Pepi's way of saying what Johnnie had said, that Harriet was a confounded snob.

"All I can say is that I hope you are right, Pepi. But I can't help thinking that her feeling for Johnnie Cramb will cause you some trouble."

"You mean that though she may not marry the fellow she may be sorry enough for him not to marry anyone else for some time?"

"Yes," I said, surprised by his psychological intelligence, unusual in Spaniards of his class, who, content to remain *catholiques et gentilhommes*, have never read Marcel Proust, André Gide, or Ronald Firbank.

"You are wrong about her feeling for Cramb, Guy. Loving Harriet, I feel I understand something of her character. It is a noble one."

"She is hospitable, certainly," I said bitterly.

Pepi glanced at me sharply.

"I mean," I explained hurriedly, "she is easily given to being sorry for people."

"What can be more beautiful in a young girl with the world at her feet? Thus her feeling for Cramb is no more than an exaggerated sympathy for a man who has failed in life. She cannot resist pitying failures."

"A lofty character," I murmured sulkily.

"But liable to be misunderstood," said Pepi moodily. "It is in that connection I wish to speak to you, Guy."

"Oh, without a doubt," I said, "Johnnie Cramb has 'misunderstood' her."

"Cramb is nothing, I repeat. But there is a Russian."

Oh, Harriet! You must deceive even me, your old friend! And for a Russian! Which Russian? Biarritz, Paris, France, were swarming with Russians singing the song of the Volga boatmen, getting drunk, or marrying rich Americans.

"A man called Peter Bukonin," said Pepi. "An artist or something. Do you know him?"

We were now in the twisting drive of Les Hirondelles, Mrs. Poe's house. I tried to recall the name, Peter Bukonin, but without success.

"Are you sure, Pepi? Only today she was talking to me about Johnnie."

"Who knows the mind of a woman?" said Pepi somberly. "A Chilean friend of mine who lives in Montparnasse wrote to me to say that when Harriet was last in Paris three weeks ago she was said to be continually with this Peter Bukonin."

Angry with Harriet, I refused to take this Peter Bukonin seriously. "It can mean nothing, Pepi. And remember, it was three weeks ago. No doubt she was just amusing herself."

"Let us hope so. Harriet, however, is at the mercy of her noble impulses. This Bukonin, I believe, lives the life of an outcast."

"He would!" I said bitterly.

"I do not understand you, Guy."

"It's a well-known Russian way of attracting women," I said angrily as I followed Pepi into the house.

We had a charming evening.

I should not, of course, have said a word to Harriet about that fellow Bukonin, whoever he was. But I was annoyed with her. She should know that there was one man, anyhow, who was up to her tricks. She should know that I disapproved of her strongly.

Her reception of poor Pepi confirmed me in my attitude. Typically herself, she met Pepi with rapture. She greeted Pepi exactly as, a few days before, she had greeted me. Thus before the poor wretch had been with Harriet five minutes she had convinced him that his doubts about her love for him were foolish.

She did not do this wickedly. She had a terrifying disregard of her own inconsistencies. For instance, far from quailing before my eyes—for had she not but a few hours before confided in me her feeling for poor Johnnie Cramb?—she whispered to me as we went in to dinner:

"It's *divine* to see Pepi again! He really *is* the nicest man in the world."

"Do you love him, Harriet?"

"But I love him to *death!*"

And she glanced at Pepi with enchanting—hospitality. A dangerous woman.

In the meanwhile, Pepi's lean beautiful face was radiant with happiness. Devoured by jealousy, I could not look at him. Mrs. Poe, on the other hand, could not look at anyone else. She regarded him with pride and affection. Seeing herself as the mother-in-law of a grandee of Spain, and confusing a grandee with royalty, she addressed him continually as "sir."

This gave great pleasure to the other guests. There wasn't a doubt in the minds of the seven Americans present but that Harriet's engagement to the Duke of Montellayona would be announced in a day or two.

Pepi, enchanted by happiness into forgetting that Spaniards are Anglophile and therefore anti-American, gushed over them. He told them how grateful Spain was for all that Americans were doing for her. "They have made our telephone efficient!" he said vividly.

Thus the dinner went orn and orn and orn.

ENVENOMED by the duplicity of women, I made my *gaffe* after dinner. Harriet, seeing me approach her with a serious expression, welcomed me with the vivid eagerness with which an American girl will greet waffles and maple-sirup in a Florentine restaurant.

"What is it, Guy? Why are you so serious? What is it, darling?"

Thus, with her beautiful gray eyes embracing me, she sought to enslave me. But the word "darling" was revolting to me. I rejected base coinage.

"Harriet," I said, "what is this I hear about a Russian, one Peter Bukonin?"

I expected she would "do" a typical Harriet—laugh it off and assure me that it was all nonsense. But what happened was extraordinary. Another Harriet—old, wise and sad—looked out at me from the eyes of the Harriet I knew.

"Who told you about him?" she asked.

Time seemed to stand still while her gray eyes looked into mine with the calm indifference of wisdom. Staring helplessly at an uneasy reflection of myself in her black pupils, I longed for the well-organized talent for vanishing completely as exhibited by the Portuguese Army in time of war.

"I just happened to hear," I said.

"From Pepi?"

Lying with conviction, I felt myself to have lied in vain. This irritated me.

I said: "Anyhow, why this gravity?"

"Because," she said quietly, "he is the only man I have ever loved."

It struck me she was being theatrical. This annoyed me. I said: "Who—Pepi?"

"Peter Bukonin," she said quietly. "And he can't stand the sight of me."

Did she expect me to believe her? She was carrying duplicity too far. This infuriated me.

I said: "Don't be fantastic, Harriet. Such indifference is a well-known Russian trick——"

"That's enough!" said Harriet, trembling with anger. "I'm sick to death of the way you men go about abusing each other. Lot of cats. At least Peter, who has failed at everything else, is your superior there. He's entirely indifferent to everyone. As for Pepi following me about and spying on me——"

Stunned by this outburst, I could say nothing. She strode across the room towards the windows leading to the terrace and went out.

Making a detour round able-bodied Americans with anecdotes to tell, I followed and found her with Pepi. She had him in a far corner, slouching over him. I could not see her face.

Pepi's, over her shoulder, framed in the darkness of the overhanging trees, was the face of a man being crucified. What was she saying to him? I rushed up to them.

Pepi said: "Guy, what is this?" His voice was scarcely audible, crushed by pain.

Harriet, without glancing at me, laughed. Her eyes, shining in the darkness, ridiculed Pepi. "So now you know," she said. "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world."

"Harriet!" I said, unable to look at Pepi's agonized face. Good Lord, have women no pity!

Pepi said: "I do not understand. What have I done?"

"Mangy little spy!" Harriet laughed.

Pepi's face seemed to die. He looked like a dead man. My pity for him overcame my fear of Harriet's anger, and I grabbed at her wrist furiously.

"Harriet, mind what you say."

She looked at me then. An unutterable sadness held our eyes joined. Never had I thought Harriet could look so tormented, so piteous, so betrayed.

"Between you," she said, "you're just driving me into making a mess of my life—aren't you?"

"We!" I exclaimed. "How can you say that, Harriet?"

"Yes, you are," she said. She looked at Pepi again. His features, sculptured by silence to a godlike beauty, seemed to provoke her cruelty.

"Anyhow, I've got Johnnie," she said. "He doesn't have people follow me about spying on me. To think I ever compared you with Johnnie!"

At that moment a cucumber, notable for its length, grew out of the darkness beyond the terrace and struck Harriet sharply twice.

In the uncertain light Johnnie's face glared at us over the parapet. His eyes fixed themselves with contempt on Harriet. Paralyzed into silence, we could only stare at him.

Harriet gasped: "Yes—but why a cucumber?"

Pepi, always chivalrous, but unaccustomed to seeing women struck by vegetables, did no more than interpose his body between Harriet and the intruder. Johnnie, slipping his arm over Pepi's shoulder, brandished the cucumber in Harriet's face.

"You've got Johnnie, have you!" he said bitterly. "What you mean is, you've made a sucker out of Johnnie for years and years."

"Silence!" said Pepi, but without conviction.

Johnnie glared at him, flourishing the cucumber. "Yes, sir!" he said bitterly. "I may be stewed, but I know what I'm saying. She's got no heart. Don't I know it!" He threatened Harriet with the cucumber. "I'm through with you. I've been listening to you talking to Pepi here. What d'you mean by bawling out a decent fellow like that?"

Harriet whispered: "Johnnie, what are you doing here? If Mother sees you——"

Johnnie flourished his cucumber. There were tears in his eyes. "I'm through with you, baby," he said hoarsely, "and I don't give a hoot for your mother." Weeping, he looked at Pepi. "You've had a good let-out, Pepi, I'll say you have. Come and have a drink."

Harriet began shaking with laughter. Johnnie, with a gesture of despair, threw the cucumber to the terrace.

"She's got no heart," he said hopelessly. "Look at her—laughing! Come on, Pepi."

His head vanished into the darkness. By the noises that reached us, he appeared to be uprooting trees in his passage.

"He's so cock-eyed," Harriet whispered, helpless with laughter, "that he'll never find his way out. Help him, Guy."

Pepi bowed stiffly. "Permit me," he said. "I shall not return. Please make my excuses to your mother." He bowed again and leaped over the parapet into the darkness. Then we heard Johnnie hailing him. "Yes, I am coming," Pepi called softly.

A warm sense of brotherliness came back to me from the darkness. Wanting to be with them, yet sorry for Harriet, I looked at her. She met my eyes with a strange smile.

"Better join them, Guy. You'll prefer to be with them."

"Do you hate being found out, Harriet?"

"Yes," she said, smiling. In the depths of her beautiful eyes I saw the dark shapes of thoughts she could not share with me. She was alone now. Having made a mess of her friendships, she was alone. "I'm going to bed," she said, smiling. "Good-by, Guy."

I held her hand, trying to communicate my sympathy. I wanted to hold her in my arms, to protect her against men's broken loyalties. In short, her solitude aroused my lowest appetites. But, smiling at me strangely, with unknowable thoughts darkening her eyes, she was a million miles away.

"Good-by, Harriet? You mean good night."

"Yes, of course. Pepi and Johnnie will hate me always now, won't they?"

"Don't disturb yourself," I said, knowing that men do not hate women who have hurt them.

The shadow of the future darkened her face, and she looked tired and wise.

"Good-by, dear—I mean good night," she said hurriedly. "They're playing bridge inside, so don't worry about seeing Mother. I'll explain."

Looking back as I walked through the garden, I saw her bend down for an instant. Then the cucumber, falling at my feet, broke into two parts.

How fond writers are of being symbolic! But what did the cucumber symbolize? Nothing. All I could think was—why a cucumber? It was unanswerable.

Alarmed by the meaninglessness of life, I provoked in myself a thirst for champagne and hurried after Pepi and Johnnie.

THE total disappearance of Harriet on the following day flung us into a state of confusion from which Mrs. Poe, with a decision worthy of Genghis Khan, was the first to emerge. Harriet, so I heard on the telephone, had disappeared before the house was awake. She had left a note behind her. "I may not come back. I don't know. I'm sick of the life I've been living. Say good-by to everyone."

Pepi and I, summoned to a conference, went to Les Hirondelles at midday. Pepi was in a helpless condition of gloomy resignation at his own wickedness. We had been cruel to her, he said again and again. Convinced that she did not love him, he reproached himself for intruding on her private concerns.

On the other hand, he was impelled by love into wishing to save her from an unscrupulous adventurer. He reminded me of what she had said, that between us we were driving her into making a mess of her life.

"What she meant," Pepi said, "was that we were driving her to Peter Bukonin. She must be saved."

Mrs. Poe, unaware of the existence of the confounded Russian, was convinced that Harriet had gone to Paris.

"The silly girl!" she said. "She must have taken the seven-o'clock train."

"It is awful," Pepi murmured.

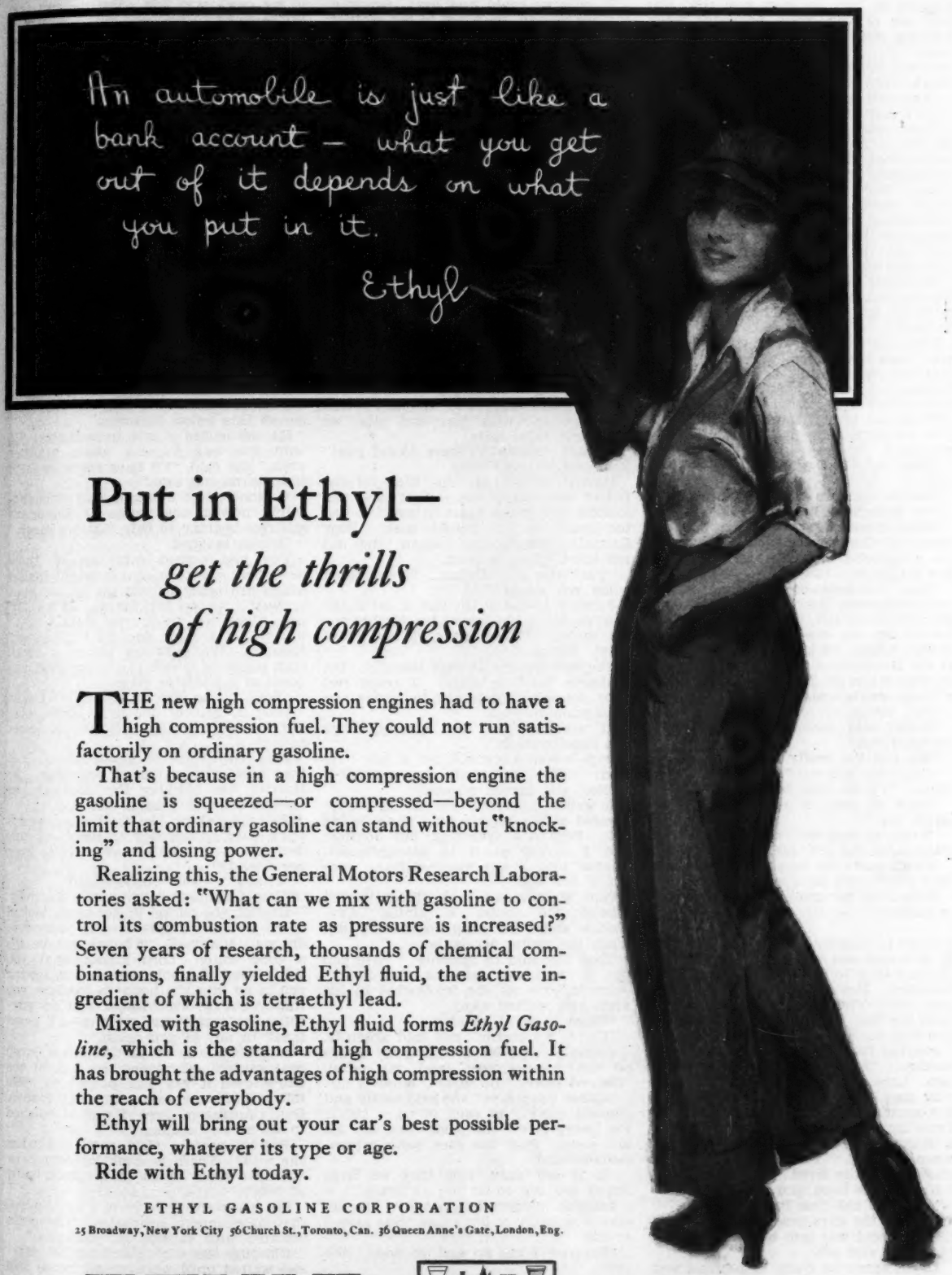
Mrs. Poe looked at him with surprising playfulness, considering that she had only one daughter and she had vanished.

"A lovers' quarrel?" she suggested.

Pepi looked at me bitterly.

"They had a slight argument last night," I explained.

Mrs. Poe beamed on Pepi. He did not like it. Convinced that Harriet had dismissed him forever, he felt he was being beamed at under false pretenses.



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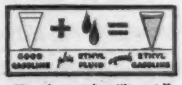

Knocks out that "knock"

©E. G. C. 1929

glanced at him, to show him that this was one of the many occasions when nothing could be gained by telling the truth.

"I was unkind to her," Pepi said stiffly. "I am very sorry."

"The silly girl!" said Mrs. Poe. "She is so sensitive. Isn't she, Guy?"

Pepi looked at me bitterly, punishing me for my indiscretion in having mentioned that confounded Russian's name to Harriet.

Mrs. Poe was thoroughly enjoying Pepi's wretchedness as a proof of his attachment to the sensitive Harriet. I fancy she thought Harriet was a bright girl, quite a chip of the old block, to have set him worrying about her.

Therefore she said: "You must not worry about her. She has many friends in Paris, and in a day or two she will be back."

Pepi looked at me guiltily, and in his eyes I saw the shadow of Peter Bukonin. Had we the right to keep her mother in ignorance of his existence? Kicking Pepi's ankle, I suggested that we had.

"Guy and I shall follow her," he said.

"I couldn't allow it," said Mrs. Poe, overjoyed.

"Yes," said Pepi stiffly. "It is our duty to——"

Was he going to say "to save her"?

"To apologize," I said.

"Quite unnecessary," said Mrs. Poe, delighted at the turn of events which had set a grandee of Spain running after her daughter.

Thus, unaware of the existence of Peter Bukonin, she tortured poor Pepi. We left her at last, determined to follow Harriet by the evening train. Johnnie Cramb, whom we had arranged to meet at the Bar Basque for luncheon, assured us that we must follow her. Pepi laid a hand on Johnnie's wrist.

"You will come, too," he said.

"Sure," said Johnnie. "If you think it's all right."

"It's you she really loves, Johnnie."

"Don't kid yourself." Johnnie tried to smile. "I'll be your best man yet."

"Each of you," I said bitterly, "deserves her."

"When we find her," said Pepi, "I shall stand aside for Johnnie."

"Don't make me laugh," said Johnnie. "She won't even see I'm there."

Exhausted by unselfishness, we drank in silence.

INURED to stumbling over American girls wherever one went in Paris, it took us some time to realize that Harriet had vanished. Not one of her friends had seen her. There was no trace of her from the Rue Vavin to the Place Pigalle. She had vanished.

Praying for guidance, we wired to her mother: "All's well. Back in a day or two. Love. Pepi Guy."

It goes without saying that, fearing the worst, we sought the man known as Peter Bukonin. Naturally, since he was a Russian, he was impossible to find when wanted. No one appeared to know where he lived. Doubtless, being a Russian, he lived in a stupor.

We could not find Peter Bukonin.

Pepi, as the days passed, ceased speaking. His soul was torn between jealousy, bitterness and pity.

In his agony he clung to Johnnie who, his Nordic temperament enraged by mystery, ceaselessly consumed dry Martinis. We did not mention the name Bukonin. We felt that Harriet had wrecked her life. But loving her, we were determined that no one must ever know that. The Bukonin incident would be closed the moment we had found her. We vowed ourselves to secrecy.

If only we could find her! Restraining our despair, we wired to her mother: "All's well. Paris dull. Love. Pepi Guy."

It was Harriet who, impelled by the ironic humor of Providence, as are we all, found us. She was unembarrassed.

Tired out with combing Montparnasse in search of Peter Bukonin, we were sitting outside the Rotonde when she alighted from a taxi. We leaped to our feet. Observing us, she smiled absently, and saying, "Back in a moment," passed into the café.

STUNNED at first by the change in Harriet—for she had not even pretended she was glad to see us—we stared at one another. Then Johnnie and I followed her in. We saw her in earnest conversation with a waiter. Then she wrote out a telegram and gave it to him. In silence we went back to our table.

Harriet was not looking her best. Dressed carelessly, she gave one the impression of being resigned to unpleasant duties.

What had happened to her? Our hearts wrung with fear and pity, we could not talk easily.

"Thank heaven we have found you!" Pepi said at last.

Harriet looked at him thoughtfully. I had the queer fancy that she was looking into Pepi's heart to see if it was the heart of an honest man. Poor Harriet! Mistrusting herself, she did not know whom to trust.

"Yes," she said at last. "I wondered when you would."

Johnnie looked at the tips of his shoes. Pepi passed a hand over his forehead.

I said: "You've given us an awful scare, Harriet."

She was looking at Pepi intently. He, confused, tried to smile. I could feel poor Johnnie trying not to notice her absorption in Pepi.

"I wonder," she said quietly, "that you cared enough."

Pepi looked anywhere but at her. He said: "One can't just stop caring."

"No," she agreed seriously.

A waiter, hurrying, put an ice-bucket covered with a napkin on a chair beside her. Pepi was dreaming, but Johnnie and I looked at it in astonishment. Harriet took a one-hundred-franc note out of her bag.

Pepi, starting up, said, "Please!" and offered the waiter a similar note. Harriet shook her head impatiently and made the waiter accept hers.

Then she said to Johnnie: "Will you put it into my taxi—on the floor?" Johnnie took up the ice-bucket in his arms and walked away.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Coffee ice-cream," she said absently.

Johnnie came back, wiping his hands on his handkerchief, and sat down. "Darned heavy," he said. "What is it?"

"Coffee ice-cream," she said coldly and glanced quickly at each of us. "Well, I'm going now," she said. But she did not move. Pepi, his face quite expressionless, said:

"It is our duty, now that we have found you, not to let you go again."

Johnnie nodded thoughtfully. Harriet stirred uneasily in her chair. She looked at me.

"Suppose I get up and go now?" she said.

I said nothing. Pepi lighted a cigaret and said:

"We must come with you."

Harriet was staring at him as though he and she were alone on a mountain.

"And then?"

Johnnie said: "You see, Harriet, we've got to know exactly how you are botching up your life. If you insist on doing it, we can't stop you. But we can try. We're going to try."

Pepi said: "It is our duty. We are your friends."

Harriet spoke with a forced casualness. "I don't in the least mind," she said, "your coming with me. It's only that I don't want to hurt anyone."

Glancing at Pepi, I murmured: "It's a little late to bother about that."

She stretched an arm across the small table and put a hand over Pepi's. "Pepi," she said, "you stay here. Let Guy and Johnnie come with me. They're harder than you."

Pepi, almost inaudibly, said: "I shall come too."

Exasperated, she jumped up. "I couldn't care less," she said, "whether you come or go."

We crowded into the taxi after her, managing not to stumble over the bucket on the floor. Harriet gave an address in the wilds beyond Montparnasse. We bumped along in silence.

Then Johnnie said: "I don't guarantee anything, Harriet. I may or may not smash this fellow Bukonin."

Harriet looked at him impatiently. "If only you had let me alone another week," she said, "I'd have come back to Biarritz on my own."

"I don't see," Johnnie said thoughtfully, "how a week more as Bukonin's mistress is going to help matters much."

Harriet laughed.

The taxi turned into one of those newly laid streets of square bright houses which are being bought up by the most successful writers and artists. It was the last place in which we should have thought of looking for an impecunious Russian. We drew up before a small pink house, of which the upper half was made of a sheet of glass.

"Well, I'd no idea he was rich," I said.

Harriet, getting out first, threw over her shoulder: "He's a Bolshevik secret agent."

Pepi, *catholique et gentilhomme*, met that blow with a stir of repulsion. As Harriet was blocking the doorway, we remained huddled up in the taxi.

Johnnie, taking the ice-bucket in his arms, said: "I'm sick to death of this darned bucket. Shall I take it in to your boy friend?"

"That's my job," Harriet said.

"This is madness!" Pepi exploded angrily.

Harriet, the bucket in her arms, looked coldly at us. "You're forcing yourselves on me," she said. "Though maybe it's a good thing. Lord knows what you think—and the only reason I'm letting you come into the house is to show you that you're wrong. But if you do anything that upsets me—or him—I'll never speak to any of you again."

Striding ahead of us through a small neat garden, she opened the door of the house with a key and passed in. We followed, feeling extraordinarily foolish. But, glancing at Pepi, I was astonished to see he was smiling.

He whispered: "Did you hear what she said? There is some mystery here. We have been unjust in thinking badly of her."

She was waiting for us in a narrow hall that gave one a headache. The place vibrated with sadistic *art nouveau*.

Clasping the confounded bucket, Harriet waited until we were all inside and Johnnie had softly closed the door behind us. Then she indicated a stairway.

"I'm going up to the studio," she whispered. "You'll stay here—please. You can hear every word from here."

Before we could protest she was gone, running up the stairs, disappearing from sight. Idiotic and mystified, we moved to the foot of the stairway.

A voice above, speaking good English, said: "You have been a long time."

It was a pleasant cultured voice, quite unsuitable for a Bolshevik.

"Anyway, I've got it," Harriet said cheerfully. "I went to the Rotonde. How will you have it?"

"In a glass, I suggest—a wine-glass."

"There's tons of it."

"Good! Several wine-glasses."

"Look, I'll put the bucket here beside you, and a glass—then you can help yourself."

"Ah, this is bad news. You are going away?"

"Yes, Peter. Time's up."

"But I thought the penance was to last another week."

"Darling, don't jeer at me."

"I'm not jeering, child. I am very grateful to you. What has made you change your mind?"

"Well, in a way I've stopped changing it—I've made up my mind."

"Love! How obsessed you children are with love!"

"All very well for you to talk, Peter, but it's an important question for me."

"Forgive me. I was being jealous."

Harriet laughed.

"So, Harriet, you have at last made up your mind. Who is it—Pepi or Johnnie?"

"I'll write and tell you, Peter."

"Remember, child, you should not leave Guy out of your calculations. From what you have told me, I am positive he loves you too."

"Oh, don't bother about Guy. I afflict him, so he says, with a profound physical curiosity—just that and no more."

"Life is strange, isn't it, Harriet? Today you are going away, your mind quite made up, eager to meet life again. And only a week ago you burst in here in a hysterical state, ready to do yourself a mischief."

"Darling, you've been so good to me."

"Oh, we are all selfish really. I wanted you to like me, you understand. Your love was unreal, but I wanted your affection."

"For all my life, Peter, it's yours."

"Good, good! I am a proud man. That is much better than the 'love' you offered me at first."

"It's not very nice of you to say that. I did love you so!"

"It was so easy to 'love' me, Harriet. It is so very easy for a girl like you to think herself in love with a man who is blind. There is something romantic about——"

"About a beautiful blind man? Yes, dear, there is."

"So I am beautiful! Good, good! Thus I am compensated for my eyesight, which never showed me anything but what a failure I was. Before you go, I must tell you something and ask your pardon. I wanted to repel you, so I told you I made my living as a Bolshevik secret agent, but the truth is that I was blinded by a shell while I was fighting the Bolsheviki. Luckily I had some family jewelry here in Paris, and that is how I have money."

"I never believed you were a Bolshevik, anyway."

"Good! I shall miss the nice things you say to me, Harriet."

"Now listen, darling. I'm so worried. You sent your servants away for two weeks because you didn't want me to be compromised——"

"No, Harriet. I sent them away at your insistence, because you said you wanted to do menial work as a penance for a life of lies and hypocrisy. And, so far as I can judge, you have been an admirable and painstaking servant, and your sins are forgiven you."

"Oh, I do hope so!"

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THE time-honored answer went into the discard with the one-piece bathing suit, praise be to Allah for its maker.

But now arises another equally pertinent question:—"Mothah, may I go out to fly". The fact that Mother is consulted on any question indicates that perhaps the heights of flying are not properly plumbed by either Mother or daughter.

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"And now you can go in peace, Harriet. God bless you."

"But I am worried about the servant question, Peter. You aren't at all one of those efficient blind men whom one reads about in books as being able to do anything for themselves. And that was why I was such a long time getting the ice-cream. I've wired to your servants to come back, but they can't be here before morning, and in the meanwhile I've engaged two men to look after you till they get back. Good-by, darling. Good-by and thank you, darling Peter."

Before we could rouse ourselves from our stupor and flee the house, we heard her descending. Johnnie pushed Pepi toward the stairs, whispering fiercely: "Go take her, Pepi—but take her quick, before I lose my head."

Pepi, resisting, said angrily: "Leave me, Johnnie. It's you whom she loves."

She swept in among us, struggling in the narrow passage. Breathless, we disentangled ourselves. Smiling into Pepi's eyes, she took his hand, and saying, "Oh, Pepi!" swept him out of the house.

Johnnie said: "Oh, the devil! I asked him to take her quick, but not as quick as that."

We heard the taxi start up. From above our heads there came a startling crash. We made a rush to take up our duties.

"Gentlemen," came the pleasant cultured voice of Peter Bukonin, "this is no time for ice-cream. You will find a bottle of champagne in the cellar. Let us drink to Pepi or Johnnie——"

"Pepi," snapped Johnnie.

"In that case," came the voice of Peter Bukonin, "two bottles."

Man Who Tells the Flier: "Go!"

(*Cont. from p. 79*

an altitude at which conditions are favorable. For instance, almost always if a high enough altitude is attained, the wind is westerly in our latitude, whatever its direction on the ground.

As I write this Captain Hawkes has just hung up a new transcontinental record, flying from Los Angeles to New York in eighteen hours and twenty-one minutes. Only a few months ago Art Goebel made the same non-stop flight in nineteen hours—impressive evidence that staying aloft for eighteen hours or more, and covering three thousand miles at a stretch, will soon be an every-day occurrence in American aviation.

From the weather standpoint, the Hawkes flight is something of an epic. The newspaper account before me records that "Hawkes proceeded to demonstrate that his plane was faster than the winds, his motors more powerful than the storms." Just that he actually did. Except for the westernmost part of the journey, he had storm and clouds and adverse wind all the way.

In one gigantic leap he flew at great height above the clouds, a full thousand miles across a sea of storm that lay over Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. It was a stirring example of what pilot, plane and engine, of stout heart and sturdy make, together can accomplish.

In his book, "Skyward," Commander Byrd says: "I now think that the America [his transatlantic Fokker monoplane] could conquer almost any storms that might be met in crossing the Atlantic. The only ocean condition that need be serious for the planes of the future is the hurricane, which might exhaust the fuel supply."

He spoke of the planes of today. Large, they are, many of them weighing tons. What the size and weight and strength of the aircraft of tomorrow will be is guesswork.

Most experienced pilots agree with him. And Byrd, remember, is speaking after a heart-breaking Atlantic crossing.

Before he flew, the Weather Bureau gave him the best information it could. He required a westerly wind to push him toward his goal and thus augment his fuel supply. Even with the sketchy data available he got what was promised him—though there were unexpected conditions thrown in, as later happened in Chamberlin's great flight to Germany, and with our own Friendship flight.

The time is at hand when meteorological experts will be able to hand a pilot a weather-map of the Atlantic upon which the locations of barometric highs and lows will be plotted exactly, both for the moment and for, say, twelve hours thence.

Fog, more than storm, unless it be sleet, probably offers aviation's present greatest difficulty. To make a landing, one has to see where to land. Avigation—that is, keeping the course—through fog or cloud, where observations cannot be taken, is becoming practical for experienced fliers who are instrument pilots.

Radio direction-finders are the immediate solution. A radio compass, cooperating with radio beams sent out by shore stations, enables the pilot to keep exactly on a given course. Before long the problems of fog over land—the difficulties of getting down under blind conditions—will be overcome. After all, the air itself is safe enough. There is no trouble so long as one can stay aloft!

And now "Make the ground safe for aviation" is an appropriate slogan recently launched by the National Exchange Clubs, an organization interesting itself in aeronautical advancement.

While much is being done on every hand to overcome aviation's ground problems, in the air, as I have said, one of the chief fields of research is meteorological. Many times a day telephones ring in the Weather Bureaus throughout the country.

"What's the ceiling at Bellefonte?" . . . "Do we get a tail wind south to Washington?" . . . "What visibility at Cleveland?" . . . "Has that big low passed east of Kansas City yet?" . . . "Is there fog over Tehachapi?"

Questions such as these come endlessly. At all large fields weather data are accumulated, and detailed charts compiled.

Often there are blackboards on which are chalked up, as they come in, the weather and air conditions at the various points in adjacent territory, as well as continent-wide information of significance. For the "low" that is over Ohio today, creeping eastward, may banish our fair weather in New Jersey tomorrow.

Also a definite form of weather-reports compiled especially for pilots is issued daily from many stations and fields throughout the country. Some of these are prepared by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, in cooperation with the United States Weather Bureau.

In Doctor Kimball's office in New York, however, the inquiries concerning weather run a wide gamut, those directly concerning aviation being yet in the minority.

"I am trying to get some coal across the river, and the ice keeps piling up against the docks. Can you tell me when the wind will change so I can get the shipment out?"

Protecting the buyer of USED CARS from over-valuation of trade-ins

MEN and women are constantly coming to the conclusion that in order to enjoy the finest type of motoring they must own a Cadillac or La Salle.

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In no instance is there an excess in price to be passed on to the used car buyer because it is never the policy of Cadillac and La Salle dealers to offer an unjustifiable allowance for a trade-in as a bait to force the sale of a new car.

In every instance cars are handled on their merits and a fair deal is assured whatever the transaction may be.

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Sweet as a rose the first dance

—but when he asked her again

You never can tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

HE had begged for this second dance but though she was one of the best looking girls in the room, he certainly wasn't enjoying it. She felt that he was no longer enthusiastic—oh, why was it?

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Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, and the delightful Creme Odorono are on sale at toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono 35¢ and 60¢. Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored), used twice a week at night. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

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"Isn't the U. S. A. going to have *any* snow this year? I can't go to Canada every time I want to ski."

"Can you tell me, please, whether it's going to rain this afternoon? I don't know whether to wear my rubbers or not."

Fifteen hundred times a day over the phone come similar questions, some comic, some—or what lies behind them—tragic. For Doctor Kimball a transatlantic flight is indeed a serious business. During the preparations for several of the recent hops I know he stayed up night after night, coordinating the data that came in, and giving to the fliers and their associates the best he could. I really think that he did not go to bed at all during the thirteen days when the Friendship remained at Trepassey.

When George Haldeman and Ruth Elder started out, Doctor Kimball had told them they would meet a storm near the Azores. They took the chance of running through it, however, rather than wait until a coming storm, then recorded in the Middle West, should sweep eastward across the country and make the fields here at New York impossible for a take-off. With the heavy load of gasoline the wheels of the plane would have bogged down on a rain-soaked runway.

Weather, in Doctor Kimball's belief, also figured in the loss of Hinchcliffe, who started to fly the Atlantic from east to west. He put to sea with favorable northeast winds, but subsequently, it became evident later, encountered areas of falling barometer in mid-Atlantic, with freezing temperature that may well have weighted his plane with ice.

Doctor Kimball told me, too, what happened when Commander Byrd started for France. At Cape Race, the easternmost point of Newfoundland, a barometer recorded fair weather. But hourly reports from a vessel heading westward on the steamer lane recorded a steadily falling barometer. Apparently a storm lay across its course, which was also Byrd's.

At midnight just off Cape Race, the final message came from the steamer. The reading of its barometer was far lower than that of the barometer ashore. At once the meteorologist, studying all the available data in his New York office, realized that the ship's barometer was inaccurate—that actually there was no storm on the first leg of the journey.

"The start of that Byrd flight was the most dramatic of all," Doctor Kimball told me. "When I told him of the adverse prospects for the next day, he went to sleep. He was staying at a friend's house on Long Island, not far from Roosevelt Field. And then at midnight we ran down this mistake of barometric readings. That changed the whole map.

"I phoned Byrd, had him wakened and told him it looked pretty hopeful for the following winds he needed. Then I worked out the weather-map as quickly as I could and drove out to Byrd. We got there about two o'clock and went over the situation.

"'We'll go!' said Byrd.

"The America's crew joined the commander at Roosevelt Field, where the ship was already warming up at the top of the incline they had built to get a running start. Just as dawn broke through low clouds, it started to rain.

"'Is this rain serious?' Byrd asked me.

"I told him the data showed at worst a light local shower, and advised that he go ahead. He went. And, as you know, the heavily loaded America took off just before they got to the point at the end of the runway where René Fonck crashed in September, 1926."

So the start of Commander Byrd's great flight—"the prettiest piece of navigation you could imagine," Doctor Kimball calls it—hinged entirely on weather data. I am sure that the "weather man" who started him on his way slept not at all until Byrd was safely in France.

The Vestris, and later the Florida, storm-battered, sank at sea. Weather conquered them. In winter crossings many a ship is delayed by weather. Even with railroads, periodically weather holds the whip-hand. On country roads, mud and snow may upset the best-made automobile plans, and every city dweller knows the traffic congestion that follows a swift and heavy snow-storm. Weather again!

For the state of weather has a hand in making or marring many human activities, ranging from crop-raising to transportation.

It was, indeed, the needs of transportation which were responsible for the establishment of the original weather bureaus. The "Crimean Storm" of 1854, sweeping across the Black Sea, sank many ships at Balaklava. The sinking of the stores on those vessels brought great suffering to the besiegers of Sebastopol, during the bitter winter.

The loss of the French warship Henry IV in this disaster led the astronomer Leverrier, Director of the National Observatory at Paris, to trace the course of storm across Europe from west to east. The outcome of this study was the establishment by the French government of the first system of weather-reporting, in the following year, 1855. From it ultimately developed the service of storm-warning and weather-forecasting that now exists throughout the world.

Since then the science of applied meteorology has steadily progressed, and now, with aviation's phenomenally rapid development, comes a new impetus. For aviation's requirements mean a further development of meteorological service hitherto undreamed of—a service of far-reaching benefit to human activities of all kinds.

In modern transportation, aviation is the growing younger giant—a youngster in many ways less accustomed to the vagaries of weather than its big brothers of the highways, the iron rails and the open seas. But rapidly the winged giant is striding forward. Aviation, from day to day, is finding new ways to win out—weather or no.

If you have any questions about aviation, write to Miss Amelia Earhart, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

This Madness

(Continued from page 83)

"what nonsense! How you talk! As though anyone could take your place with me!"

The very lightness of this troubled me at once. Ha, ha! Then she really was interested. How easily one could learn from a mere tone or manner.

"Yes, I know. I don't blame you," I went on. "But I don't forget either. How many days has it been since you told me you would find someone else, that you would have to?"

"Yes, I know," she answered; "but that was talk. You know where you stand with me. You know who comes first. Why will you fuss? You know you would be glad if I did find someone."

"Oh, would I? Well, all right. But what about this one?"

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Every woman should know the answer

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Bon Ton has prepared, after exhaustive research, a Figure Type Chart that will help you and your corsetiere to mold your figure with Bon Ton Garments into modern lines with the utmost comfort.

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No. 809 E. Dualiste—combination girdle and uplift brassiere of pink satin and lace combined with hand knit elastic. New adjustable shoulder straps. For afternoon or evening. Price $25.00

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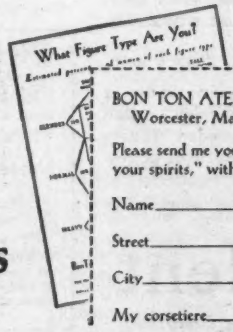

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"Nothing, except that I like him and know that he likes me. I could see that. He needs and could understand a woman like me. But that doesn't mean anything, either. The reason I talk about him is because he is really spiritually so fine. He sees what a mess and welter life is, has had lots of trouble and disappointment, I fancy, and yet he goes on and works and takes it all with a kind of soldierly air, because it's the only way to do. He's essentially a man of action, not a speculative spectator like you."

"Indeed?" I sniffed, half irritated and half amused. "A speculative spectator! My stock is obviously falling."

Yet I was not angry—merely teasing. I might add here that these conversations about possible rivals were a never-ending source of interest and jest, anyhow.

Since she made no reply to this I went on with, "He's a man of action, is he? You're getting along favorably. I can see that—for one evening, anyhow. I might as well begin to gather up my traps, I suppose. Me for the dark and somber woods down the road."

"Oh, hush! Don't talk like a fool!" she returned suddenly and with a definite, and on this occasion, most unexpected heat. "You know how you do and how you think. You admit it. Can't I even admire an interesting man when I meet one, when you do as you do? What have you to complain of, really? I don't nag you. All passing admirations don't lead to intimacies, in spite of what you think. He has a fine mind, I tell you. He's a personality. I may never see him again, but I like him just the same."

"In that case it's very likely that you will see him again," I persisted. "I haven't any doubt of it, and I hope you do. I like to see you interested this way in anyone. It's tonic. Your cheeks are as pink as though you had been taking part in a game of postoffice." And they were. Also her eyes were sparkling.

"Oh, what rot!" she called, turning toward a mirror before which she was undressing. "You make me tired. You bore me."

"By the way," I laughed, teasingly, "did he come home with you and B——, or did you drop B—— and let him bring you home?"

"No, I didn't drop B——, smarty, and he didn't bring me home, though he wanted to, at that. But what business is it of yours? You go where you want to and I don't try to cross-question you."

"No cross-questioning," I replied. "I'm not quarreling. He might well have done so. I think you like him pretty much, and if he doesn't like you, he may."

"Well, he does like me," she retorted, "and what's more, I could have him for the turning of a finger. I know that. But what has that to do with it? I'm entitled to have a man interested in me. You make me tired. I'll not talk to you any more." And she rose as if to leave the room.

I decided to say no more about it. I felt, and justly, that I was being cruel. After having revealed myself frankly and fully in many ways, what was there to say? I used to marvel why she endured me, what it was that she saw that kept her faithful, adoring. Heaven help us all! This mystery is beyond us.

But having been arrested by the charm and personality of this newcomer in the field, Elizabeth could not let him alone, mentally anyhow, but must keep bringing him up, quite as one will continue to refer to an interesting book or play.

"You know," she said one morning,

apropos of something that had brought him up, "he is living at a hotel. He and the major are great loafers temporarily, pending the completion of the details of their proposed trip. They will be gone five years. He has such large, brown, inquiring eyes. And he is so sympathetic, so human."

Finally one evening she confessed that he had called her up and that she was thinking of accepting a dinner invitation if I had no objection. Or would I come along? She would like to know more of him. And besides, I was occasionally dining out without her. What objection could I have?

I explained that I did not have any, but would not go. He was not inviting me, and anyhow, I would not go if he were. I did not want to interfere with any possible romance here.

At first she was furious. "Romance! Romance! What nonsense! What irritating stuff!" Later she confessed that she had already accepted the invitation but that it would be nothing—just a dinner. She proposed to tell him all about herself and me, her great interest in me, everything if necessary. I begged her not to. She went, dressing most carefully for the occasion.

And the result was that after this dinner she raved still more over his personality. He *was* exceptional, different, gallant, a man of affairs and insight, one who understood and appreciated and sympathized with women. What was more, he understood her. They had much in common. He was not like me, intellectually hard and cold. He was soft, playful, genial. He was not too hard on poor old struggling humanity.

"As though anyone could be harder on poor old struggling humanity than you, Betty," I interjected.

"Oh, tush! I'm as considerate as anyone could be—far more so than you are. Anyhow . . ." and here she went on with a spirited picture of how essentially worthy this new conquest of hers was. I began to see that she had really found one who could replace me, or so I thought.

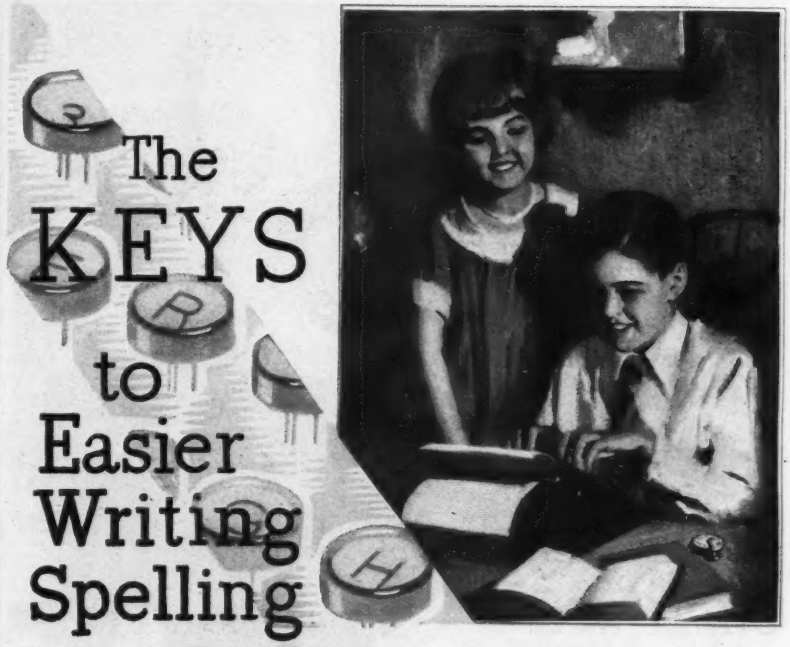
Some little time passed without any more word as to this. The captain was out of the city, or so I was told. Later, as I noted, she went to Boston and remained several weeks, without, apparently, any emotional disturbance, a proceeding which was certainly unusual.

Returning and being chided by me, she laughed. She had had so many things to do there. A few days later, coming in upon her unexpectedly, I found her dressing for dinner. She was going out, and making no end of a toilet. Also she was very much fussed by my untimely arrival. Not that she really needed to be, but she was.

I rather sensed what was in the wind. She was interested in this man, to an extent anyhow, and he was following her up. Nothing much was said at this time. I laughed it off, as did she. Later, as I could see, it was worrying her. She did not want me, maybe not even herself, to feel that she was drifting away from me. Love is so sad. She cared for me too much still to wish me to take umbrage and leave her.

As a matter of fact, as I soon learned, although I quite well sensed it before, she was tortured by her affection for me, its futility, her own wish to end her own suffering, her own doubt as to whether any move she chose to make at that time would be satisfactory to her.

She was wavering. Maybe she felt reasonably sure that, given time enough, she might become more interested in this man. At the same time, she was not sufficiently swept away as yet to be



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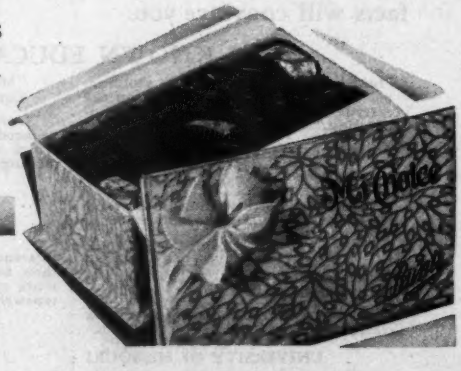

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willing to relinquish her hold on me. It was pathetic, and I actually sympathized with her while at the same time feeling not a little sad for myself. It was always the way. Because of the perverseness of my own make-up, willy-nilly, I was not able to retain one who was so well worth retaining.

We were dining one night, as I recall, on the balcony of one of the few upper-Broadway restaurants of the time that provided an open-air dining spot. I recall especially the rout and bustle of Broadway below; the color of the dress she wore, French or delft-blue, and the smart, almost rakish cast of her hat, so different from the real sincerity and sobriety of her mind at times. Her eyes were wonderfully alight at the time, blazing with a kind of electric blueness, and her face seemed more daintily and youthfully tinted than ever.

We were talking of love and life and the captain and her and myself, where he was, how soon he was coming back, whether she was really going to leave me—which latter she denied—whether she ever would think of me again. And she rallied and snapped a semi-defiant and incisive type of reply, her eyes retaining a hurt, seeking, appealing look.

"Ah, Betty," I jested, "you know how all women are. Fickle. They're really all alike—uncertain as to their own minds, not knowing what they really do think. When Place comes back, you know you'll leave me. Of course you will. You love him, and you're just as fickle as I am."

"Stop!" she shrilled, almost vibrantly, at this point, a certain tense and overawing passion coming into her voice. "I want you to stop! I can't stand it, and I won't! You don't love me. Why do you torture me? I have loved you, but you have never loved me. You don't care for anyone a penny's worth, and you merely tolerate me because you're sorry for me; so why torment me?

"Yes, he's coming back, and what's more, I'm going to see him. I've been writing him all the time, so there! And now what of it? I like him. At least he's kindly and tender. He's not a remote snow-covered peak. He's a man."

"Oh, Elizabeth," I sighed.

"It's true. It's true, every word of it. You know it is. You torture people even when you don't mean to. And I have had such dreams in connection with you!"

"But why blame me so bitterly, Betty?" I pleaded. "Surely the wrong is not all on my side. You know life as well as I do. Can I adore anyone if I can't? Can you? Do you ever love people because they want you to? I'd like to see you doing it. Think of all the men you have ignored and rejected!

"And why? Why? Have you exercised mercy or loved where you couldn't? I'd like to know where. You yourself are as cold and hard as anyone until your sympathies are enlisted. Why say such dreadful things to me? We have had such lovely times together. The fact that I can't love you is neither here nor there."

And then I added, seeing that she was silent and brooding: "In so far as Place is concerned, if you're drawn to him, I can't stop you, and I wouldn't want to. He's probably a fine fellow. But if you do go, we'll be good friends; no more. Is that a bargain?"

As I talked a curious and most soothing and attractive figure suddenly appeared before me. And, believe it or not, it was a matter of the eye, not of the mind, or so it seemed, a kind of optical mirage. Back of her, over the balcony edge and looking up the street to where some golden, fleecy clouds were floating

over the city, as clearly as though it were of wood and brick, I saw a house. It was of a charming Colonial design, old and very gray, of but one story in height and with a high sloping roof and very wide, and seemingly set among tall palms or trees, such as might flourish in the tropics.

On each side of the door, which had a fan-shaped lunette above it, were high-backed benches, all white, as was the house. Smoke came from a chimney. There were flowers and longish windows reaching nearly to the floor, and the house looked as though evening were upon it.

It gave me a delicious sense of evening in the country, but in a strange country. Java, maybe. I wondered what connection, if any, the mirage had with her. But I said nothing about it. The subject of Place was dropped, and we went for a ride in a small low-wheeled victoria. Afterward we stopped for a drink somewhere, and so home.

After this we went on as before for a time. There was no seeming break in our relationship. I saw her on an average of two and sometimes three times a week. Her apartment was in the vicinity of Columbia University, overlooking the grounds and the library there, and it was a pleasure to go there and look out her windows.

She had a piano and sang in a sweet, clear, delicate voice. There was a phonograph, and some books and pictures. Upon her desk would always be a pile of my manuscripts on which she was working, and over which she appeared to love to linger and dream.

"Ah, Dodar," she once said to me, with that haunting look which I have no least power of presenting, so sculptural, so Greek was it—like Minerva brooding over some strange problem—there is much of this look in Michelangelo's "Duke of Urbino"—"if you only knew what your work means to me now. I can't tell you. When you are not here and I don't know where you are, your writing is almost as much to me as yourself. It is like you. I can almost hear you talk. I hold the pages to my heart sometimes. Yes, I do." She paused mournfully. I may not hope to convey her mood. Then she added: "Oh, dear! If life were only not so sad!"

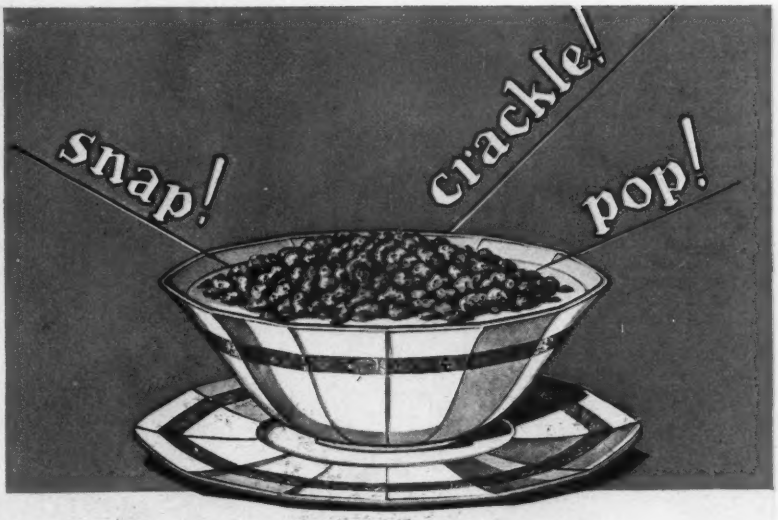
I was deeply moved. Tears came to my eyes. She seemed so little, so pathetic, so needful. It seemed such a pity that someone should not make such a woman happy forever and ever. I felt contrite, very sad. And yet outside, and in spite of her and all this, was life, life; and it called and called as unceasingly as before. The clangor of the street-car bells, the rout of students upon the walks below; the remembrance of a girl who would meet me later. I knew it would be the same, but would make excuses.

And when made, Elizabeth would know that they were but excuses, lies. But she would let me go with nothing but, "Can't you really stay, Dodar? Oh, very well, go on. I know you must. Sometimes I do wish we could go somewhere together over Sunday, as we used to. I have so many pretty dresses, you know."

Of what use are words, promises, dreams, desires even, in the face of Life? This driving, compelling thing of which we are but a function, of whose dreams and moods we are but minute spicules!

We think, we promise, we insist, we declare, but this thing of which we are a part changes us overnight to its newer moods and newer aims.

Swear loyalty as we will, clasp hands, press hearts, mingle tears and moods, and in the face of all we swear, comes something, some other part of this



New! A cereal so crisp it actually *crackles* in cream!

YOU'VE never known a cereal like Kellogg's Rice Krispies. It's different in variety, shape and flavor!

Just taste it right out of the carton. Toasty rice bubbles. Like fresh nutmeats—only much more delicious and crunchy!

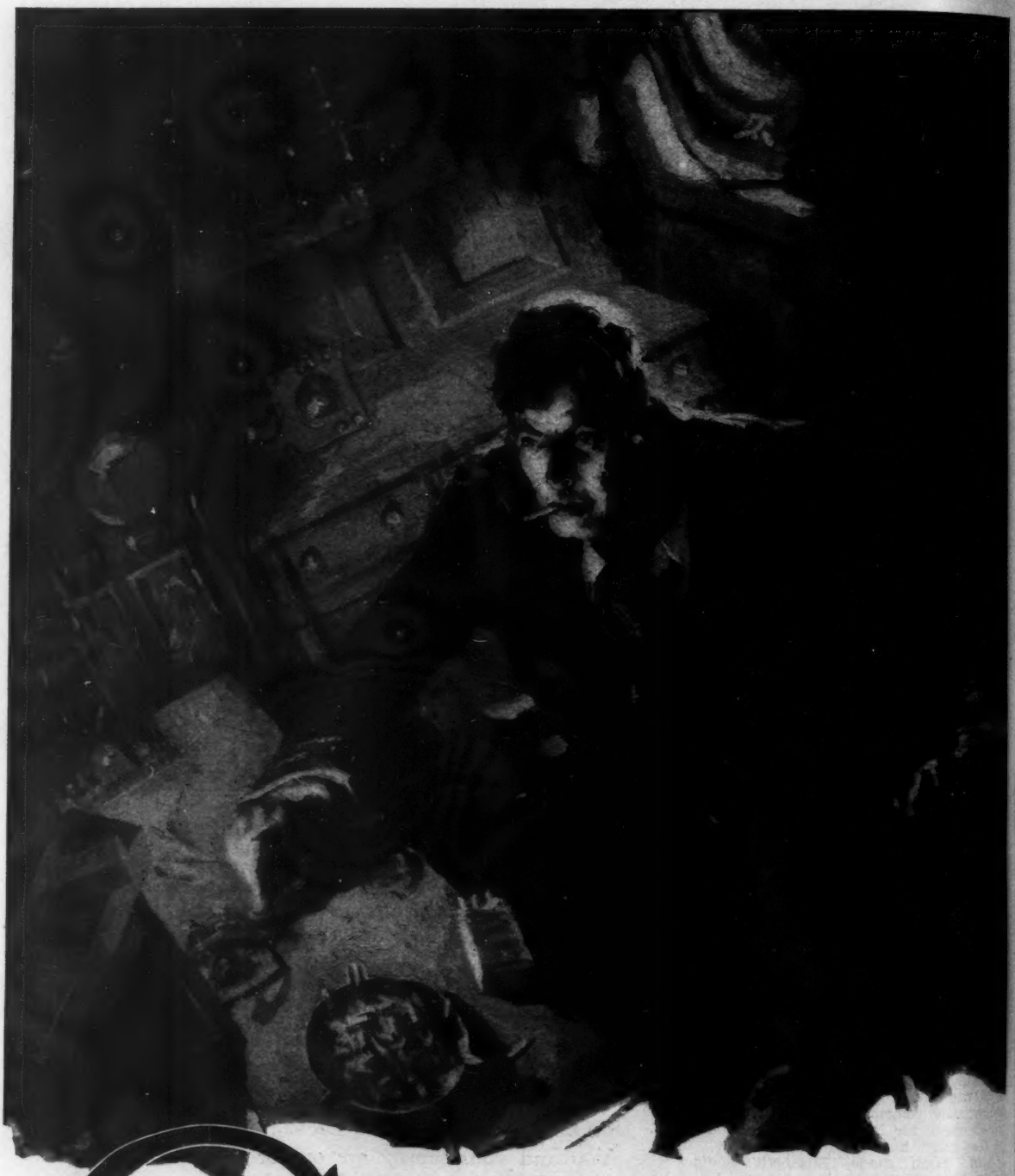
Serve them for breakfast. And when you pour on the milk or cream, *listen* to them crackle. That's how crisp they are!

Enjoy them for lunch—the children's evening meal. Add fruits or honey to your Rice Krispies.

Make candies with them, macaroons. Put them in soups. Butter and serve like crisp pop corn. There never was a cereal to use so many ways.

Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. You and your family are on for a flavor surprise! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES



Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*

What a cigarette meant there

Forty hours in the wireless room, sending, sending, sending . . . till help for a helpless ship is drawn across hundreds of miles of storm-wracked ocean. And afterward, only one comment: "Good thing we had plenty of cigarettes!"

What a cigarette means *here*

Forty hours at the curing-barn— the most anxious hours in all the tobacco season.

The last wagon in from the fields, the barn full, the fires lighted—now the delicate work of curing commences. Day and night, day and night, watching thermometers, tending fires, adjusting ventilators—with loss of a year's work the penalty of carelessness, with loss of flavor the result of haste.

Vastly important, of course, are the later ageing and blending—but to this tireless vigil at the curing-barns you owe no small part of Chesterfield's flavorful and satisfying mildness.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

From 800 to 1,000 pounds of tobacco can be cured in this barn at each "firing."

field

.... *and yet* THEY SATISFY

immense welter, some mist or blur or wind of mood or color, and mingles with our finest, deepest moods and loyalties and dilutes or changes them completely.

We are not what we think we are. We cannot be. The thing that makes us controls us, changes us and defies us. It lifts us up or casts us down.

Hope, faith, honor, duty, loyalty, love—these are things of the hour, moods of this other thing, spicules of its greater mood. We would be loyal, perhaps, if it were loyal and would let us alone; we would be honorable, if it, Life, were honorable. We would be just. But this accursed thing is what it is—and worse—and may be as helpless as we. Ah, the torment of that thought.

Finally, as might have been expected, came the end. One morning, having gone to breakfast with Elizabeth, she related how the Sunday before she and Place, I being absent as usual, had motored as far as Delaware Water Gap. They had stopped at several inns along the road for refreshments. She had found him delightful. He was in love with her.

Once, sitting on the bank of a river, somewhere, she had half agreed to remain over at one of the hotels in the mountains, but had subsequently changed her mind. Just why she could not say. It had been such a glorious day. He wanted her to come with him to the Philippines. I am sure that he was willing to marry her if only she would agree.

And yet, as I could see, as much as she admired the man and as much, from hearing her talk, as I knew he was worth admiring—a big, handsome, generous, worldly-wise soul—she could not yet like him quite enough. I—my miserable, useless self—was in the way.

There was my work which she was still editing and brooding over, the few hours that I chose to devote to her, the talks we could and did have whenever we met—long, intimate, searching discussions of all sorts of things—love, politics, religions, history, character, life.

Despite all I had told her and all that she knew, she waited, breaking any engagement if I but asked her, meeting me anywhere that I suggested, at any hour, no doubt fretting sometimes over the inconvenience of it all and yet coming up smiling and gay.

And then one day out of a clear sky, after I had neglected her for some time, she came to the subject of Place again. We were dining in a restaurant at the time. Without any preliminaries, she suddenly announced: "Dick and I are finally going together."

"No?" I said, a little shaken out of my customary suavity and bravado.

"Yes, we are. For a month or more now. I didn't tell you because I knew it didn't make any real difference to you."

"No?" I said, a little sadly. "None at all?" For she knew, and I knew that she knew, that it did make some difference. Much, as a matter of fact.

"No, none," she said acidly, with a kind of iron self-defensive ring in her voice; "not a bit. Not that," and she snapped two of her little fingers together.

"Oh, Betty, for heaven's sake, don't be so hard about it," I pleaded. "You know that's not true. You know that I do care for you. How can you say that I don't?"

"Oh, shut up, shut up!" she almost screamed, in a shrill, acrid tone, snapping her teeth and looking at me with hard, cold, hurt eyes. "You know that's not true. You know you don't care. What's the use of your sitting there and saying you do and smiling as usual? How I hate you sometimes! How shamefully you have used me! If only I could have broken the spell before! If only I could have! But now—well, I've broken the spell at last. I'm happy at last."

"Oh, Betty, please!"

"Oh, yes, you can talk. But you know it's the truth. But never mind. It doesn't matter. Please, Dodar, it doesn't. It's all over. I've done what I threatened to do, what I had to do, and you won't like me any more. You won't have anything more to do with me. But it isn't my fault. And I don't care. I really don't. I like this man. I love him. I never met anyone for whom I cared so much, or who cared so much for me. If only I could have met him before I met you!"

And now, in a few weeks or a month or two at most, they were to sail to the Philippines and later to Java. All was over. I was out. She would not need to grieve any more. She really loved him.

Needless to say, I sat back a little distrait and forlorn. For feel as I would about the necessity for liberty in thought and action, there was that about her intellectual and emotional support which was not to be valued in any earthly valuating way. It was priceless, and I knew it.

Nowhere in all my life, as yet, had I found her equal. It was to be years before I should find another like her. And somehow, always, the thought of her had seemed to present the substance of absolute beauty and true greatness of mind. She was superb. I vow it. And she set artistic standards and supplied me with artistic courage against which I dared not sin, and in the face of which, and with her aid, I could not fail.

And now her new mood in regard to this worthy worldling seemed to augur that all this had come to ashes. She was mine no longer. She was going away. Into the sea of life I had cast a priceless pearl, knowing it to be priceless all the time. Now what? What would come now—to me, to her? How would I get on intellectually without her?

I doubt that I shall be able more than to suggest, and that faintly, a tithe of all the emotional ramifications which followed. In a fit of pique she left me this night, permitting me to escort her to her door but insisting that it was all over; that I could come to see her only on certain mornings, when she would be able to discuss the details of a story that she was editing at the time. Yet having turned and gone down the street I suddenly heard the patter of her hurrying feet, and there was Elizabeth beside me.

"Dodar, wait, wait!" was all she could say. "Hold my hands. Come, walk with me in the park. I can't let you go like this. I can't, I can't! I won't! Oh, Dodar, Dodar! I can't tell you! I'm so sad, so sad." And hot tears began to fall as she bent over my hands.

"Oh, if you knew how sad I am! My loyalty is all that has held you to me, Dodar—my faith in you and your work. I know that. And that you can never change, anyhow. But you, Dodar! You! And he's not worth a fraction of you, not a fraction! And I know that. He's wonderful. But you—my Dodar, my Dodar! You're my god, and always will be. And you'll leave me now, won't you?"

I cried as I held her hands, and she cried too, bitterly.

What came of this night, this mood? I will tell you. We went for a walk, to no less a place than the grounds of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, then under construction. There was a great stone base, like the floor of a house, some fifteen feet high, on which later was to rest one stem of an arch that was eventually to support the transept.

On this we sat, Elizabeth in all her summer finery, I in a linen suit, and stared sadly at the stars. There was the milky way, the big dipper, the little dipper, Altair, Algol, Sirius. Below, in one section of Morningside Park, visible from here, was a pagoda. At 110th Street was to be seen the winding, lighted "L" train grinding about a curve. Along Amsterdam Avenue rattled lighted cars and cabs. And below us in the streets and in these grounds were spooning couples.

By now both of us had quieted a little. And up here, under the shadow of the great dome, with the winds of summer about us, the stars above us, those perpetual, eternal stars, there came after a time I know not what—a tremendous ache—to me, to her. I could not understand myself. I felt sorry for myself. I could not understand her. Little scenes, little things we had done together, little moods, came back to me. Very likely they were in her mind, and by hers put over into mine. We were brooding.

All at once she cried: "I can't stand this! I can't, I can't! Oh, I must go! I want to die!" And she held both her hands over her heart.

"Betty, please don't," I pleaded. "I can't stand it either. It's terrible, I know. I'm a dog. I have been. I know it. But I'll not leave you. I'll do anything, only please don't cry. Don't give way so. You, of all people, and with your brilliant mind. You know what life is. It's not me alone. It's life, Betty, it's life. Oh, the pathos of it all!"

"It's over," she sobbed. "It's over! It's over!"

"No, no, no," I whispered. "Don't say that, Betty. Don't say it. Please."

"It's over! It's over! It's all over—for me!"

I took her home after a while. She would see me in a day or two; and in a day or two I saw her again. But what of it? The thing was over. She knew it, and I knew it.

I could not endure her dark moods, her tears, her Hamlet meditations. At other times, thinking over her qualities, her beauty, usefulness, mental force, her original gaiety, I seemed helplessly to be drawn to continue the thing, even in the face of additional and newer relationships which should have tended to frustrate these moods at every turn.

The truth was that I was held by her mind as by chains. There was so much, even about her darkest moods, her angers, her cynicisms, her Freudian dissection of herself, myself, which retained and fascinated me. Among all the men and women whom I knew, there was not one who, artistically and intellectually, commanded my respect as did she.

And as for beauty, even among all those I preferred to be with, there was scarcely one who matched her.

And yet, for me, in the face of all this, there was the ever-present lure of life—the love of life, of change—which I never could overcome, try as I would. It goaded me. It drove me with whips. It whispered. It lured.

Come. Come. Come. What nonsense is this? One girl. One life. One love. Are you pretending now that you are going to be faithful to one, and here is all the world? Your youth. Your strength. Your appeal. Your distinction. Your admirers. Come. Come. Come.

If Aglaia has become only a vague memory and Elizabeth's charms have palled, will Sidonie fare better at the hands of a man who calls himself a "varietist" in love? The question is answered by Theodore Dreiser—Next Month

Here Comes a Sailor *by Phyllis Duganne* (*Continued from page 77*)

subdued, beaten down into ordered swirls and arabesques until it lay against her head like the sculptured locks of some ancient marble. Sea-green organdy, tight-fitting, revealed exquisite curves that the morning's middy and bathing-suit had neglected to point out. He hadn't before noticed how delicate her complexion was; a spot of black plaster pasted at an engaging angle to her rouged mouth called attention to the fact, now. Sweep of dark lashes; tilt of nose and chin silhouetted against the pink wall . . .

The lights went out; the fingers of the pianist quickened into the staccato accompaniment of the news-reel, and the gold braid on the Navy's sleeve glittered for an instant as the Navy's arm circled the back of Dora Ladd's chair. Profiles turned toward one another, heads imperceptibly moving closer. Once the smooth young cheek of the Navy seemed to touch the soft cheek beside it. The girl on the screen swayed into the arms of her celluloid lover; beside Scotto Betsy stirred, brushing against his shoulder.

Lights again — mounting voices — the crescendo of the piano and then the abrupt cessation of music. The movies were over. The crowd surged outward to the street, and the short block of Kingstown's White Way seemed less convincing than any studio-set they had seen on the screen. Great elms, inexcusably artificial in the glaring light; shops and houses of flat cardboard.

"Hi, Dora!" Betsy seized Dora's arm. "Mr. Freeman — Lieutenant Carter." Dora's voice crisply introduced them.

"Come on up to the house," said Betsy.

Scotto talked and they all listened to him. Things that had seemed trivial when they occurred became adventures, here on shore; the Diana acquired unexpected romance.

"Let's all walk out to the dunes," said Betsy.

Scotto and Nathan and Roger walked together; the rest of them straggled across the billows of starlit sand in pairs. Dora's full skirt fluttered crisply against the blue uniform.

They took the wood trail back to town, Betsy and a noisy young man leading, Dora and the Navy bringing up the rear. Single-file, through the thick low growth where tree-toads buzzed incessantly and frogs croaked and branches crackled sharply. Scotto looked back and saw a bulky silhouette against the patch of starred sky. He swore.

"Stubbed my toe," he answered Nathan's question.

"Keep moving!" called Dora brightly, now just behind him.

Laughter trembled in her voice; he moved forward swiftly.

At the main road they gathered in a group and he met her eyes hostilely as she smiled at him.

"Are you taking me sailing tomorrow?" she asked.

"If you like," he answered ungraciously.

"Oh, but I do!" she said. "What time?" She linked her bare arm through the lieutenant's and they vanished up the street.

She wore a dress of yellow print, with a full skirt, scalloped about the hem. Square neck, short sleeves; her brown legs were bare and her feet were covered by crimson *espadrilles*, rope-soled French peasant shoes that laced over her legs with crossed red tapes. A red bandanna tied about her head—who ever heard of a redhead wearing red? And who ever heard of Scotto Freeman noting a woman's dress?

He left her alone while he moved about the boat, giving orders. When he returned to her side, she looked up at him gravely.

"I was just wondering," she said calmly, "if there was any reason why you should object to my kissing Lieutenant Carter."

Scotto was staggered. "No," he replied, "there isn't." He paused. "I thought you were tired of being kissed—or was that only yesterday?"

She shrugged. "I'm tired of lots of things, but what's the difference? He wanted to."

"And do you always do everything people want you to?" he asked, sitting down.

"No." She was smiling, now. "Did you think I did, Mr. Scotto Freeman?"

"No," he admitted.

Louis Silva ran across the deck; then the sails caught the wind and the Diana swung deliberately about.

"You're a funny girl," said Scotto.

"Not very," she contradicted. "No funnier than you are."

"You think I'm funny?" he asked.

She laughed. "Maybe I do. Or maybe it's *us* that's funny. Mutual reaction stuff, you know."

"And what," asked Scotto politely, "is your reaction to me?"

Her violet eyes shone. "Well," she said, "of course you're very good-looking."

"Well?"

"Well—that's a lot. I've given up expecting much from men—intelligence or anything like that—and the less I expect from them, the more I demand that at least they should be easy to look at!"

"Entirely consistent," he murmured. "I hope you like my tie."

She laughed again. "As a matter fact, Scotto Freeman, I like *you!*" She put out her hand, and to Scotto there seemed neither coquetry nor design in her impulse.

"And I like you," he said. "When I'm not wanting to spank you."

"Just why should spanking me be any concern of yours?" she demanded.

He was silent, as a possible reason occurred to him. Steady, Scotto . . . The boat rounded the Point and headed toward the horizon.

"May I have a cigaret, please?" she asked. "When do you start north? Tell me about it."

It was twilight when the Diana returned to her moorings.

"It's been heavenly!" said Dora.

"Come often, then," Scotto invited her. "Be glad to take you out any time."

They hesitated at the end of the wharf.

"Well—good night," she said.

"Good night." He took her hand, suddenly reluctant to let her go. "Listen, why don't you come back and have dinner with us?"

"Can't. The Navy——" She shrugged.

"Oh," he said flatly. "Well—good night." They turned in opposite directions and walked slowly apart.

"Sailor's holiday!" Nell greeted him. "Shore leave! I should think you'd had enough of that boat, Scotto!" He grunted. "And how was Dora—got you tied and bound yet?"

"The kid's good," he murmured diffidently. He didn't especially want to talk with Nell about Dora Ladd.

The evening was long and tedious, with an uncomfortable quality of waiting about it. In the morning he went to the beach. He had been there more than an hour when Dora Ladd appeared.

"How's the great naval disaster?" he greeted her.

She grinned. "Wooden men and iron ships!" she murmured.

They swam out to the Diana and climbed up on her deck.

"I see there's a Jannings picture at the movie tonight," he said. "Come with me?"

"Submarine rammed by schooner — lieutenant lost," she accepted his invitation.

"Dora!" he said, and patted her hand. "Dorable . . ." Something in her violet eyes told him that variant of her name had been used before. And often. He swore softly, and she laughed at him.

Stuffy airlessness of the theater, and Dora Ladd, in white, delicately perfumed, beside him. He reached out rather savagely and grabbed her hand.

Oh, all right, he'd fallen for her, too! What of it? And why not? Shore leave—he was shoving off in a month. Might as well enjoy himself while he was here. (Her mother says she runs through beaux twice as fast as she runs through silk stockings! Was he, Scotto wondered, already the precarious present one?)

The front street again.

"We're going for a ride," he told her. "Leastways, we are if we can get to Rodge's car before he does! Can you run?"

She could. They ran past the lighted blaze of the house to the garage and he backed the roadster almost soundlessly into the road and headed it toward the open country. Beside him, Dora shivered, and he looked down at her severely.

"Haven't you got a coat?"

"I'm not cold," she said.

"You will be, though! It'll get colder as it gets later!" He stopped the car and peeled off his own coat.

"No, really, Scotto, I don't need it."

"Shut up!" he said, and bundled her into it masterfully. She looked very little and fragile, with the long sleeves flopping empty beyond her finger-tips. He snapped the engine switch and dimmed the headlights as casually as though he were of the generation that had done such things all its life—Dora's generation.

"Well, the reports weren't exaggerated," he told her. "Do men always fall for you so quickly? Or am I easy?"

She didn't smile. "Please, Scotto—let's drive."

"Let's not. Didn't you want me to be crazy about you?"

"No, I didn't!" she said, hotly. "Not after the first five minutes, anyway! I mean—I *like* you!"

His arm was about her shoulders. "Can't you like me if I'm crazy about you—just a little crazy about you, Dora?"

She pressed her nose against his shoulder, like a child who is afraid. "Oh, gosh——"

He lifted her chin and kissed her, and they looked at each other questioningly.

"Do you know," said Scotto in dismay, "I'm darned if I don't think I'm in love with you!"

Her eyes fell, and her lips quivered.

"Dora!" he demanded.

She looked up reluctantly; then, with a catch of her breath, she put her arm with the dangling, grotesque coat-sleeve about his neck and held up her face to him. "I love you," she whispered.

"My Lord!" said Scotto.

Her tremulous mouth curved into a smile. "That's just what I say!"

He lay wide awake that night, filled with panic and doubts and a chill, dank horror. What had he let himself in for? He'd been burned once, and once was enough. Sally Delano . . . he discovered that her reality had faded completely.

He could scarcely remember what she looked like! But Dora——

In the morning, on the beach, she came toward him, her eyes questioning.

"Hello," she said.

"Darling!" said Scotto. He hadn't meant to say that, at all.

"Oh, gosh—I do love you!" she told him. "Oh, Scotto——"

"Really do you?" he asked. "Truly?"

She nodded. "Do you love me?"

He looked at her, aghast.

"*Do* you, Scotto?"

He was scared, plain, downright scared! Did he love her? He looked out at the Diana, and all freedom, all adventure seemed symbolized in her trim lines. He looked back at Dora Ladd.

"Darling little girl!" he evaded.

She sighed. Then, "How blue the water is!" she murmured.

He nodded. "In Central America, sometimes, it's the color of sapphires. I'd like to take you there," he heard his own traitorous voice. "You'd love it! We'd have a whole long beach to ourselves. We'd——"

The cold-storage whistle pierced the air like a knife-thrust. Twelve o'clock.

"I must go back," she said.

They parted, reluctantly.

It was sweet to be with her; she was such a gay, companionable little person! But walking back to the house, Scotto's head began whirling again. Sweet and companionable; but he didn't know her, didn't know anything about her! Hardly twenty-four hours since he'd seen her clasped in the arms of that confounded naval lieutenant! What was she like? What really went on beneath that burnished red hair of hers?

The days acquired a pattern. When he was with Dora Ladd, which was as much of the time as he could manage, he was peaceful, content. Their talk was purposeless, fragmentary.

"When I was a little girl——" Dora would begin, and he would listen attentively, watching the sunlight on her hair, noting how her violet eyes deepened and widened as she talked.

And he—"It would be fun to take you to India," he'd say. "You'd be amusing on an elephant, Dora! Once in Bombay ——" He'd be launched on some tale, and it would be her turn to listen. Sweet, lazy hours. She wasn't tired of being kissed by him . . .

Then the reverse side of the pattern. He'd be alone, and he'd think of a thousand things he wanted to ask her, questions he always forgot when she was beside him. Hints that people dropped, names, men's names, spoken with a laughing significance. And he must tell her things, tell her that he wasn't a steady, landgoing sort of person. He'd be hearing from Evandssen any day, now; they were starting the end of September.

NIGHT on the beach. September night, velvety and rich with stars.

"There's the Diana!" Dora, in a lace frock, pale in the starlight, pointed to the mastlight, unmoving, like a low-hung constellation, against the black of the harbor water.

His arm about her, Scotto looked towards his ship, and they both were silent.

"Oh, I don't want you to go!" she cried. "Don't go, Scotto! Don't leave me!"

"You know I've got to. I said I would. I—I want to go."

Did he really want to go? he wondered, standing with his arm tight about Dora Ladd. He didn't want to leave her! But —he wanted to be able to leave her.

"Don't go!" she whispered.

He swung her about and looked into her face, white in the thin light. "Dearest, I'm coming back. You know that!"

She was crying. "Coming back!" she repeated bitterly. "But what am *I* going to do while you're gone?"

He shook her. "You won't—go around with anyone else? You'll wait? Promise me, Dora!"

She jerked away from him. "How can I promise you? It's easy for you! But for me——"

"You must love me a lot," he said bitterly, "if you can't wait six short months!"

"Short!" she wailed. "Six months!" She turned and ran up the street.

"Dora!" he called, and hurried after her.

"I'm going home," she said. "I'm tired."

At her gate, she slipped past him without a word and went into the house. He stood staring at it.

The thought of going home and to bed was a nightmare. Scotto walked down to the wharf, untied the dory, and rowed out to the Diana. Pete, the Danish sailor who slept aboard, heard the sound of his feet all night, pacing the short deck.

What did he care about this expedition? he demanded of the stars. Nothing! The Arctic . . . Evandssen . . . it was one of those things that were infinitely more amusing to have done than to do. One of those things—how many of them there had been in his life! Why should he go and leave Dora? She was so little, so sweet, so sympathetic; he cared more for her than for anyone in the world, for everyone in the world put together!

Stars paled as he watched them; the blue-black velvet of the curved sky was fading, relentlessly diluted by the light that rose from some land below the eastern horizon. Lands where the sun shone when it was night here. But he could take Dora with him!

He couldn't take her everywhere. Not, for example, on this northern trip. But who wanted to go north anyway? He cursed. A blood-red line was like a wound in the sky where it touched the sea; it widened gapingly. The last star went out and half the sun was over the horizon, two-thirds, then the whole great ball, growing smaller as it floated up the side of the heaven, as though it were melting as it rose. Morning.

His namesake was howling lustily when he entered the house, and there was a telegram on the hall table. Evandssen—asking how soon he could be ready.

"You're up early," said Nell, coming down the stairs.

"I slept on the boat." He eyed her wildly. "What makes that kid yell so?"

She grinned. "Just general protest against life," she said. "He isn't getting what he wants. He'll learn to keep it to himself in time, like his uncle!"

Scotto grunted.

Nell's eyes dropped to the telegram. "Running away again, Scot?" He looked at her resentfully, and she shook her head sadly.

He went past her, upstairs, and took a shower. The infant Scotto was still howling and he walked into the nursery and stood and looked at him. Furious little red face, knotted red fists—he picked him up awkwardly and the howls stopped as though they had been choked.

"Some day I'll get married and have a bunch of kids," Dora had said, that first day on the boat. Red-headed kids, they'd be. Dora'd be funny with a baby.

Nathan burst into the room. "Hey, Scotto, Nell says you've heard from Evandssen! When you going?"

"I don't know," Scotto answered slowly.

He walked to Dora's house. She looked tired; there were shadows beneath her eyes as though she had been crying.

"Want to go out on the dunes?" he asked.

"All right," she agreed listlessly.

They walked without speaking, their eyes on the ground. Soon there was nothing in the world that they could see but blue sky and white sand, rising in serried waves about them, tufted here and there with sharp green grass. Up one sliding incline of sand, to see from its crest only a further line of the undulating white.

"There's the ocean," said Dora. It was the first time either had spoken.

Blue and illimitable stretched the Atlantic, reaching northward until it became in jumbled ice-floes that Arctic of his rendezvous.

"Oh, Dora!" he said, and took her in his arms, and she clung to him, sobbing.

"I love you! I love you!" she said, over and over until he was frightened by her insistence.

"Are you sure, Dora?" he asked.

"Am I sure?" she cried. "Oh, Scotto——"

"I love you, too," he said, and suddenly she was smiling.

"You never said that before! Not once!"

HE KNEW that he hadn't. There was something almost irrevocable about having said it now.

She sat down on the sand. "At first," she said, "I didn't know whether I really loved you. I'd thought I loved people before." Her violet eyes looked up into his frankly. "I was afraid it wasn't true. I change so. And then—oh, then I was afraid you didn't love me!"

He looked down at her. She doubted herself! Perhaps, even yet . . . "Dora," he said again, "you won't love anyone else while I'm away?"

Her smile disappeared. "While you're away! Scotto, you aren't really going?" He merely stood looking at her. He'd told her often enough! "You can't go! I won't let you!"

She wouldn't let him! This small red-haired girl whom he had not known until a month ago, telling him—*him*—that she wouldn't let him go! He grinned at the absurdity of it, and dropped to the sand beside her. How little she was!

"Funny baby!" he told her indulgently. "I've got to go, because I promised, but I'll come back and we'll be married and——"

"How do you know we'll be married?" she demanded hotly. "You take an awful lot for granted, Scotto Freeman!"

"You're sweet when you're angry," he told her. "Your eyes get dark as——"

"What do you expect I'll do while you're away?" she cried.

"Dora, if you don't love me enough to——" It was the old argument.

And, "It isn't that I don't love you enough!" she insisted. "But I'll be lonely! Why can't you understand?"

"There's no use in talking about it any more," he said stubbornly. "I'm going!"

He wired Evandssen that he would join him in New York. In the two days before his departure he was often conscious of Nell's eyes upon him, gentle, pitying. Neither he nor Dora referred to his going, but sometimes, as they talked together, their voices were choked.

Roger took his bags to the station—Louis Silva was to take the Diana to Boston—and Scotto went to Dora's house to say good-by. She was sitting alone in the living-room, staring straight before her. The speech he had prepared dissolved into nothing.

"Oh, my darling! Oh, Dora!"

Why was he going?

They clung to each other.

"Promise me, Dora, promise that you'll wait for me! You do love me?"

Her mouth was trembling. "More than anything in the world!" she said.

And so he went. New York and all the

. . . and so to bed . . . late . . . too much supper . . . wish I could get to sleep . . . bad dreams . . . business worries . . . dog barks . . . baby cries . . . time to get up . . . jangled nerves . . . irritable skin.

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bustle of preparations for an expedition. Groups of men, talking, looking at charts, swapping stories. Evandssen's boat rode at anchor in New York harbor; at last they were ready.

He telegraphed Dora, went aboard. The bow of the ship turned steadfastly northward. When he knew that Cape Cod and Kingstown were there, off the port bow, he wished that he was dead.

The expedition . . .

Days that slowly, laboriously, made themselves into weeks, and weeks that crept, snail-like, until there were four to make up one month. Time, to Scotto, seemed slowed beyond human comprehension; an hour in this frozen white world was a small eternity. Dora! He suffered agonies of doubt and suspense.

In his wildest imaginings now, he couldn't even blame Dora for the steps his brain had forced her to take. One little month they had known each other, a little, ordinary month, not one of these arctic years. What fidelity could he expect? And there was no way of finding out until he returned.

Time, dragging itself on—if she did wait, he told himself, if she was there when he returned, he would never again leave her side. Adventure, freedom—what a fool he had been! What a consummate idiot! The Scotto Books. Little Scotto in the Arctic! Conceited ass.

Sometimes Evandssen would look at him sharply, the keen eyes gleaming in the bearded face. What was he doing here? they both seemed to wonder.

October and November and December. It would be Christmas at home. Kingstown would be deserted. What was Dora doing in New York?

January—and January—and January! It was years before February began. The year's shortest month—and time had never been stretched so thin.

It was the end of March when they turned south; Scotto was like a madman, his lips quivering uncontrollably at every delay. They sailed into Boston Harbor and he rushed for a telegraph office.

Mrs. William Isham—Where is Dora?

He didn't dare ask more. He didn't even dare telephone. And two hours later came the answer.

She's in Kingstown, you idiot! Love from the family. Nell

He didn't know what it meant; his mind was more numbed than ever his body had been by the northern cold. He boarded the Cape train and the interminable journey commenced. Snail-moving little train, dragging itself wearily from station to station. Dirty, pathetic little train, with thick black cinders oozing at every pore, rattling and creaking and puffing its exhaustion.

The world beyond the windows was drawn in three colors, uncompromisingly, black and white and brown, relieved occasionally by a blue vista of the bay. Black trees, holding their buds tightly against the east wind, brown hills and valleys and the startling white of early blossoms.

Scotto went into the smoking-car.

"Isn't this the darnedest train?" A youth, lounging beside him on the leather seat, looked up. "Going far?"

"Kingstown," said Scotto.

"So'm I. I spent the winter there. I'm a poet."

Scotto didn't care. Then the thought that this poet might know Dora made his heart miss a beat. "Many people there this winter?" he asked. "Here, try one of my cigarets."

They talked of people, this one and that. "Do you know Dora Ladd?" asked Scotto.

"Ladd?" The poet shook his head.

"She has red hair," said Scotto. She has red hair! . . .

"Oh, yeah." The young man remembered. "She just came down. She's married, isn't she?"

For an instant Scotto couldn't speak. "I—didn't know it," he said finally.

"Yeah, I remember her now. She's married—some rich guy—I forget the name. She just came down to open up their place. Sort of a quiet girl."

The poet talked on and Scotto made a perfect audience. The train stopped, started again. Why didn't he get off? What reason was there for going on?

Then the familiar country outside Kingstown. He got off the train like an old man.

"Scotto!"

He looked at Dora and she looked at him and he saw that it was true. There was no sense in reproaching her.

"It's all right, Dora," he said heavily.

Tears sprang into her eyes. "Please—I have my car here. Scotto, please come!"

So she had a car, now! It was a discouraged-looking flivver to which she led him. Panic seized him as she reached for his bag.

"Look here, where are you taking me?" He wasn't going to meet any husband!

"Oh, get in!" she cried. "We can't talk here with everyone staring at us!"

Beyond the town, on a hilltop, she stopped the engine.

"I didn't think you'd take it like this," she said. "I suppose it was a terrible thing to do! But Scotto, I couldn't help it! You see—I love you."

"Dora, don't!" he said.

"You've got to listen! After you left—I couldn't help people—coming around. I couldn't, Scotto! And then—I got lonely. Once in New York I went out and danced and let a man kiss me. He sent me flowers. And then——"

"Is he the one?" asked Scotto.

"What one?" said Dora.

"The one you married."

"The one I—what?" She stared at him, and suddenly her cheeks flamed. "Why, Scotto! You don't know, then! You think—oh, gosh!"

"What?" he asked dully.

"Did you think I was married?"

It took him an instant to comprehend; then he seized her in his arms. Explanations could wait.

"You're not married? You're sure not?" He kissed her until she was breathless. "I'll attend to *him*, later!" he said exultantly. "Oh, Dora, I've missed you! Darling, I was a fool and a coward and a hundred kinds of idiot to go. I'll never——"

"A fool!" she interrupted him. "Oh, my dear, I didn't want you to go, but if you hadn't—— I was so afraid—afraid I'd stop loving you!" she said. "And if you'd turned into a nice, obedient, unromantic person—instead of being *you* ——" Her eyes were shining. "Darling, I guess I didn't have to do it, really—the awful thing I did!"

He was quite bewildered. "Look here, young woman, what did you do?"

"I wanted to be let alone!" she said. "And so—Scotto—I told everyone—that we were married before you went!" She hid her face against his shoulder.

He held her close and his eyes were suddenly misty. Shoot the works . . . play the whole roll . . . no one could ever say that this redhead didn't have courage! She'd been afraid of herself, and yet she'd wanted him to go away! She'd begged him not to go, and yet——

"Scotto, you do understand?" she was asking him.

He smiled at her. He didn't understand—he guessed he didn't know much about women, really—but what of it?

"Sure!" he said, and kissed her again.

Why Make Me Pay?

(Continued from page 67)

was sick with humiliation. After that there was always a swarm of people at the door to look at me. The place became a curiosity shop. My employer was nice about it and didn't say a word to me. I ignored it, too, as best I could. I wanted to keep my job. But the climax came one night just before closing time.

A young fellow came to the counter and ordered a lemonade. I mixed it for him. It was after the rush hour and there wasn't anyone else around. When I put his drink in front of him, he grabbed my hand. He was the son of the richest man in the town.

"Say," he said, "how about a little ride tonight?"

I answered him as if I thought his invitation was a compliment instead of an insult. "It's nice of you to ask me," I said, "but I can't go, really I can't. I work hard and I must get my rest."

"Huh!" he snarled. "What right have you to be so high and mighty? Your mother ran around with a minister, didn't she, and had her throat cut!"

I went home and I cried all night. The next morning I did not return to the soda-fountain. I sent word that I was sick and had to go back home.

I finally got a place as a saleswoman in a New York department store. I worked hard, because I needed the job. I didn't want to be a burden to my dad.

But in a few weeks there was a dismissal slip in my pay envelop. No reason was given. I knew it could not have been that they found fault with my work, for I had exceeded my quota each week.

At home that night I started to cry and I just couldn't stop. My father asked me what was the matter, and when I told him that I had again lost my job, he said, "Well, there's nothing to be done about it. What else could you expect? Your mother did it. She dragged my name in the mud. If she had stayed at home and behaved herself, all this wouldn't have happened to you. You're her daughter and you can't expect people to think well of you."

After that I stopped telling him about things that happened to me, and about three years ago I left him to go to live with my aunts. Both my aunts, my mother's sisters, are wonderful to me. If it weren't for them I don't know what I'd do. Yet people say, "The unnatural daughter! She ought to stay at home with her father. Her place is with him."

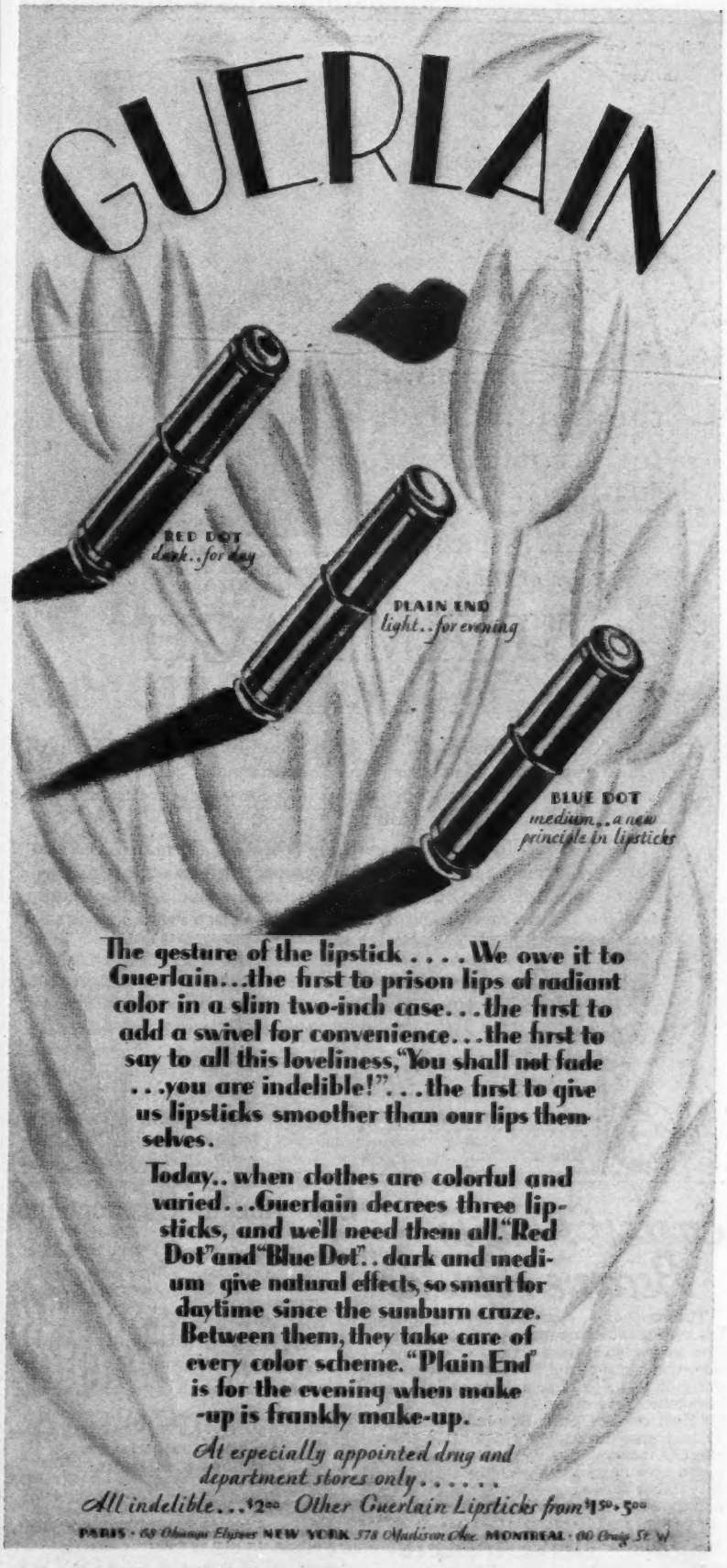
My place may be with him, but we are better off apart. I love my dad, but the sight of me seems to remind him of my mother and he always says things about her that make us quarrel.

Just before I left New Brunswick the Hall-Mills murder was again dragged to the front page of the newspapers. Arrests were made and the case went to trial in Somerville, New Jersey.

I had got a job as a comptometer operator in a big corporation. I had been there but a short time when I was told that the manager did not know who I was when he hired me and that he was keeping me against the advice of everyone connected with the company.

"Let her stay," I was told he had said. "She's had a tough time of it and I'm going to give her a chance."

When reporters swarmed after me at the time of the trial he would smuggle me out of the building and hide me in his automobile by covering me with the robes. I would stay hidden until we got out of sight of those who wanted to pester me with questions.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I soon realized that I shouldn't impose upon his good nature, so I gave up that job. But I'll always be grateful to him.

I do not say all people have been mean to me. Some of them have been kind. Many of them. But so many people have deceived me under the mask of kindness just to use me for their own gain that I suppose it is only natural I should attribute an ulterior motive to everyone.

A newspaper syndicate sent for me. I went at once, as the letter asking me to call said they had some work I could do. I was eager for any kind of work.

I was put on the staff of a newspaper and became what was known as "the dog editor." My duties were to go each day to a dog adoption home. I would take a camera-man to snap pictures of the dogs I selected. I would pay for their keep until they were called for by someone whom I had persuaded to adopt them through a column I wrote each day and through radio talks I made on, "Why you should have a little dog in your home."

I held this job for several months; then I was let out. I was told that news stories about the Hall-Mills case were dead. I had been held there in order that this paper should have first chance at me if a new story broke about the murder.

The editor told me I had been satisfactory and there was no reason why I should not continue as a reporter on some other paper. But I had had no journalistic experience except as "dog editor" and no other newspaper had a dog column.

Naturally, like everyone else who gets a lot of publicity in the newspapers, I had an offer from a theatrical producer. I was so overjoyed I couldn't eat or sleep for days. Nothing seemed more wonderful to me than stage life.

Of course I was sensible enough to know talent was necessary, but I have a natural talent for playing the piano and singing. It runs in the family. My mother had a lovely voice and she was a fine pianist, and my aunts can sing and play. I can dance, too. And I felt that I could act if given the chance.

I was engaged to work with a stock company and a contract was given me to sign. I read it carefully and it seemed all right. I thought I was to have speaking parts in the plays produced, but when I reached the town where the company was playing I saw high posters in gay colors bearing my picture and these words in big type:

CHARLOTTE MILLS, DAUGHTER OF ELEANOR MILLS, WILL TELL YOU ABOUT HER MOTHER'S MURDER.

I refused to do it. I said over and over that nothing could make me do it.

The manager of the theater telephoned the producer, who came dashing out in his automobile. He demanded my appearance. He told me I had signed a contract and I'd get into serious trouble if I didn't keep my agreement. He stormed and threatened me so that I was frightened out of my wits.

That night I went on. An immense audience was there to see Charlotte Mills—the freak—in person.

The play was a melodrama based on the Hall-Mills murder and I appeared before the audience during the intermission. When the curtain rose I was standing in the middle of the stage, with a black drop-curtain in back of me and a spotlight shining directly on me.

There was no applause but a breathless hush as I started the speech prepared for me: "I am Charlotte Mills, the

daughter of Eleanor Mills, who was murdered with the Reverend Edward Wheeler Hall in the woods near New Brunswick, New Jersey . . ."

At every performance I shuddered and was sick inside. I stuck to that torture for five weeks. I did it for two reasons: I was afraid to break my contract and I needed the money. But the time came when I couldn't stand it any longer and I refused to make that terrible speech again.

The producer called me "a fool," and "an ungrateful girl." I begged him to give me a small part in the company, but he wouldn't.

People blamed me for appearing on the stage. Yet I have pleasant memories of that stock company. They were nice people and they couldn't have treated me better.

Often in my search for a way to support myself men have raised my hopes sky-high, only to shatter them by saying the one thing that made their realization impossible.

A prominent New York man, who attended every session of the trial at Somerville, was kind to me and made it clear that he felt sorry for me.

"I'd like to help you," he said to me one day. "You're only a youngster and you've had a bad break. If I can do anything for you, let me know."

He gave me his card and I put it away. When I didn't know which way to turn for work, I went to him. He had a big suite of offices in downtown New York and I thought if anyone could get me work he could.

"Hello, my dear," he said when I was ushered into his private office. "How's the world treating you?"

"Well enough, I suppose," I told him, "but I can't get work. Do you know of anything for me?"

"Don't worry your little head about that any more. We'll soon fix that." He thought a minute and then said, "How would you like to be in a gift shop?"

"Oh, I'd love it!" I cried. My heart was in my throat, I was so excited.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he continued. "I'll buy one and put you in it."

"Oh, you'd let me manage it for you?" It seemed too good to be true. "I'll try to make a lot of money for you."

"Never mind the money, my dear." It seemed to me that his face underwent a change. It was no longer kind and fatherly. "I'm glad to do anything I can for a little girl like you, but you'll have to be sensible. You can't expect people to do these things for nothing."

I wonder how many men have said to me, "A girl as pretty as you ought always to have plenty of spare change in her purse."

The things that have happened to me have made me very sad. Sometimes I get despondent. Then, if I have the money, I go downtown and buy a pair of silk stockings. It isn't because I want the stockings. It is the feeling that by getting something that makes other girls happy, I may catch the spirit of being happy.

The things that have happened to me have also made me old before my time. When I was a youngster my mother made me pretty clothes and she always had a surprise for me. A handkerchief, a ribbon, a book. Then overnight she was taken away and life's all different and I know I can never go back to what it was before.

What happened to me has changed me completely. I used to be tender-hearted. Anyone's troubles made me cry. Now I just want to laugh and laugh—perhaps because laughter is so close to tears.

Sometimes I want to avoid people. I

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Geo. Fried

George Fried
Commander of "S. S. *America*"

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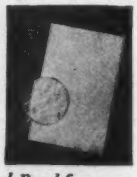

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go out into the woods. I look at the trees and the grass and the sky. I hear the birds sing and smell the wild flowers. These things console me. I feel the beauty of Nature and the ugliness of man.

At other times solitude drives me almost crazy. I cannot endure it. I want to be among people. Lots of people. The nearness of people stills the unrest in me and I do not feel quite so alone.

Sometimes I want to be kind to all living creatures. I hold no malice toward anyone. At other times I don't want to do anything good or bad. I feel nothing's worth it.

One day I want a husband and babies. It seems the normal way to live. Maybe I could be happy then.

The next day I shrink with dread from the idea. I am afraid of marriage.

The way I feel now, marriage is not for me. It isn't the fault of the men. It's because, as I figure it out, I learned everything about life in the wrong way.

I knew nothing of sex when I was plunged without warning into a whirlpool of human passion and cruelty. My mother wanted to keep me innocent of sex knowledge. She told me nothing on the subject. It was the one wall between us. Many mothers are that way.

One of the most deplorable of all the things that have happened to me in less than seven years was the thwarting of my ambition. I wanted to be a schoolteacher. I know I should have been happy in the work, and I could have taken a teacher's course for a small sum.

"Why didn't you take the course?" I have been asked.

Why didn't I? There were several reasons. First, I had had more notoriety than is permissible in a teacher of children. Second, I would not now have the patience for it. Third, I could not stand being in a classroom with children.

When I was young—I mean young in experience—I loved children. I liked to be among them. Now I don't want them near me. I don't know why I feel differently toward them. Maybe it is because I envy them. They do not know about life.

"Forget your tragedy," I am constantly told by the few friends I have. "Put it out of your life. Start over again."

That is good advice, I know, and I've tried to follow it but I cannot. One cannot kill memory. One's own memory and the memory of others. Just when I think everything is smooth, something happens out of a clear sky and I have to go through the same things again.

Less than a year ago an employment agency got me a job as cashier in a museum showing pictures of Spain.

I sat in a glass booth and sold tickets of admission. I liked it. I enjoyed seeing the different types of people who bought tickets and passed by the place. When I had been there just four evenings the owner's wife and I were in charge. I was in the booth when two men drove up in a car. They had a camera with them.

They had been sent to take a flashlight of me behind the glass window for a big story to be headed, "From Country Girl to Broadway." It was to tell how I wanted to be among the bright lights and how I got there.

They asked me to pose for the picture but I got out of the booth.

I ran back into the office to tell the owner's wife. I was beside myself. I knew my work would be taken from me again and I didn't know what to do.

I became hysterical and I made her nervous. I was sorry for that because she wasn't well.

I didn't go back to the museum for two days. I was afraid those men would hang around the place. When I did go back the owner's wife paid me and said, "I'm sorry for you and I would like to keep you here, but I can't be excited like that."

It was then I gave up. What was the use? I couldn't hold a job. People wouldn't let me. I'm not doing anything now. I haven't the nerve to battle any longer.

Why don't I change my name? I've thought of that, but it wouldn't do any good. Someone would recognize me.

I often ask myself what's to become of me. I wonder if it will always be like this. Is there no place in this world where I can lead a normal life and earn my own way, even though my mother loved someone the world says it was wrong for her to love and was murdered because of it?

Marriage of a Marine (*Continued from page 85*)

bridge one afternoon, where I stopped in to pick up Anne, unanimously accepting the worst. But she got away with it. She celebrated her return to the social round with a fête of sorts, and nobody regretted. Monsieur Reille maintained her in a palace, and she was one of the folks who really mattered. She had a feeling against Chino servants around her, and her personal attendants were white. That's why Basia Sablin happened to be on her staff. It didn't matter while you were on the same continent with her, but at this distance I realize that Madame Reille was an extremely bad lot . . . I was going to tell you about Basia Sablin.

"You know, China—all the East—is full of those White Russians, living any way they can. Basia Sablin was remarkable because she wasn't a princess or even the daughter of a colonel in the Czar's Brigade of Guards. She said her father had been an officer in a Siberian regiment, and she was born in a garrison town you never heard of. The father was killed in Galicia, early in the war, and the family disintegrated when the Revolution came, Basia then being twelve or fourteen.

"But she had a spark in her, and she refused to go under. She got out to Vladivostok and down to Harbin, and finally to Peking. She was ten years on the way, I gather, and I wish I knew the story. She exhibited talent in whatever specialties maids have, and when one of Madame Reille's Frenchwomen died or married or was otherwise mustered out, Basia was signed on. With Madame Reille, I believe Basia was considered well placed, but from the little I know about that great lady, I think she earned her pay. Then she surrendered to the charms of Private Davala.

"I first saw her walking with him on the Wall, after evening colors. When the weather's pleasant, everybody walks on the Wall in the evening. It's one of the wonders of the world and a fine place to watch the sunset. They built it to keep out the men of the north, wide enough for three war chariots abreast, with towers for strong points.

"Now that the Chinos have 155-millimeter guns and such, the Wall has lost its military value and is a fine promenade. Davala took his girl there when the two were off watch, caring nothing for the snickers of the guard. They weren't a bad-looking pair together, he cutting his regulation stride down to her quick cadence, and their inboard hands

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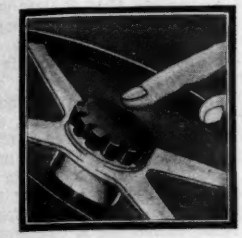

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touching as they swung at every step.

"She wasn't pretty. She had a Tatar face, with high cheek-bones and a wide mouth, and rather small black eyes. Her hair was cropped like a boy's, and red—a coppery red—and she had the very white skin that goes with that kind of hair. Not pretty, but her mouth was honest and firm, and her eyes looked straight at you. She was wholesome-looking. She wore a *béret*, and a white blouse, and a short, dark skirt, and I think she was vain of her feet, for she always managed smart little French shoes. I never saw her in anything else; it was probably all she had besides her uniforms.

"She looked neat and clean and decent, and I wouldn't have noticed her if I hadn't observed that she was never with any man but Davala. Just about that time, we were right excited over the Bolos—all hands were solemnly warned against Red propaganda—and Russians who fraternized steady with our guard were matters of interest to us. Our secrets in the military line are few and simple, but our own. As adjutant, it was my business to be informed on all subjects, in case the colonel should happen to ask. I made inquiries about Basia.

"The sergeant-major and his clerk had large ears, continually to the ground. They told me about Basia, as I've told you. Being White Russian, she had no truck with our Bolshevik friends in the legation down the street, and they regarded her as a disgusting Czarist, so there was nothing to fear. Her politics were sound. And all the alert young men in the guard had made passes at her, before Davala came along, with total lack of success.

"They reported that she had very little English conversation but knew how to say 'no' in all languages. The non-coms' mess was saying, the sergeant-major told me, that she must be a little off, falling for Davala like that, when she might have had two chevrons or three.

"We took up other matters, and I got used to seeing her walking with Davala in the sunset on the Wall. The affair progressed, and they went hand in hand when they walked, or they sat on the rampart and looked at each other, making no remarks. Anne insisted that they were perfectly sweet.

"Time went along, and one day when Davala was on post, Basia Sablin came into my office, snubbed the sergeant-major, who wasn't used to being snubbed, and wanted, in lame English, to see the commanding officer. She declined to say what for: she intimated that she would tell him that. The colonel was in a good humor, and I took her in. She told him who she was, and explained that she was the fiancée, so to speak, of the *soldat* Davala, and she wanted the colonel to let him marry her. He, she said, was naturally afraid of his colonel, and wouldn't ask for such a dispensation, but you could see that she wasn't afraid of anybody.

"The colonel inquired, quite delicately, if there was any special reason—— She said it was that they loved each other and wanted to make marry together: what else?

"The colonel advised her that the request was unusual and could not be granted. He told her about the regulations, which do not look with favor on the enlisted man's assuming dependents in foreign parts, since the pay is not enough for two, and no quarters are provided for such families. He was very patient and polite, talking loud and slow, so she would be sure to understand, and he went over it several times.

"She listened with her eyes on his and her hands quiet in her lap, and said finally that it was more better for a young man to have a wife in a place like Peking, and if that was the order, it was a wrong order. The colonel directed me to see her through the gate, which I did.

"I didn't mention it to Davala, because I never meddle in the personal affairs of the young men unless I have to. I merely noticed that he was soldiering along, bearing himself with consistent virtue, checking out regular on liberty and returning clean and sober.

"Two months later, Basia came again. It was in the fall, and getting cool, but she had on the same uniform, and I thought she looked thinner and whiter, and extremely serious. I told her that if she wanted to discuss that matter with the commanding officer, it was no use—the regulations were still the same. It was the colonel she had come to talk to, and not me at all, she replied.

"Her voice had a certain carrying quality, and the Old Man heard her, and said he'd listen to what she had to offer. She told him plainly that Davala must marry her, and do it right away, for an evident reason. Furthermore, she was out of a job: Madame Reille had found out about them, called her a bad woman and fired her, with her pay to date of detachment and no character. There was Madame Reille for you. I'd seen her the night before at dinner, in a blaze of emeralds, between an Admiral and an Ambassador, looking like a Senegalese sergeant's dream of Paradise—and she'd thrown this girl out into China, where an unattached white woman who wants regular rations and quarters has just one thing to do.

"The colonel put on his bread-and-water front and ordered me to send for Private Davala. Private Davala came in and stood at attention, trembling some and rolling his eye at Basia, and the colonel fired a salvo into him, for getting decent girls into trouble.

"Just as he was getting well under way, Basia, to the horror of Private Davala, interrupted him. Nobody, she insisted, had got anybody into trouble the way he said. She loved Davala and he loved her, and when people love each other what are you going to do about it? Besides, she went on—and she delivered this right into the Old Man's teeth—it was all the colonel's fault. They wanted to marry, and they would have been married, but he stopped them. If he had given his permission, when she first came to him, it would have been all right.

"Now, because she wasn't married, Madame Reille was calling her a bad woman. She, Basia Sablin, was not a bad woman. She was a good girl, and she wanted to be married in a church. Here she got beyond her English and into French, but she fed so fast that neither the colonel nor I could understand her, which was perhaps just as well. The colonel had never been talked to like that in all his life; he looked at me in a dazed way and told me so.

"When Basia stopped for breath, Private Davala spoke up and said the commanding officer would excuse it, please, because Miss Sablin didn't know—— Basia gave him a look, and he changed his tack and stated that things were like she said, and he'd thank the commanding officer for permission to marry as soon as possible.

"Then I put in: I respectfully submitted that while the commanding officer was expected to discourage reckless conduct on the part of enlisted men serving at foreign stations, he was nowhere enjoined to forbid marriage, and that if a man wanted to go ahead without authorization he did so on his own

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responsibility, and could claim no special privileges or consideration afterwards. He could run his own show, as long as he performed his military duties.

"The colonel considered this reasonable. He told Davala to tell the sergeant-major to give him a forty-eight-hour liberty, and added some profound comments on the marriage step. It only took a minute, he said, but you stayed that way for a long, long time. And he gave Davala ten dollars Mex to buy a present, and said that would be all. I believe the affair came off immediately. The guard rallied around, and the ceremony was performed in the Russian church, with Davala's squad room present in dress blues, and there was beer afterwards. The sergeant-major told me that it was all very nice. We thought no more about it until Private Davala stole the post-exchange sergeant's watch, one day towards the end of the year.

"They ran him up for office hours, and the colonel directed me to investigate the case, preliminary to preferring charges. We have our little weaknesses, but we do not tolerate thieving, and the evidence in this case was plain: Davala had no talent for larceny.

"The post-exchange sergeant left his watch on his desk when he went out for something. Davala was observed in the offing; and that afternoon he went to Uncle Charley's, just outside the quarter, and tried to hock a watch. Old Charley had been there since Boxer days, and he knew everything negotiable in the guard —he'd done business with the sergeant on this very piece. He stalled off Davala and sent his boy for the sergeant on the run. That was all there was to it. Summary court, six months' confinement and six months' loss of pay, and a bad-conduct discharge: the sentence was as good as written up and published.

"I had Davala in to take his statement, but he seemed to feel that too much had been said already, and added nothing. Then, because I am always interested in why men do the things they do, and because this particular crime was so dumb and ineffective, I tried to find out what, if any, his idea had been.

"He responded to kindness, and all at once, to my confusion and dismay, he broke down and cried. Not because he had stolen a watch and been caught—he accepted that development as poor tactics and bad luck. What he worried about was his wife: if Mrs. Davala learned that he stole, he said, she'd leave him—quit him cold.

"He fell all apart at the bare thought of her finding out. The watch meant nothing to him. Sure he stole it—he stole it to buy Basia some chow. I gathered that he would steal or kill or do whatever was necessary to the same end, but if it came to Basia that her husband did anything she called dishonorable, she would be off of him for life. And if that happened, there was only one thing for him to do—shoot himself, as quick as he could get to his rifle.

"You know, he meant it.

"He went into details. If a guy's wife was hungry and had to live in a hole like a Chino beggar woman, and didn't have heat in her quarters, or anything, what was a guy to do? Steal? He couldn't work on the outside—he'd steal or do anything else. His pay was twenty-one dollars a month, less twenty cents for hospital fee, and whatever he was checked. He was checked for his mess-gear after last inspection—how could he tell the commanding officer that his wife was using that mess-gear to eat from, not having tools of her own? The best place he could find for his wife to live was a room in a Chino dump down in the

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native city. Thirteen dollars a month he paid for it.

"Seven dollars and eighty cents was left, and it didn't go far with a white woman in Peking. Of course he took her what he could get from the mess hall, half his own chow and more.

"But, he asked me, wasn't it so that a woman in the way his wife was needed special rations? And how about clothes, and a charcoal-brazier for a little heat, now that winter was coming on? What, he wanted to know, would the captain do, if the captain was in a jam like that?

"Wise observations from me seemed to be beside the point. It was no time to offer thrift suggestions, and it's rather dreadful to see a man crying.

"I had him give me the address of the place and tell me how to find it, and I ordered him confined, awaiting trial. Then I considered ways and means. I wanted to be able to suggest something to the colonel when I reported it, and at luncheon I took it up with my wife.

"Anne was extremely concerned and decided that we'd go down at once and see Basia, and get something done. There's a relief outfit that functions in such cases, following due investigation, but I'd formed the idea that relieving Basia would call for finesse. After luncheon, though, the colonel sent for me and I had to rush off, telling my wife to wait until I could go down with her. You didn't want white women wandering around in the native city. And naturally Anne, as soon as I was out of the house, logged the address from my notebook and rushed right off, alone.

"She found the place—a Chino flop-house of the worst kind, in the lowest district there was.

"After she made sure of her house, she went along knocking at doors, until she found the right one. Basia was in a small room, with one sliding paper panel for light and air. Her furniture consisted of a lean roll of bedding, two tooth-brushes in a canteen cup, a samovar and an old straw suitcase. She received my wife with dignity and reserve and offered her the suitcase to sit on. She was perfectly composed, though a little blue with cold, and Anne says she knew at a glance that she was a lady and not a person you can take under your wing and fix right up.

"Basia desired, in very fair accent, to know in what she could serve Madame, and my wife confessed afterwards that she had no idea how to proceed. Finally she stated that she and the captain, meaning me, were interested in Davala, and finding herself in the neighborhood shopping, she thought she would run in and see how they were getting along.

"Basia thanked her politely and said they were carrying themselves very well, and didn't Madame find the shops in that neighborhood poor?

"Anne said they were very poor indeed, and there was another thing: she had stopped in to leave word that Davala probably wouldn't be home that night, as all the marines were standing by in barracks because of some political excitement or other.

"It was strange that her husband should be on watch again—he was on watch the night before and had not been home: one of the marines had come down to tell her, said Basia. She thanked Madame for troubling herself, and she regretted that she could not offer Madame tea: as it was, she would not detain Madame from her shopping any longer. But my wife wouldn't go. She started in to sympathize with Basia about the environment.

"'It is the only place we can live,' Basia told her. They found it hard to pay for it, as it was: Peking was very dear. But something could be arranged, my wife told her—the captain had already lent Davala some money (I hadn't, but I saw I was going to) and a better place might be found. Basia was annoyed. 'How can my husband borrow money?' she wanted to know. 'How can he pay it back? Me, I cannot work now. If he has borrowed any money, he must return it. I will make him return it.' She went on like that, my wife said, and stamped her foot. Then a very ugly Chinaman, with a face like the devil's, Anne declared, eased the door open and grinned at them, and Basia fainted.

"When she came to on Anne's shoulder, she was more pliable. That was the worst of it, she said—men hanging around her door when her husband was on duty, and making remarks, and sometimes they used words that she could understand—told her they were going to kill all the foreigners, and kill her too . . . She couldn't stand any more of it. The place was terrible. But it was the best they could do, and she didn't want charity and wouldn't take charity.

"What she wanted was work. She could sew, and keep accounts in French or Russian, and she did embroidery in the old Russian way—not like the Chinese. All her misfortunes went back to Madame Reille, who had turned her off and made it impossible for her to get service with other people, and the colonel ought to have been more reasonable when she went to see him, the first time.

"Anne took advantage of her weakened condition, got her, samovar, canteen cup and all, into a rickshaw, and brought her over to our quarters. Even then, her resistance wasn't overcome until Anne made up a fiction about necessary sewing, and gave her a pile of stuff to work on, with the promise of more work from the station. If you knew China, you'd see how far-fetched it all was—but Basia was innocent enough along certain lines.

"I have seldom seen my wife so earnest about anything. Before dark, she had me finding a decent boarding-house and canvassing the bachelors' mess for garments in need of overhaul, while she circulated among the ladies, drumming up sentiment for Basia and indignation against that great person, Madame Reille.

"That's about all the story. Next day we installed Basia in a very passable Italian house just outside the quarter, with enough needlework to keep her busy and actually to bring in a little money.

"Davala had to stand trial, for stealing is stealing, but we rushed his case through by noon, and made him a prisoner at large afterwards, and the colonel remitted his sentence, subject to good behavior over a period of six months. We also detailed him as post-exchange attendant, which gave him ten dollars a month extra.

"The guard kept the secret, and I don't think Basia ever heard about the watch. When her time came, we made arrangements for her at the Peking Union, and that event passed fortunately for all concerned, our colonel acting as godfather at the christening which followed.

"Meantime, the story went around, picking up more vivid details as it went, and Madame Reille's part in it was naturally featured. She found herself being criticized in a big way. She rather lived on criticism, but none of it had been this kind of talk—she had done a thing, at last, which even the highest circles refused to swallow. So she called in state on Basia at the hospital, to arrange for all to be forgiven and forgotten.

"One of the medicos told me about it: he was present. She swept in with flowers and the proper gestures, and announced to Basia that she might come back to duty, on increased pay and allowances, as soon as she was able to be about. And Basia made the most of the occasion. She told Madame Reille that she wouldn't be caught dead on her premises, or words to that effect, because Madame Reille was a bad woman and had a bad heart. The event received the widest publicity, and forthwith Madame Reille became ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and finding it impossible to face ridicule, she went away.

"I think Basia and Davala will live happily ever after. They're still out there. We had special permission to discharge Davala in China when his enlistment expired, and people took great interest in getting him placed with one of the big tourist agencies—he wears a uniform and looks after travelers and so forth, and draws a living wage, so they are comfortable. They still walk on the Wall of evenings, holding hands, the Chino nurse Davala is now able to maintain marching with the young Cossack.

"If that's a heart-throb, make the most of it! Here come the girls——"

Their heels clicked on the stairs, and they were saying that they would go down in the morning to look at ensemble suits before they decided on anything.

"I know Stee's been talking you to death on China," Anne said, coming to the fire; "but there was the most dreadful woman out there. She was a Madame Reille . . ."

Red Likker *by Irvin S. Cobb* (*Continued from page 71*)

along about then; or maybe they named it so because even away back yonder they knew it for truly regal stuff."

"Then all whisky is red or reddish to begin with?" said Gilmartin.

"Lord bless you, no. Our likker gets its tone and some of its mellowing and quite a bit of its distinctive flavor by being aged in charred barrels. There's an old tale that the valuable properties of the charcoal were found out by accident; as to that, though, I can't say. All whisky is white when it's new. You've heard, I reckon, of the powerful stuff that the natives make up in our mountains and sell without ever getting Uncle Sam's consent—moonshine?"

"Yes, but I thought it was so called because they made it at night for fear of the revenue agents."

"Not at all. It's because it's so white and clear—like liquid moonbeams. It's a mighty innocent-looking fluid but you don't want to tamper with it much while you're perched on rocky ground—you might bruise yourself when you fell down. Yes, indeed, the 'free 'stiller,' as he calls himself, has quite a little vocabulary of his own. I reckon you never heard of such a thing as 'blind tiger,' did you?"

Gilmartin confessed that he never had.

"Except hereabouts you probably never would," continued the colonel. "It's a term that's peculiar to the high country down here. I presume it always will be. It's like this: you'll be going along up through the mountains and in some isolated place you'll come

to a tight log-shack that hasn't got any door to it that you can see nor any chimney nor any window either. Where a window ought to be there's a little squared opening that appears to be boarded up solidly, with a semicircular shelf or sill like half a barrel-head projecting out as a sort of underlip at the bottom end of the planking.

"We'll assume you're thirsty and you crave an uplifting beverage to relieve that thirst. So you get down off your horse and you walk up to that little rounded shelf and you put down on it two bits or four bits or six bits or a dollar—it depends on what size flask you want—and then you get back on your horse and you ride off without looking back. It's not mountain etiquette for you to look back and, on the part of a total stranger, might even be unhealthy.

"Well, in half an hour or so you come back. While you were away, the blank-faced shutter has revolved and the money you left there has disappeared and in its place is your bottle of white likker. You take it and withdraw, taking care not to go prying about the premises or showing any undue curiosity whatsoever while you're in the vicinity.

"Afterwards you'll probably remember that the shack apparently had no eyes, so to speak, and that the mud-daubing between the logs made stripes along the walls and sort of mildly suggested a tiger's streaked coat. Hence the name. Once in a while a revenue man who doesn't care much whether he lives or dies tries to break into one of these little shebangs, but either it's suicide on the spot for him or else all he finds when he gets inside is a covered-over hole in the dirt floor—the entrance to a secret passageway leading off through the earth and coming out somewhere back in the sticks, as our mountain people call the deep timber.

"Then there's still another phrase distinctive to us here in the South that I'll bet you never heard, either. It's 'bootlegger'!"

"Another brand-new one to me," admitted the Easterner. "Would you mind elucidating 'bootlegger'?"

"Among us it means an unlicensed fellow who peddles likker at retail—a fellow that takes you up a dark alley and lets you have a swig for a nickel. You're not so apt to run across him deep back in the mountains as you are in one of these rural counties of ours that are trying the weird experiment of so-called local option. According to our lore the first one of this breed of hucksters carried his stock in a long flat tin container that was stuck down against his leg inside of his boot-top.

"There are some other curious terms in use hereabouts if I only could think of them offhand. Well, I reckon every section has its slang terms that grow out of special conditions and never get into general circulation . . . But say, look here, suh, you're probably tired out after that long day's ride on those dusty steam-cars, and there's a heap of things I want to show you and tell you about in the morning.

"Suppose we have just one more together, for a nightcap, and then I'm going to escort you up to your room. You'll find a decanter by your bed in case you should wake up during the night and feel like taking a little something to put you back to sleep. It won't hurt you—I'll guarantee that; there's not a headache in a barrelful, as we love to say."

The colonel was as good as his word. In the morning there was much to be

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nature's warnings— headaches, tired digestion, bad breath

—are signs of danger from within

OUR days *are* crowded. Every minute is important. That is probably the reason why so many of us neglect headaches, fatigue, tired digestion, bad breath —those warnings of danger from within.

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You will feel the blood tingle to the surface, resulting in a rosy glow. You will hardly know yourself.

If you have little lines around the eyes, they will disappear. Wrinkles will be combated. Enlarged pores will be reduced. Sagging muscles will be strengthened. You and your friends will see a delightful revelation.

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seen and to be told about, and this, for Gilmartin, was the inauguration of a round of sightseeing and visiting and meetings with gracious, soft-voiced ladies and exuberantly cordial gentlemen who professed—and apparently felt—pleasure at making his acquaintance and said they wanted him to stay with them a while after his visit at Bird's Nest was over.

"We'll not make any company of you," they would say. "We'll just treat you like home-folks if you'll only come." They seemed to mean it, too. This, though, was no novelty. Practically everywhere he had gone on his recent travels Gilmartin encountered such attentions as these.

In due season he inspected plants which were larger and more impressive than that of Bird and Son—plants where the laborious and painstaking mixing by hand had given way to mixing by machinery, and big wooden vats had supplanted the little wooden receptacles, and, in one or two instances, where steam instead of open fires of crackling oak and hickory supplied the requisite heat. But somehow he liked the Old Blockhouse distillery with its almost primitive air and its obviously free-handed, happy-go-lucky management. For him it had a homely charm which was lacking from some of the more ambitious establishments.

He liked the yeasty, half-sweet, half-acrid smells that hung so heavy in the sheds where the white meal, having been diluted with spring-water to a thin mushy consistency, was souring in the tubs, and he liked the stronger reek which arose as the vaporized essence of this gruel was being precipitated by its passage through the curled copper "worms," and liked, too, the almost overpowering alcoholic bouquet abounding in the two bonded warehouses wherein the aged and finished product was stored in barrels racked in endless rows, battalion on battalion of them. But the great alluring smell in the bottling-house, with its gurglings and splashings and flowings, was enough just by itself to make you tipsy. That, he decided, was the most tremendous smell of them all.

There was an intermediary process—the one in which a thick creamy yellowish froth, solider than foam, solid almost as a meringue, rose above the tops and overflowed the sides of all those small tubs set out in long ranks—which pleased Gilmartin's eye and set his nostrils to tingling. He enjoyed the spectacle of the workers at noontime when they ladled off dippers and tin cups of this *soufflé* and drank it down. They urged him to sample of it, proclaiming it to be both refreshing and nutritious, having body to it and flavor and a fine sustaining power, they said. Some of them, so he learned, took nothing else at midday; for them this lathery stuff was a meal in itself.

"Now, suh, suppose you have a look at the office and then it'll be time for us to go and get a bite of dinner," said the colonel, when the round of the main buildings had been made. "It's a feature that's disappearing, I regret to say, from some of our distilleries whose owners want to be right up to date, as they'd put it. Thank the Lord for it, we're not reorganized to that extent yet and I hope we never will be. I still keep the office open just as I've done from the beginning and just as I aim to keep on doing."

Somewhat puzzled by the seeming intimation that the modernization of a distillery involved the doing-away-with of the bookkeeping facilities, Gilmartin accompanied his guide to a smallish brick building which formed an ell against one side of another and larger building, and, arriving, discovered that in this case the "office" was in nowise related to the business of accounting. Here a smiling and affable black man, who wore a white jacket and a long white apron, presided over what in certain respects resembled a barroom and yet plainly was no barroom. Nevertheless, there were chairs scattered about and small tables and numerous cuspidors, and in one corner a very comfortable bench and facing it a counter bearing glassware and sugar and spring-water in buckets and another bucket containing cracked ice and, most essential detail of all, a shelf-load of bottles and jugs and kegs.

"There's nothing here for sale, of course," explained Colonel Bird, correctly interpreting Gilmartin's perplexed look. "It's where Bird and Son keep open house, as you might put it, for passers-by along the turnpike who, for one reason or another, wouldn't care to come to my place of residence for some slight refreshment. Any white man who knows how to behave himself is at liberty to drop in whenever he pleases and Jim there will serve him according to his desires, free of charge. If he wants to slip Jim a nickel or a dime, that's another matter. And that side door yonder is for our black friends. A respectable darky of this vicinity can come to that door and make known his needs and Jim will wait on him, too."

"Rather an expensive, not to say wasteful, mode of advertising, isn't it, colonel?" asked Gilmartin.

"I'd hardly call it that, suh," vouchsafed the colonel. "We don't exactly put it on the basis of advertising, seeing that practically everyone who favors us with his presence here already is fully aware of the merits of our goods. It's just sort of keeping alive an old custom that's been handed down from the early days. Besides, we don't stop always to count the pennies. Most of us, in this trade, would rather make good whisky in limited amounts than make a whole pile of dubious money; and that's the truth."

"Somewhat different from commercial ideals as you find them where I hail from," commented Gilmartin.

"Oh, I judge it's largely a matter of environment and industrial conditions rather than any difference in the blood," stated Colonel Bird. "Under the skin we're all pretty much the same people; I found that out when I was sashaying about, fighting against your northern armies. Plant one of us up North and I figure he'd soon get in the way of doing things the way you do 'em. But it is a fact, Mr. Gilmartin, that a good many of our people would rather be comfortably well-off than be worrying themselves over the possession of great wealth.

"This is supposed to be a fairly prosperous section, but I doubt if you could find a millionaire in the entire county—unless it is old Tobias Lander, who started away back yonder in the 'sixties as a note-shaver and then worked up to be a money-lender and is now our leading private banker or else our leading usurer, just as you prefer to put it. Put him in Shylock's place and he'd never be satisfied with a mere pound of flesh—he'd want the hide and the chitlings thrown in for good measure.

"I might add that he is not specially well regarded by our best families. Tobias sprang from the soil and—*hem*—is still more or less grubby. Just take one look at the way the hair grows on the

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back of that wrinkly old neck of his and you'd know him for dunghill stock."

"Rich and yet appertains to the order of the poor white trash, eh?" commented Gilmartin.

"Quite so. I perceive you have been among our people long enough to absorb some of the shadings of our colloquialisms. I congratulate you, suh. Now, so many northern people confuse, for example, our use of the common 'you-all.' They think it is applied in the singular whereas it's invariably plural. And when we say of a person that he's poor white trash, they sometimes think we do so in the sense of meaning an individual who's destitute or at least poverty-stricken, when, as a matter of fact, the phrase has no bearing whatsoever on material possessions or the lack of them.

"Take the Sales family, of this county: They have very, very little and they are heavily burdened with debts, and because of that and because of their pride, they don't mingle much in a social way with their equals here. But they would be welcome, and properly so, under any rooftree in the entire Blue Grass. We have many such families who come and go across the thresholds in quarters where old Tobe never calls unless it's to collect on one of his ten-percent notes or foreclose one of his confounded mortgages.

"He had me in his clutches once, but that's a long time ago when I was just starting up. I wriggled free, in due time, but I confess I left a few patches of skin in his grip . . . Well, come on, let's see if they've got anything for dinner."

To Gilmartin it seemed they had practically everything for dinner.

He soon found out, though, how far short his estimates of the Kentuckian's capacity for loading a dinner-table had fallen. He found that out a day or so later when he and Colonel Bird rode up the pike to dine at Judge Overton's house, a rambling shabby-appearing structure which overflowed with swarms of unidentified dependents and with small and apparently unattached darkies.

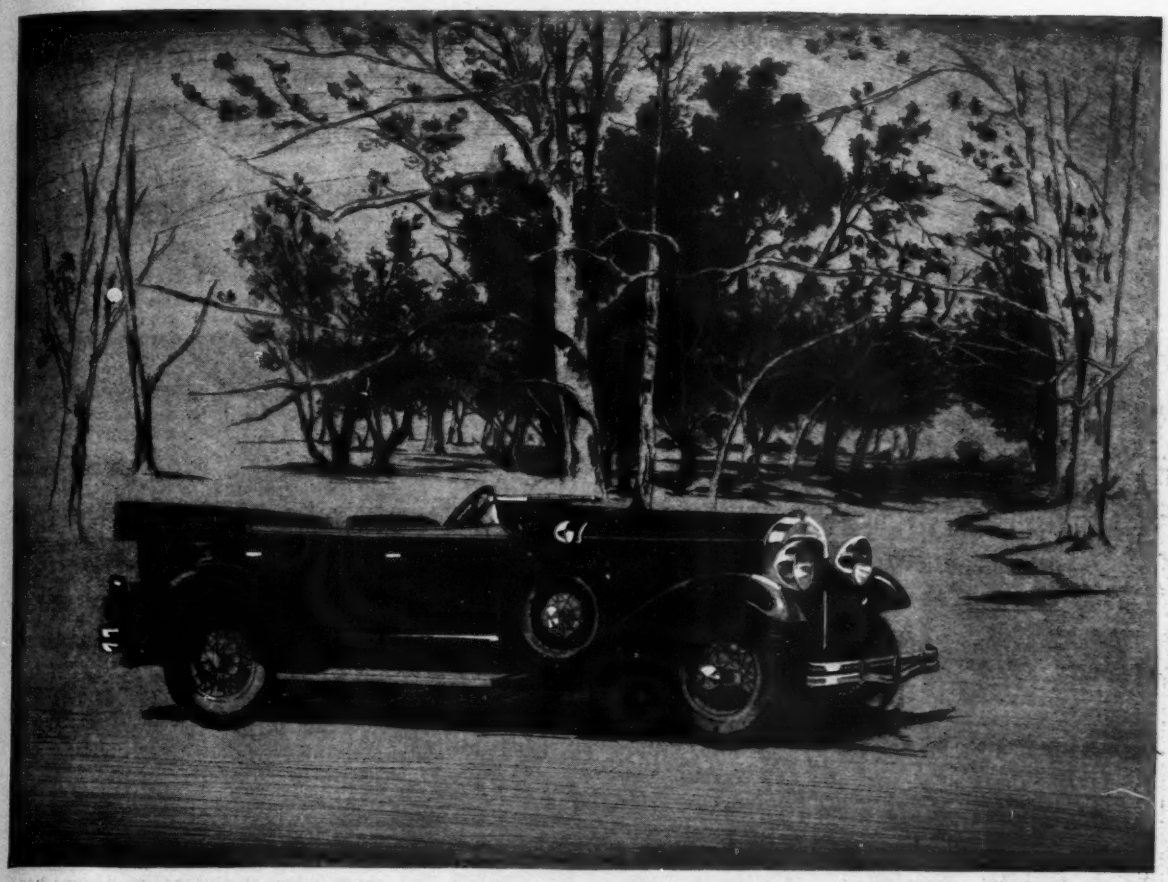
A veritable host sat down to eat—sib of Judge Overton, some of them were, and sib of Mrs. Judge Overton, and in addition to Gilmartin and the colonel, four others who had been specially invited. But all the rest of that crew, so the Northerner figured, were more or less regular dwellers under this roof.

Mentally he told himself that there must be a strain of Belgian hare somewhere in this teeming Overton breed. It was "Uncle Pliny" here and "Cousin Emmy" there and "Aunt Puss" yonder until Gilmartin fairly grew dizzy with trying to keep the tally straight.

The food came on in caravans; it came in flotillas; it came in argosies. There were only two courses—first the meats, the hot breads, the vegetables—almost countless shoals of vegetables—the pickles and the preserves and the spicy home-made condiments; and at the last, the desserts consisting of two kinds of pies and watermelon and sliced peaches with cream and cookies and fat slices of layer cake. The coffee was served—in big cups—with the meal and not afterward.

What astonished Gilmartin was that no ardent spirits were drunk either before the meal began or during it. Nor was there any wine. Milk, both sweet milk and buttermilk, and water and, of course, plenty of coffee—these were the drinkables. Yet he could tell that this was no household of teetotalers.

There were decanters on the high



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walnut sideboard and in the course of the afternoon toddies began to circulate pretty constantly, but only among the men. He took notice that liquor was not offered to any of the womenfolk, nor did they seem to take this neglect as a slight. It would seem that among these people the use of strong waters, publicly at least and probably privately, was confined exclusively to the adult males. For the adolescent youths were left out of the drinking just as their sisters and sweethearts and mothers were.

Along about five o'clock the drinking temporarily suspended while more watermelons were being eaten, and shortly after this rite Gilmartin and the colonel went back to Bird's Nest in what the colonel called "the cool of the evening," although Gilmartin thought it still sufficiently warm for all purposes. On the way the latter sought elucidation on one or two points.

"Tell me, colonel," he asked, "isn't there a frightful amount of waste to the way you people live down here?"

"I never noticed it," said Bird. "In what way?"

"Why, the food. Take today at noon. We ate bushels of good things—there was a regular army of us—but even so it struck me that bushels more were left in the dishes."

"Oh, that," said the colonel. "Why, suh, the vittles that're left over don't go to waste. The darkies tote 'em off. The cook, you know—she'll take the pick of the leavin's and take it to her house and the others round the kitchen will pack off what's left."

"You mean steal it?"

"Oh, they don't call it stealing—if it happens to be cold vittles. We don't either. It's just—just—well, call it customary. Look at my darkies—look at David, for instance. I'd trust him with my pocketbook or my watch and they'd be as safe as if they were in a bank, but if I ever wanted to see it again I'd hate to leave, say, half of a ham or a batch of fried chicken legs lying about where he could get his old black paws on 'em."

Gilmartin pondered this disclosure for a bit. Then:

"There was one rather crabbed-looking old lady that nobody called 'grandma' or 'cousin' or 'aunt.' I judged she wasn't an outsider and yet, if she was an insider, it seemed to me she should have had her title—the same as all the others did. I'm wondering where she should be placed."

"Oh, you must mean old Miss Tabby Withers," said Colonel Bird.

"That's the one—'Miss Tabby,'" Gilmartin went on. "What about her?"

"Oh, nothing much, if you put it that way. She's a very distant connection of some of Mrs. Judge Overton's people—related to her through her 'in-laws,' I think. She came over once to pay the Overtons a sort of a little visit and she's just been staying on ever since."

"How long would that be?"

"Well, I should say offhand that it must be going on about eight or nine years now."

"What!"

"Something like that; maybe ten years."

Gilmartin looked to see whether Colonel Bird was joking, but in his host's aspect and voice there was no suggestion of levity.

"And about how much longer would you say this little visit of hers is likely to last?" he queried softly.

"Oh, no doubt she'll be there as long as she lives," stated the colonel unsuspectingly. "You see, Miss Tabby Withers hasn't any property of her own, to speak of, or any close relations, and of course there's plenty of room at the Overtons' and naturally if she was stuck off by herself somewhere, she'd be pretty lonesome and sour. You see how it is?"

"Yes, thank you," said Gilmartin. "I see how it is."

He saw how it was and so that night he wrote in his notebook:

"I've found out the difference between distant relations in the North and distant relations in the South. In the North your distant relative is like a bill collector—calls at stated intervals and stays only a few months. In the South your distant relative is like the inflammatory rheumatism—arrives in the fall and hangs on indefinitely."

The articles which the Easterner wrote for his magazine largely were technical and statistical. It is from certain unpublished writings of his that you get a somewhat more intimate and perhaps a more graphic picture of a state of things and an order of men which, since they almost altogether have vanished excepting for a few pale and altered traces, probably will impress you as having belonged to an era far and dimly bygone.

For those pictures out of a vanished and, to us, a seemingly very distant past, we are indebted to Gilmartin's habit of putting down each night such outstanding impressions of the day as he did not intend presently to work up into copy; and each batch of these notes, with his observations on the same, would at intervals be incorporated into a letter to his wife, it being then her task to docket and file them for possible reference in case at some later date, while doing fiction stories or novel yarns or character studies, the author might desire to draw upon this store of spare data. Many writers have this same habit. Gilmartin never used the amassed commentaries of that southern trip of his; nevertheless the manuscripts were preserved.

Two long letters went from Bird's Nest to Mrs. Gilmartin. In the first one her husband had, among other things, this to say:

It's been a busy week. I've been fêted, feasted, toasted, entertained, until I'm dizzy. Their desire to offer the best of what they have to the wayfarer who comes among them properly vouched for, as I have been, is almost childlike; I believe I made the same remark a month ago when I was in Mississippi. Never mind; for emphasis I'm making it all over again now.

These people are very much like the people of the ruling classes in communities farther south—for verily they do constitute ruling classes—and yet in various regards are unlike them. For instance, a Tennesseean, whom your average Kentuckian in many respects very closely resembles, is usually a Southerner first of all and a Tennesseean after that; whereas the Kentuckians are Kentuckians first and after that they are Southerners.

My friend the colonel has done much reading of good literature—mainly the alleged "classics"—and he has kept abreast of current events and has traveled a good bit and altogether is more of a cosmopolite than the majority of his sort are hereabouts; yet at the same time there's a sort of provincial air about him, an insular view-point, if you'd care to put it that way, which

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is very pleasing. One minute he'll be indulging in some of the broadest of the outlandish idioms prevalent among the country people and the next minute he's off and soaring on a flight of apparently spontaneous but high-flown and rather stilted eloquence. Some of his tales are bucolic; in others he's quite the epicurean.

Funny thing: He achieves a dandified effect while negligently wearing garments that are old-fashioned almost to the point of being obsolete. He chews tobacco but somehow is dainty about it. I never saw such tremendously wide and glossy cuffs as he sports—big shiny cylinders of white linen starched until they rattle. In his footgear he's a regular Beau Brummell—goes in for pointed-toed, high-heeled boots—not shoes, mind you, but boots. It must keep one colored man busy about half his time just shining the colonel's boots.

His exquisite deference for women is a lesson in the higher art of being polite—a thing to marvel at and envy, and yet, I figure, is perfectly natural to him. Well, most of the people down here have leisure—or take it—for the cultivation of manners and small graces. They should be wearing shining armor instead of white linen suits and black string-ties.

For all his gregarious impulses, I figure him to be at heart a very lonely man sometimes. His wife, whom I have seen only at rare intervals, is practically bedfast. I'd say she's not for this world very much longer. They have one son but I don't see much of him, either; he gads about pretty constantly. On those infrequent occasions when he does favor us with his company, I catch Col. B.'s eyes following him with an eager wistfulness in them which is a give-away of the father's secret thoughts. He wants to believe in the youngster absolutely, and still I'm sure he doubts him.

Strictly between us, I must confess that I am not greatly drawn to the young gentleman. He's too supercilious, too ruthless in his judgments and too well pleased with himself to suit me. I imagine he has been overcoddled and overpampered to his own hurt—he's just a plumpish bundle of conceit and selfishness, if you're asking me.

He punishes the decanter rather stiffly at meals and between meals, too, I suspect; and from a word dropped here and a word dropped there I gather that he fancies himself a devastating devil of a chap among the damosels. I'd put him down as having a fair share of the Lothario and a good share of the Iago in his nature.

Perhaps he comes by that honestly. They do say the colonel has been something of a homespun Don Juan himself. He still has a sort of Don Juanish gleam in his middle-aged eye, especially when there's a good-looking woman anywhere in the offing.

And it seems there used to be (or perhaps there still is) a lady tucked away over at Lexington—but there, I shouldn't be peddling scandal about my most admirable host. Yet, with all that, he is all devotion, all thoughtful consideration for his wife, and she only a fading, pitiable little wisp of a wrecked thing at that. I'd put him down as that somewhat rare phenomenon among married men—a man who didn't quit courting after he became a husband. It's very sweet and touching to see them together—he so solicitous about her and she so dependent on him for company and entertainment . . .

I know I must have exhausted your stock of patience by gabbling along as I have. But you'll have to bear with me—these people fascinate me and in some regards are so very likable that, once I get started, I prattle on and on. Well, more anon.

To judge by his next instalment of notes, the idiosyncrasies of the land continued to allure Gilmartin right through to the end of his sojourn. In his next, for instance, he had this to say:

I'll be getting away tomorrow. In a way, I'll be glad to leave and in a way sorry. My poor stomach has earned a rest and needs it, likewise my congested liver and eke my overworked gastric juices. I've been positively gorged with food, and as for drink—well, if I had taken all that was offered to me I could be swimming in it . . . But the country is so inviting, so gorgeously beautiful!

It makes me think of Surrey or Suffolk. Substitute thatched stone cottages for old shingle-roofed ones and put a few of the hawthorn hedges where these people have whitewashed fences, and you could fancy yourself in Surrey—the same soft greenness in the lawns, the same tidy, cultivated, fertile aspect in the fields, the same gentle roll to the earth, the same brooding air of peace and plenty, of comfortableness and contentment.

The colonel says one of their earlier statesmen wrote a ponderous history of Kentucky and devoted practically one large volume of it to proving scientifically that central Kentucky was the site of the original Garden of Eden. Upon my word, I'm almost inclined to agree with the old gentleman . . .

"Shooting scrapes"—one hears a good deal about them; sometimes it's a "cutting scrape" and rarely a "shooting-and-cutting scrape." In conversation it's never an affray or a mêlée or a battle, but a "scrape." Often, from the casual tone employed, one might be led to infer that these "scrapes" which stud the local history so thickly are rather inconsequential, whereas they really are deadly and bloody encounters and almost always are marked by loss of life. Nearly always, too, persons of prominence are involved, and almost invariably the underlying cause has to do with family matters or with enmities growing out of political disputes or perhaps with the impugning of one gentleman's veracity by another gentleman.

I figure these "scrapes" are an outgrowth of the duel which formerly flourished locally—in fact flourished so freely that in order to break up the practise among the gentry of engaging in these "affairs of honor," the legislature finally passed an act providing that before taking an elective office or before becoming a qualified attorney at law, one must make oath that during the six months prior thereto, one had neither sent nor accepted a challenge nor acted as a second or in any other capacity in a duel. That law is still on their statute-books. It killed off the dueling practise.

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This readiness to protect one's "honor" has another outgrowth which is reflected in the daily intercourse of the inhabitants. Being so prone to take offense, these individuals are very careful to guard against giving it. I never saw men who in their dealings and their conversations with one another were more punctiliously polite than these men are; so far as I have been able to judge, this applies to all classes among them.

You see, so many words which in some places would pass unnoticed are "fighting words" down here. So unless one deliberately intends to provoke trouble, one does not indulge in loose language toward one's fellows.

On the stump, in their political campaigns—and, from what I can judge, their political campaigns are continuous—an impassioned orator may cut loose with hard terms for his rival, but when he does this he practically is serving notice upon the opposition that he is prepared to back up his personal remarks with his private arsenal.

I met a typical collection of members of the reigning dynasty yesterday at a "rally," a Democratic "rally," of course. It was held in a gorgeous walnut grove on the Oldham stock-farm, which is only a mile or so from Bird's Nest, and apparently the whole county was on hand in its best bib and tucker and we had speechmaking enough to satisfy anybody—except possibly a native. It is apparently impossible to give him too much of that commodity. As for free food and free drink—well, if I should say there were tons of the first-named and oceans of the last-named, I'd not be greatly exaggerating the true facts.

This part of it will live longest in my memory, I'm thinking. To begin with, I was introduced to "burgoo," which is a glorified and very peppery version of the "Brunswick stew"—you remember my telling you weeks ago about "Brunswick stews"?—and is also, I should say, a distant relative of the "okra and tomato gumbo," which so entranced me last month when I was on the Gulf Coast.

It is a complete meal in itself, according to my private opinion. But I was in a minority of one. Because here, as I speedily discovered, it was regarded as being merely a sort of appetizer for the barbecue which followed.

At a Kentucky barbecue in midsummer you are expected to eat a barbecued young squirrel or a barbecued spring chicken—or both—by way of preliminary to devouring a tremendous helping of barbecued lamb or barbecued pig. And there are such airy and trifling side-dishes as smoking hot corn bread and there are likewise "roasting-ears," as they call green corn that is cooked with the shucks on it; and sweet potatoes baked in the live ashes (not the yams of the Cotton States, but long, slim, knotty, double-jointed tubers, very mealy and rich); and this, that and the other thing. And then to finish off with, one must eat enormous drippy slices of very ripe, very cold watermelon. I thought I should burst; I know I gave way at several of the seams.

Also I met, and was conquered by, the mint julep in the full flower of its perfection. For the time, let it suffice to say that I never suffered—or enjoyed—a happier defeat. I'll add just this: The first Kentucky julep an alien drinks is a sensation; the second is a rhythmic benefaction; but the third one is a serious error . . .

I shall be clearing out of here tomorrow. It's just as well. After yesterday, anything more, however pleasant, would be in the nature of an anticlimax. When I am an old man, full of rheumatism and reminiscences and vain regrets, I know I shall hark back to that picture of yesterday.

Oh, those shorn blue-grass fields! And oh, the mint patches by the springs. And oh, and *ouch*, the mint juleps!

Where the colonel sat in a rocking-chair on the front porch of Bird's Nest he was half hidden behind a curtaining of green—"dish-rag" vines with their long green pods hanging thick, and "balsam vines" all studded with sensitive red globules that were ready to pop open at a touch, and gourd vines laden with fat slick calabashes that had begun to turn yellow. He had to bend forward to see out from under this frieze. When he did this he could look down a cool green avenue that had been washed clean and was glistening with a damp freshness.

Shortly after dinner-time a hard shower had fallen and now it was the tail of the afternoon and the sun was out again, making diamonds of the drops drying on the leaves and bringing pleasant smells out of the wet dust of the driveway. This had been a rainy summer, so far, and the country had none of the parched, burnt-out, thirsty look which it wore if a prolonged drought came at this season of the year.

Everywhere in the field cock-quails were whistling and from all sides came the sensual cooings of doves.

The country was at its best now, he thought to himself—so fecund and generous. In the springtime it made you think of a pretty girl in a new frock. But now it would put you in mind of a tranquil happy mother with a child at her heart.

The colonel felt finely content. He had a Courier-Journal, that morning's issue, on his knees but he was not reading it. He had not even turned to the editorial page to see what Colonel Watterson had to say today—which ordinarily was the first thing he would do when David put the paper in his hands after the mail had been brought out form town. He was just sitting there in the shade enjoying the weather and the world—the refreshing sweetness of the one, the soft serenity of the other.

That whiskered sentimentalist, the colonel's henchman, Mr. Gabriel Scarr, came languidly around the corner of the house. He was in his shirt-sleeves, his straw hat in his hand. He wore no collar; he never had been seen wearing one.

"Hello, ker'nel," he said. "How you makin' out?"

"Finest kind. How's it with you?"

"Feelin' a whole heap better sence I've done got the upper hand of that there tech of summer complaint," answered Mr. Scarr, as he perched himself in a stoop on a top step of the porch where the shadow cut across the sunshine, with his spread knees almost up to the level of his bent shoulders and his brawny red hands clasped and dangling between his shins. "But I shorely was puny these last three-four days, whut with the cramp colic hittin' me ever' little while and actin' like it was fixin' to tear me in two acrost the middle.

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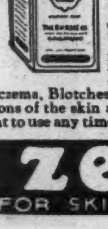

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I'll think twicet next time before I eat a whole half of a peach cobbler at one settin'." He groaned in retrospect of his recent suffering. "Darkies back yonder in the kitchen was jest tellin' me Miss Bird felt well enough to go fur a little buggy-ride this evenin'. Ain't that nice, now?"

"I should say so. I just got back from driving her over to General Peake's. What's more, I left her there for a while so's she could look at the pretty things—clothes and presents and all—that little Frances May Peake is going to have for her wedding next Saturday. You know how women are about things like that! It took something like that to get her up out of bed and out of her room. It's the first time she's been downstairs in five or six weeks. Now she'll have something to think about and talk about for a month. I'm mighty glad she felt strong enough to venture out."

"That there visitin' scribe got away this mornin', didn't he?"

"Yes. I took him to the train myself. Nice clever fellow, wasn't he?"

"Powerful clever—fur a Yankee. Me and him got right well acquainted before we was done with one another."

"I liked him," stated Colonel Bird. "He fitted right into things. I'm going to miss him. I think he had a good time down here; in fact I'm sure he did. He certainly seemed to enjoy that blowout day before yesterday at Captain Oldham's—that is, he seemed to be enjoying it up to the time when he sort of passed out. Too bad you had to miss it, Gabe."

"Wasn't it, now?" Mr. Scarr's tone was deeply regretful. "That's shorely one shindig that I'm mad at myself I wasn't able to git to it. Who-all was there?"

"Everybody in the land, mighty near it."

"Who spoke?"

"Oh, first and last, half a dozen. Joe Blackburn, for one. And Colonel Breckinridge, for another. The governor spoke, too."

"Lawdy, lawdy!" lamented Mr. Scarr. "How was the speakin'?"

"I never heard better. Blackburn had three or four new stories, too—new ones to me, anyhow."

"And me still laid up with the gripes! Wasn't that jest my cussed luck?"

"To me, though, the best part of it all was something from one of the Lexington papers that young Todd Gayle, from Owen County, read aloud."

"How could arything out of ary newspaper whatsoever match up with Joe Blackburn norratin' or Ker'nel Billy Breckinridge orratin'?" demanded Mr. Scarr incredulously.

"You wait till you hear it," said Colonel Bird. "I've got it right here—begged it off of Todd Gayle for my scrap-book." He got a pocketbook out of his inner breast pocket and from it produced a folded clipping which he spread out flat. "Listen to this, Gabe Scarr, and when I'm through then tell me what you think of it."

The colonel cleared his throat and began to read as follows: "'In the Blue Grass there is a softer sentiment—a gentler soul. There where the wind makes waves of the wheat and scents itself with the aroma of new-mown hay, there is no contest with the world outside. On summer days when from his throne the great sun dictates his commands, one may look forth across broad acres where the long grass falls and rises as the winds may blow it. He can see the billowy slopes, far off, each heaving as the zephyrs touch it with caressing hand. Sigh of the earth, with never a

sob—a tender sigh, a lover's touch, she gives the favored land. And the moon smiles at her caressing and the sun gives benediction to the lovers. Nature and earth are one—married by the wind and sun and whispering leaflets on the happy trees.'"

"Gentlemen, hush!" murmured Mr. Scarr in a gentle ecstasy, as his patron paused for a breath.

The colonel went on: "'Then comes the zenith of man's pleasure. Then comes the julep—the mint julep. Who has not tasted one has lived in vain. The honey of Hymettus brought no such solace to the soul; the nectar of the gods is tame beside it. It is the very dream of drinks, the vision of sweet quaffings.'"

"Ain't that language fur you?" rhapsodized the entranced listener as the reader stopped. "I'm askin' you—ain't it? Ker'nel, who wrote that—this here fellow Shakespeare that you're always readin' after?"

"No, it wasn't Shakespeare." The colonel choked down a chuckle.

"Then it must 'a' been Gen'el George Washington."

"No, not him, either."

"Sounds to me mighty like it might 'a' been Gen'el Washington. Well, ef it wasn't neither one of them, who in the Lawd's name could it 'a' been?"

"Man named Smith."

"Go 'way!"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Ker'nel, you don't mean to set there and claim a man with a common name like Smith could 'a' writ that piece?"

"I do. How about Judge J. Soule Smith, at Lexington?"

"Oh, him!" Mr. Scarr's skepticism faded out. "Well, maybe he mout've. Seems like I heared tell somewheres that he fit in our army. Yes, he mebbe could. But I still say it sounds to me a heap like Gen'el George Washington done it." He peered down the leafy aisle of the driveway, bringing his head still lower to see beneath the draping boughs which met and interlaced above it. "Ain't that a buggy stoppin' at our gate to let somebody out? . . . Yes, that's whut 'tis. And one feller's comin' in and the rig's goin' on ag'in, lickety-split. But why didn't they drive on in ef they wanted to see somebody?"

"Who is it?"

"Kind of a paunchy, pot-bellied feller, seems like. Acts kind of funny—like he was in a hurry to git here and yit seems to be hangin' back, sorter . . . Why, it's Cap'n O'Shea."

"O'Shea, eh? He's too fat to be traveling fast afoot . . . By Jove, Gabe, that reminds me: It was just such a day as this—not this time of the year but ca'm and pleasant, as this is—and just about this hour, twenty-odd years ago, when Felix O'Shea came dusting up to where I sat here on this porch to tell me we'd been delivered out of the hands of the forces of evil. I'll never forget it—it was just before the boy was born.

"A lot of things happened to me just about then—fine things, too. And fine things have kept on happening ever since . . . Well, time flies and history repeats itself." He was standing now to welcome his friend. "Hello, Felix!" he called out. "Glad to see you. I was just saying to Gabe here that——" He broke off, seeing the look on O'Shea's hot round face. "Why, what's wrong, man?" He asked it sharply.

"Old friend," began O'Shea, and his voice was troubled, "old friend, I bring bad news to this house. It breaks my heart that I must be the one to bring it."

The colonel's hand went out and,

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Orphos TOOTH PASTE *-Removes Yellow Mask*

through the shrouding vines, found one of the porch pillars. "I'm waiting," he said quietly.

"Prepare yourself for a hard blow—a great shock," temporized O'Shea. There was about the rotund ex-congressman no whit of his customary knack for self-dramatization.

"Go on. What's amiss with me or mine?"

"Something gravely amiss with your very own."

"Isham?"

"Yes—Isham." O'Shea's head was drooping, his eyes downcast.

"What of Isham?" All the rubicund color had drained from the colonel's face.

"There's been a shooting scrape—and Isham was in it. Isham's hurt."

The colonel did not flinch or reel. But he stiffened through all his frame and the arm against the pillar grew rigid as a crowbar.

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Worse than that."

"O'Shea, is my son dead?"

"No, but—hold steady, dear man—but they say—the doctors do—there's no chance for him. They say it's only a matter of hours. They sent me to tell you; it's the sorriest day's work of my life."

"Who shot my son?"

"Young Dick Sales—half an hour ago; about."

"In fair fight?"

"Yes, fair enough. It happened in town—alongside Barlow's store just across from my office. I saw it—part of it—out of my window. It was fair fight."

"Go on."

"It seems young Sales sent him a warning about ten minutes before they met. Isham was in the back end of Barlow's. He came out of the side door—and Sales was waiting for him in the little alleyway that's there. And right there's where it happened—three shots in all. Isham was hit twice. Sales is not injured."

"My boy—he—he——" For the first time the father faltered. A sudden dread of something—something which might make this terrible thing yet more terrible for him—was revealed by that momentary hesitation. He wrenched it out then: "He stood up to him? He didn't—he didn't——?"

"His wounds are in front, Attila—both of them." He could not tell this stricken man that his boy, trapped, cornered, desperate, had been backing away, a plea sputtering on his lips, his pistol dancing in his futile quaking grip, when those two slugs of lead struck and felled him.

Nobody ever did tell the colonel that. Mercifully they hushed it up in the newspapers, mercifully glossed it over, kept it out of the record at the coroner's inquest—this last being a perfunctory formality anyhow.

"Scarr!" snapped the colonel, his blazing eyes fixed on O'Shea and he not looking to where his henchman stood, poised and expectant of some such command from him.

"Yes, ker'nel?"

"Get me a horse saddled—quick!"

Past the corner of the house lumbered Scarr, and Colonel Bird put the next question to O'Shea, and now there was a slow deliberate deadliness, a fearsome lethal intent, apparent in the words:

"O'Shea, why did young Dick Sales—a boy that I've known all his life and thought well of—why did he shoot down my son?"

"Because—because of a girl."

"What girl?"

"His own sister—Dolly Sales."

And why because of his sister, O'Shea?

"She's three months gone."

The colonel's tone as he spoke again had become flat, listless almost.

"Go on, please, O'Shea."

"Today—this morning sometime—this girl, this little Dolly Sales owned up to her mother. I reckon she couldn't hide it any longer. She owned up to her mother first and then later on to her father and her two brothers. She said it was Isham who'd wronged her. And so her brother Dick, the older one, broke away and put out for town—to have his satisfaction."

"Beyond her word, what proof, if any was there against my son?"

"He admitted it himself—to me. I—Heavens, Attila Bird, how I hate to tell you this!"

"Won't you hurry along, please?"

"I'm doing my best. It was like this. I saw it—part of it. I ran across the street to where they were. I caught Sales' arm. I said to him: 'Why have you done this?' He said to me, pointing to Isham: 'He knows—ask him why.' Then he shook me off and walked out of the alley and handed his pistol to City Marshal Collins. Collins got the story out of him and brought it back to me.

"But before that I went to Isham and knelt by him—he was down. And he told me, too. He said, lying there on the ground, that he—he had deflowered her. He confessed it fully. Under promise of marriage he did it; then changed his mind, he said. He told me he was sorry; he said, now that it was too late, he'd like to make up for it, if he only could.

"And just a little bit later he made the same statement before witnesses to your rector, old Doctor Dabney. Somebody brought him in; he was passing along Main Street. If it was his own son he couldn't be more distressed. That was after we'd picked Isham up and carried him into Doctor Twyman's office. He's there now. Twyman is with him and Doctor Dupree, too. They're doing what they can—what little they can.

"And then I jumped in the first rig I saw—it was Tom Galloway's—and made Galloway bring me here. I got Galloway to drop me out at your gate—I wanted to do this job alone—and I sent him on up the pike to fetch my wife and his wife. I thought there should be some ladies here to stay with your wife after she heard about it."

"My wife is not here—she is over at General Peake's. I will ask you, O'Shea, to go and meet them and stop and tell them to go on to General Peake's instead of coming here. Go now, please."

So soon a wall-eyed negro boy who led a caparisoned horse was running toward them across the lawn from the stables to the left and in the rear Scarr panted along, leading a second horse. And so soon, from the kitchen behind them, there had arisen a wailing sound—voices of negro women in a hysteria of lamentation.

O'Shea turned to go on his new errand.

"Wait one moment," bade Colonel Bird, and the politician spun about.

"When you left my boy—was he conscious?"

"Perfectly so."

"How much longer do they give him to live—the doctors?"

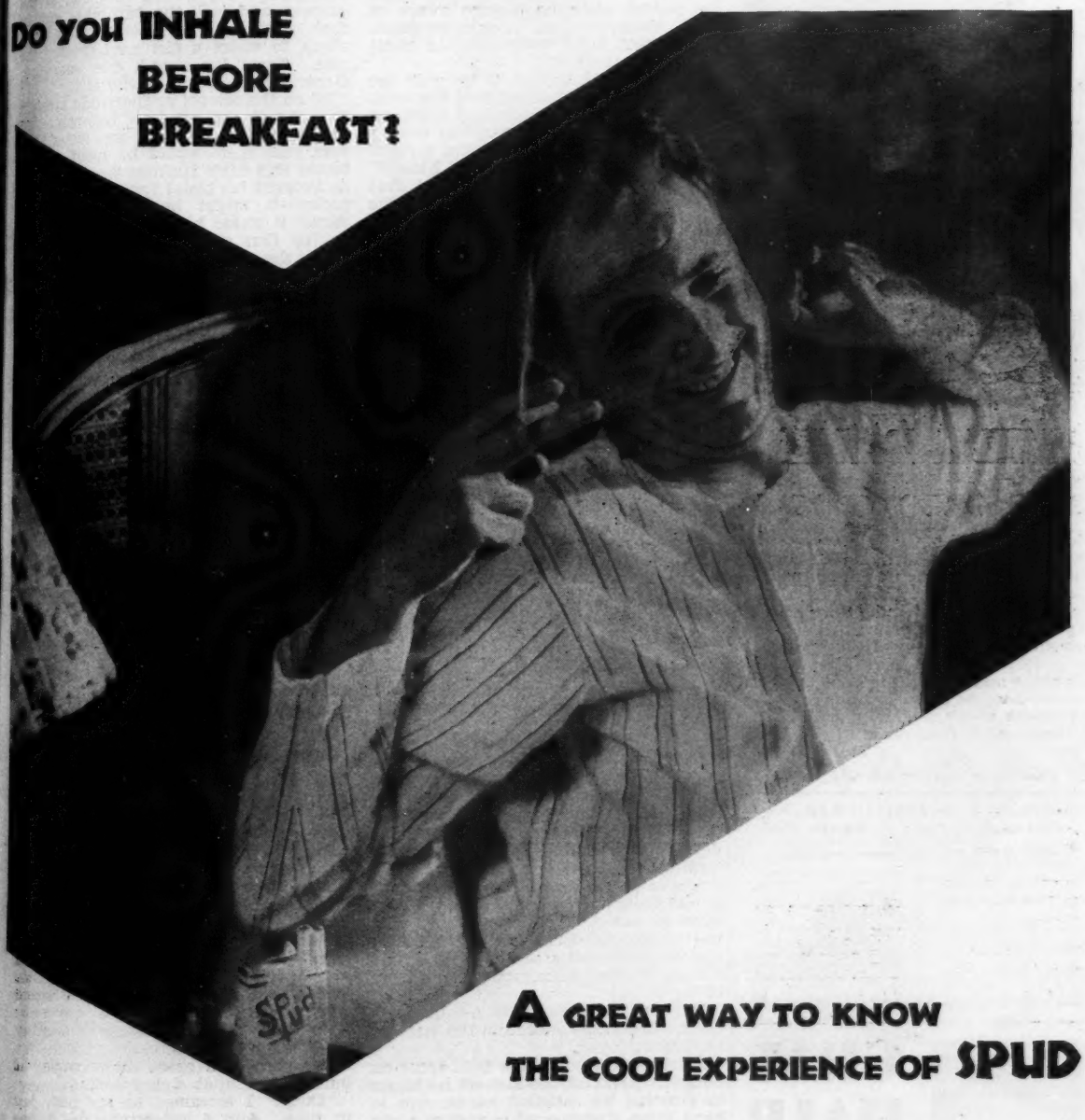
"A few hours—but only a few."

"Now go on, please, O'Shea, and head off the ladies in that buggy."

O'Shea trotted down the drive. Before he reached the gate, two horsemen passed him, galloping hard—Colonel Bird in the lead, giving his horse its head, Gabe Scarr at his heels.

At the porch steps the colonel had

DO YOU INHALE BEFORE BREAKFAST?



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MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

been in the act of swinging himself into the saddle when he became aware of Scarr alongside him, already mounted.

"I go with you," Scarr had said, reading the other's look.

"I don't need anyone to go with me on this mission," Colonel Bird had said.

"I go with you," Scarr had answered doggedly. "I rid with you into trouble many a time before now. I'm a-ridin' with you today. Ker'nel, air you heeled?"

The colonel had not answered that question; the colonel's feet were in the stirrups and he was off, wet clods flying, and Scarr a short length behind him.

In that order they went by O'Shea, in that same order swung east out of the gateway and took the turnpike, and in that order came, a quarter of a mile along, to where a dirt road crossed the pike. Town lay ahead, due eastward; General Peake's was to the left.

When the colonel neither rode straight on nor took the left turn, but reined off to the right, Gabe Scarr was surer than ever that there would be need of him before this day's business was done, and he brought his pistol forth from his hip pocket—it might be jostled out—and thrust it inside his shirt, and thus and so for four miles, neither speaking a word, the two horsemen rode.

While his son lies dying, Colonel Bird determines the fate of Dolly Sales in a dramatic interview with her outraged family—in Irvin S. Cobb's June Instalment

Darkest Egypt (*Continued from page 91*)

Queen and one impressive prince son-in-law, who combs his white whiskers in a studied imitation of those of Charles Evans Hughes.

And Big Jack and his seven assistant Peter Jacksons guarded every approach to the sacred Eden of B-deck every instant, day and night, from Constantinople down to Egypt.

Theoretically, Black Jack's job is to keep tabs on the gals of a reigning khedive's May-November harem on the Bosporus all summer, and to look after things round the November-May harem at Cairo during the winter months.

But the khedive no longer reigns farther south than the Riviera; if you don't believe me, ask the British. Therefore Black Jack didn't have a thing to do aboard ship but throw me out of Eden every time I tried to crash into court in search of my other pants and shoes.

The whole run from the Dardanelles down to Egypt finally resolved itself into one long series of violent *pourparlers* over the possession of my pants. If it had been only the assistant secretary souse on patrol, I could have dined with the Queen, no doubt, every evening at the small price of a shot of Scotch; and I wouldn't have been gypped forever out of Egypt.

But my meetings were always with the all-important Jack, and the last one was cataclysmic.

Black Jack brought the final scene on himself. Right at the kick-off he began by ordering his assistant harem cops to hang great stretches of canvas at every point outdoors where a Christian dog, whether panted or pantsless, might possibly steal a glimpse of the flappers of Eden promenading a deck.

The exclusiveness was carried down even to the ship's cook-stoves. Jack ordered curtains to be hung among the pots and pans.

The Queen, after virtually buying the ship, brought aboard all her own bedding, all her food for the trip and eight Egyptian cooks.

On the exclusive side of the kitchen velours the eight super-cooks immediately set about preparing a luncheon snack for Her Majesty, while a troupe of lesser chefs, also shielded by velours from the gaze of white trash, cooked all the meals of the rest of the court. I had no kick, however, about this kitchen exclusiveness; it left the entire culinary staff of the ocean liner with nothing to do but cook exclusively for me.

But on the last forenoon aboard the palace I was about fed up with big Black Jack. The white shoes that I had worn ashore at Constantinople were now one with the Welsh coal, and all my other left shoes were still occupying a B-deck cabin with some Egyptian cutie and my pajama pants. And even in the Aegean Sea the nights can be cold in a bunker, especially when you are all out of pants.

Furthermore, three times that morning big Jack Effendi had personally thrown me out of court circles. And the last time he said something in Arabic that would never have got him any place in Atlanta.

My heart wasn't in the game when, an hour before landing at Alexandria, I amused my small boy by tossing back and forth with him on our bit of steerage-deck aft an American big-time regulation league baseball. A big flap of canvas, buttoned vertically along its middle, which Black Jack Effendi had had erected across our end of the promenade-deck to shut off our view of Eden, served as a beautiful back-stop for my lad during our pitch-and-toss game.

And just as I had caught the baseball Black Jack unbuttoned the screen on the Eden side of the canvas.

I had just begun to wind up to peg an inshoot to my lad. At the same instant a hole appeared in the screen, and the shiny, bald black head of Jack Johnson Effendi was thrust through.

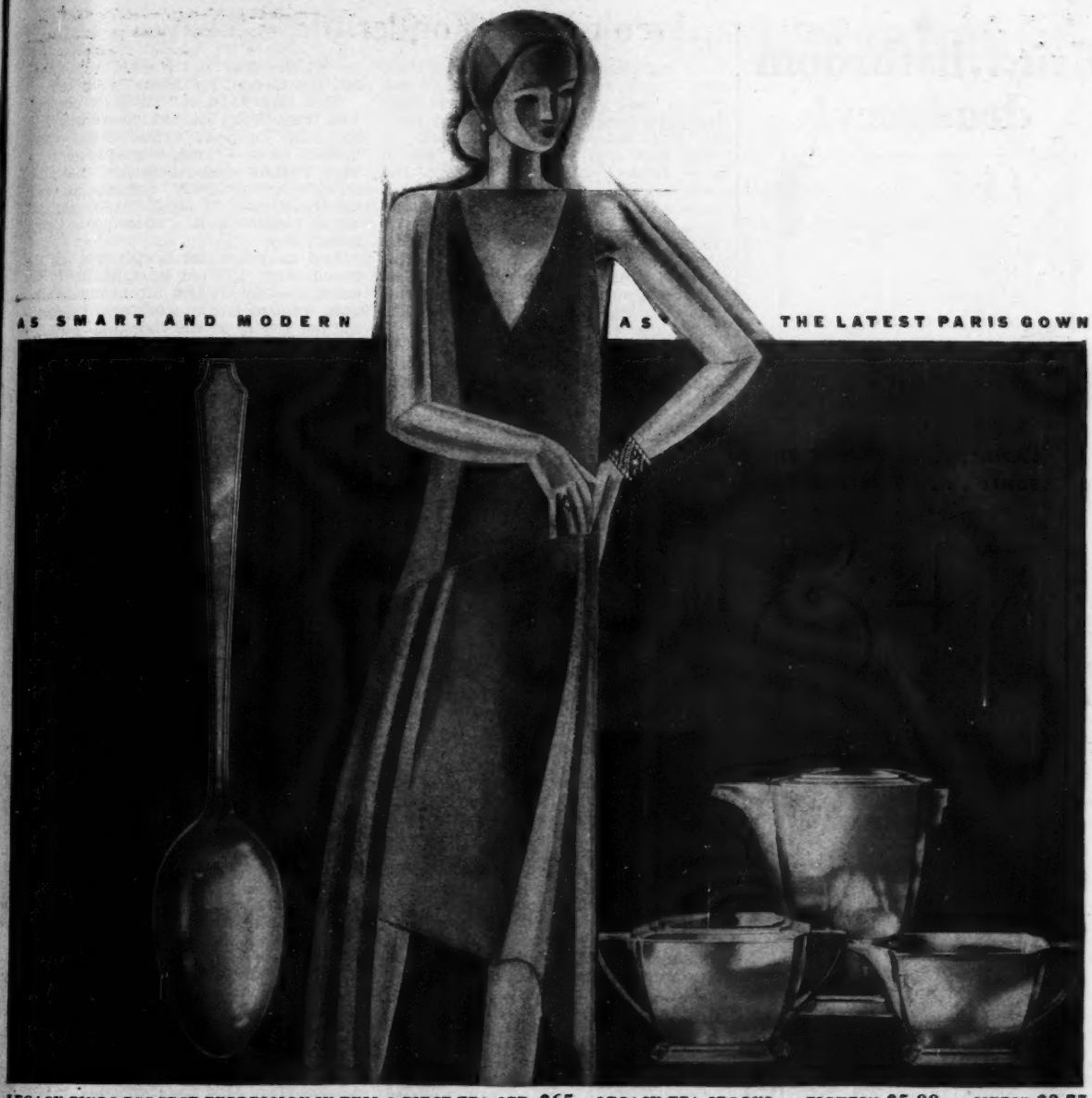
As one American citizen to another, I ask you! I ask especially anyone who, like myself, has spent many a day of burning youth at Coney Island.

"Duck!" I screamed to my boy, just in time. And I put everything I had on my fast one, with nine long 'rahs for dear old Georgia Tech.

They tell me that we were well within the outer breakwater of the harbor of Alexandria before the ship's surgeon had completed his catgut tatting on Black Jack's scalp and Jack was able again to gaze on the glory that is Egypt.

And one great glory it is, from the delta of the Nile to the far Sudan; temples that tower in awesome majesty; soft dark eyes agleam behind provocative veils of filmy cobweb, and golden anklets clinking at every silk-clad step on the sands; and wild music in the market-place, to the quickening tom-tom of drums; sunsets of shifting, shimmering beauty bathing the Great Pyramids, and waving date-palms, and the rustle of silken robes, and Jackie Coogan—himself—and his father appearing in person that day on the stage of Alexandria's leading movie mosque.

But not for me. Never the glories of Egypt for me, as long as Black Jack Johnson Effendi, the pet of the court, has his health and strength.



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Aren't You Wonderful?

(*Continued from page 53*)

Harry Carmichael in the class with other men. Harry was in Fred's office, he was often at the Pierce house; of course, Mildred knew him much better than Polly did. Polly scarcely knew him at all.

The fact that he had asked her to have dinner with him tonight—the mere thought of which had made her whole week seem oddly bright, mysterious, waiting, like red light burning on a distant hill—this would probably seem a mere casual fact to Mildred. Taking a girl to dinner was doubtless a careless matter-of-course to Harry Carmichael.

"It's so childishly simple to make men fall in love with you, you know——"

Had Mildred really meant that? Or had she been talking, as she so often did, for the mere fun of audacious effect? Mildred really might have meant it. Polly recalled family tales of Mildred's many conquests: the man who had begun waiting for her when she was only fifteen and had never stopped and married somebody else, not even after Mildred had; the man who, everybody had been afraid, might have made a scene at her wedding; the man—— Oh, Mildred might easily have meant what she said.

Polly was nearly twenty-two and she had never had a man in love with her. Not that she had been a wallflower. There had always been men to take her to dances, to play golf and tennis with her; she had even gone to proms.

Two or three men, at different times, and one at a time, of course, had slipped a tentative arm across her shoulders in a parked car or held her tight for a breathless moment and kissed her, but these had been, unfortunately, the wrong ones and Polly had wriggled hastily away from them in awkward, virginal distaste. Oh, Polly, despite her nearly twenty-two years and the M. A. she expected to get in June—in psychology, at that—was genuinely naive.

Was it possible that Mildred really meant it? That Mildred did know how?

"Why don't you try it out?" she was challenging Polly. "Forget all your modern comradely shoulder-to-shoulder nonsense. Get right back to the good old tried-and-true methods. You've nothing to lose, you know. If they don't work—well, then no other kind would have, either. You're not afraid of proving that I'm right, are you?"

"All I'm afraid of," said Polly honestly, "is that you may be wrong."

Mildred smiled at that and didn't trouble even to answer it. "You say you're having dinner with him tonight?" she asked. "What are you going to wear?"

"Why, what I have on," Polly answered. Mildred looked so shocked that Polly explained hastily, "He said not to dress, that he was going to take me to a quaint little place on the north side. You never need to dress up for anything that's called quaint. Is—is there anything the matter with these clothes?"

She glanced down at her brownish tweed skirt, tan blouse with brown tie, wool stockings, sturdy shoes.

"Quite all right, for golf with another woman's husband that you're perfectly satisfied to let the other woman keep. But for dinner with a man you want to have fall in love with you——"

"Oh, dear! And I can't change. I knew we'd be playing late and I told Mr. Carmichael to come here for me."

"That's easy. I'll lend you something. We're near enough of a size."

"But it's too late now. He'll be here any minute."

And even as she spoke, there was a tap at the door and a maid announced Mr. Carmichael for Miss Davenport.

"Ask him to wait," Mildred ordered. And then, "Let's see now, what would be the best for you?" She chose three dresses from a long, varied line in a wide, shallow closet, held first one then another up to Polly, considering with an expert eye. "I think the brown stiff velvet," she decided. "It brings out your brown eyes."

And as Polly slid hastily out of the tweed skirt, Mildred brought forth accessories—high-heeled brown suède slippers, gossamer-thin stockings, expounding her theory as she chose.

"The idea in dressing for any man," she explained, "is to wear clothes that will never let him forget for a moment that you're a woman. Oh, nothing obvious, of course. No dowdy fluffy ruffles. It must be very subtle but it can be done. Now let's see about hats."

She discarded a small lamé affair with tabs over the ears, which concealed Polly's hair and which gave, they both agreed, the smartest effect. But:

"Save your smartness for the women," Mildred counseled. "Most men don't know it when they see it, anyway. And even when they do, they don't like it. Men form their ideals of what is a pretty girl when they're about fifteen and they never really change, not down inside. Oh, they pretend, of course, to be very blah and sophisticated, but don't let 'em fool you. When you see any man over twenty-five, just work on the theory that the secret girl of his dreams still wears dotted Swiss."

Mildred chose a little beige hat with a brown brush that suggested, despite its smartness, a small girl's tam-o'-shanter, pulled low over one cheek. Polly kept nervously drawing on stockings, fastening slipper buttons, though she kept her head tipped erect for Mildred to study. Mildred finally noticed her preoccupation, complained about it.

"But it's getting so late," Polly apologized. "He's been waiting half an hour this minute and I'm not half dressed. I won't know how to explain——"

Mildred looked at her young cousin as at a side-show freak. "You're getting an M. A. degree and don't know what to say to a man when you've kept him waiting?" incredulously.

"I might tell him that Fred and I played later than we'd meant to," Polly suggested. "Fred being his boss, that might——"

"Oh, come, darling—I should think even an M. A. would have some sense left."

"What shall I say?" Polly asked humbly.

"Tell him," Mildred instructed, "that you've spent every minute he's been waiting, getting dressed."

"But that's the truth!"

"It's all right," Mildred conceded broad-mindedly, "to tell a man the truth once in a while. Tell him that you've spent all this time dressing because you wanted to look your prettiest—for him."

"Oh, Mid, that's so—so——"

"Of course it is. That's why it works." And as Polly rose to slide the brown velvet over her head, "Really, wouldn't you have thought of that for yourself? Wouldn't it just have come to you?"

And when Polly admitted that she did not think it would have come to her, Mildred sighed.

"Harry Carmichael'll have to wait another half-hour then. There are a lot of things I'll have to tell you. The kind of things I thought came instinctively to

any girl. That's the trouble with education—it leaves you with a lot of facts and theories and not an instinct in a carload. Now let's see. Of course you'll——"

The little gold clock on the mantel ticked merrily on as Mildred talked.

Harrison Carmichael had been waiting fifty-five minutes when Polly came downstairs on Mildred's slim heels, in Mildred's little beige hat, the stiff velvet dress under Mildred's beaver coat. The stairs were thickly carpeted. Polly's steps had been silent and she stood in the doorway for a full minute or two, looking at the unaware man, as he sat reading the evening paper.

There was an odd, exciting sense of mystery about him. Polly had felt it the first moment she had seen him, a week before, across Mildred's Sunday-evening supper table.

And yet, despite this sense of exciting strangeness, there was something uncannily familiar to Polly in Harrison Carmichael—an illusion of having known him somewhere before. Before she had heard him speak, she had known that his voice would sound just as it had sounded, deep with pleasantly slipped consonants. The straight directness of his gray eyes, the clean-cut line of his chin—it was as though she had known, even, just how he would look.

Polly felt as sure, too, of qualities he would have. He would be quick to catch a joke and slow to make one. He would be shrewd but charitable in his thought. Oh, she felt that she knew so much about him. She was surest of all that Mildred was wrong, that he was too fine for conceit, too shrewd for flattery.

And yet, with all this sureness, Polly still felt the excitement of the stranger. Standing there in the darkened hall, watching Harrison Carmichael, still unaware of her presence, she felt for a moment the little-girl thrill of the theater, the breath-taking moment before the curtain goes up.

Suddenly, he turned a page and something inside Polly leaped like a startled animal. It was as though, for the moments she had been watching, he had been only a character in a play, a creature of her fancy. With the sudden motion, he came alive.

"Oh, Mr. Carmichael——"

Instantly he was on his feet, a courteous half-smile on his face. But back of the smile was the look that Polly had known would be there, a look of reserved judgment. He had too much simple self-respect, that look said unmistakably, to allow himself to be kept waiting an hour for any but some real reason. For any real reason, he would be consideration itself, but to offer a man like that some flippant, trivial excuse and trust to his vanity to make it seem valid——

Mildred's silly excuse, though, was the only one there was; it was, unfortunately, true. Polly hunted for another explanation and failed to find one. She fell back on Mildred's recommendation.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting but I've been dressing all up in Mildred's clothes." She stopped short; she simply couldn't go on. But she did, after a moment or so. "I wanted to look my prettiest, you know, to go out to dinner —with you."

She did not meet Carmichael's eyes as she said this; she couldn't, for sheer shame. She busied herself with drawing on her beige suède gloves; she could feel herself blushing. He said nothing and she drew on the other glove, still keeping her eyes away from his. Both gloves on, though, she had to look up, at last.

Harrison Carmichael was smiling down at her. And the smile was not more than a quarter quizzical. The other

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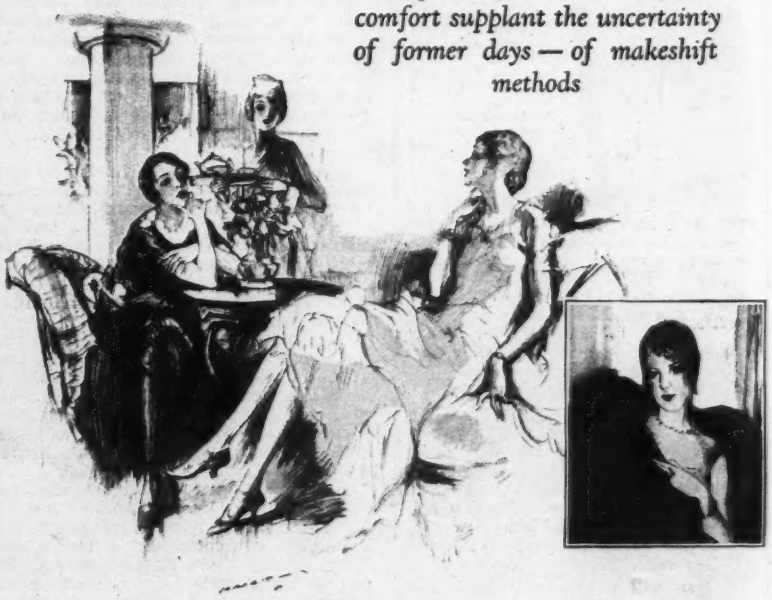

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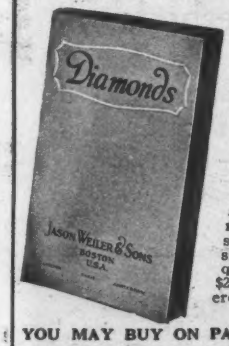

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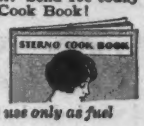

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three-quarters were sheer flattered vanity.

Polly's sense of guilt vanished in instant relief. But the relief was slightly tinged with anger. She could fancy Mildred's mocking, triumphant laugh, but that wasn't what she minded. What she minded was Harrison Carmichael's being like that.

It was the merest trifle, of course. Nothing really to be disappointed about. It might not mean even that Harrison Carmichael was what Mildred assumed every man was, foolish, fatuous, gullible. It was the merest straw, his bearing out Mildred's prophecy in this detail. But straws usually do blow with the wind, Polly knew. And she felt drawn, with a reluctant, horrid fascination, to try out her cousin's technique still further.

Over the coarse-woven linen and gay peasant china of the "quaint little place," Polly leaned forward and asked eagerly: "But by the time you started high school, if you had to go to another town, how did you manage then?"

Dinner was only half through and Mildred's prophecy had more than half proved itself.

"If you feel just the least bit stiff, not well acquainted and don't know just what to talk about—or if you want a little peace to sit and plan out your spring clothes in—just start off any man about his boyhood. It's like one of those self-repeating records. He's good for an unlimited period.

"You don't have to pay the slightest attention, you know. Just freeze a fascinated look on your face and forget him. You can come back a half a day later and find him still going strong. Of course, it's a little safer to drop in an occasional word of admiration, like a nickel in the slot, just to be sure to keep him going."

Polly had felt a little ill at ease. Despite her disappointment in Carmichael's pleased acceptance of her excuse, there was so much excitement in finding herself across a small table from him, by his invitation, that she felt her hands grow stiff and awkward. Mildred's suggestion had come to her, like a much-needed friend.

"Just start off any man about his boyhood——" Mildred had been right. It had been easy, so easy, as though Harrison Carmichael had been waiting hungrily, all ready to pour the tale of his early days into any pair of waiting ears. As he talked, Polly felt the stiffness leaving her hands, all nervous tension relaxing. Nothing was expected of her. Mildred had been right.

"It's a little safer to drop in an occasional word of admiration." That was easy, too. It came, in fact, quite naturally.

As Harrison talked on, growing warmer and more expansive with every sentence, Polly listened, entered imaginatively into every experience, projected herself into every feeling of the narrator, which is, of course, the essence of flattery. Doubtless, she dropped in phrases of admiration; Polly scarcely knew, she found herself so genuinely interested.

Diners at the other little tables finished and left, maids cleared the tables, set them for breakfast, gathered menus, ate their own dinners at the table in the rear. The cashier finished checking her day's returns, yawned, glanced with increasing frequency at Carmichael.

Oblivious of the broad hints, the deserted tea-room, he continued to talk. And Polly listened, torn by warring desires. She wished to hear more, to keep Carmichael leaning over the table toward her eagerly, to feel that odd sense of closeness between them, to keep that at any price. But she wished, too, to hold the sense of power, of mystery, that she felt about him.

"It isn't boasting," she kept telling herself stanchly; "everybody likes to talk about his past." But she was forced to admit that nothing which Harrison was recounting could be held to be derogatory to himself in any way.

Aware at last of the weary cashier and the departing waitresses, of the deserted tables about them, Harrison reluctantly suggested departure.

"Where shall we go now?" he asked. "A movie? It's too late for a show. Or isn't there somewhere that we can talk? I'm awfully interested in hearing your point of view about things."

"He likes me! He likes me!" Polly lay awake for hours that night in a glad tumult of feeling. "Mildred is right. That is the way to make a man like you!"

And, being as honest as sunshine, and grateful besides, she admitted this to Mildred when she came to return her borrowed finery.

"It wasn't pretending, though," she insisted. "Everything he told me was interesting. It really is wonderful, the way he's practically made his own way in the world ever since he was twelve. A man has a right to be proud of it."

"Of course he has a right to be," Mildred agreed. "And, of course, a man likes to have you admire him for the things he has a right to be proud of. But oh, lady, just try him out on the things he hasn't any right to be proud of!"

Polly looked questioning.

"Why, take Fred." Mildred generously sacrificed her husband to point the moral and adorn the tale. "Do you suppose it makes any special hit with Fred for me to assure him that I think he's a good business man? He knows very well that he is. But when I want something special, I start out by telling him what a marvelous dancer he is. And, as for that—well, you've seen Freddie dance!"

Perhaps if it hadn't been for this warning, Polly might have done the wrong thing when Harrison Carmichael essayed his opinion of psychoanalysis. Certainly her first impulse had been to an outraged protest.

After all, you know, Polly was taking an M. A. in psychology and she did know something about it. Not much, she owned in honest humility, but Carmichael didn't know enough even to realize that he didn't.

He proceeded to set forth his opinions at length and with great decisiveness. Polly had noticed that he usually disposed of his knowledge of the financial market—which seemed awesome to her—in an occasional sentence, but upon this subject, of which he was profoundly ignorant, he became more and more expansive. At last, when Polly could bear it no longer, she challenged:

"But I thought you said you didn't get any psychology in college. Where did you get all this information?"

Carmichael ignored the challenge in her question. "Oh, one picks it up here and there," he said complacently.

"But it's all wrong—you can't pick up really sound information on a serious subject here and there." Polly didn't say this, though. Instead, she threw aside caution and her sense of justice together and took a chance on her cousin's wisdom. She widened her eyes and said in a voice as soft as Mildred's, as soft as a baby's hand on your cheek:

"It's wonderful, really, your keeping up on subjects that are out of your line."

That was putting it too strong, much too strong, Polly felt guiltily. This man knew, of course, that he hadn't "kept up" on this subject; he knew the cheapness of ignorant pretense of knowledge, of

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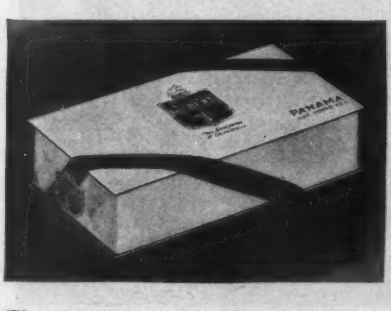

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illiterate, sharp convictions. He had standards of his own—he must have, Polly insisted loyally—standards not to be puffed over by the breeze of flattery.

But if Harrison Carmichael felt that Polly had gone too far in her admiration, he failed to show it. Oh, he did smile a little deprecatingly, of course. But he was obviously pleased.

"A man has to keep up more or less on what's going on in the world," he said. And after a moment or two, "By the way, would you like to drive out to the country club Saturday afternoon and play around the course? Mrs. Pierce says you're a corking golfer."

Saturday afternoon—and this was Thursday evening! He must be really interested, to ask her so soon again! Polly forgot her sense of disappointment in excitement. Thank goodness she was a good golfer; she need not be afraid of boring him as an opponent.

Just before they started for the course, Mildred called her cousin aside. Mildred's house was out near the country club. Carmichael had mentioned to Fred that he and Polly were playing Saturday and the Pierces had invited them to luncheon before the game.

"I don't know how well Harry plays," Mildred said, "But you're dangerously good. You mustn't beat him, you know."

"Mustn't beat him?" Polly asked.

The men were already in the hall; there was no time for lengthy explanation.

"Oh, beat him on the first five or six holes, if you can," Mildred counseled in a hasty undertone. "That will let him see that you really are good. He'll love coming out ahead all the better then. But you must see to it that he does come out ahead, in the end."

There was the sweet October mist over the golf links, the distant hills were blue. Polly, taking a practise swing at the first tee, was unconscious of the postery picture she made, the breeze blowing her short skirt about her slimness, her eyes and cheeks bright with excitement. She knew only that she was wildly happy.

She swung in sheer joy of motion and the little ball soared away, clean and true, down the center of the fairway. Carmichael whistled admiringly, teed up zestfully. His drive was longer than hers but sliced; it took Harrison two strokes more than Polly when they finally holed in.

It was the same on the second hole and the third. And the fourth. There was a practised straight steadiness about Polly's playing now that made every stroke count. Carmichael outdistanced her easily but was always getting into difficulties which kept her well in the lead.

He was a good sport about it, but Polly, her awareness doubtless sharpened by Mildred's coaching, was conscious of some vague but definite change in his attitude toward her. He was sportsmanlike, friendly. But there was something oddly man-to-man about his attitude. That mysterious electric current which pulls between man and woman seemed suddenly turned off.

On the fifth hole, Polly deliberately flubbed her mashie shots and Carmichael came in ahead. She did the same on the fifth and the sixth. By the seventh hole, Carmichael was well in the lead. He smiled down at Polly, watched her as she dug her iron into the earth back of the ball. And all the vanished warmth had magically come back into his attitude.

"You play a splendid game," he assured her, "all but the mashie. It's your mashie shots that bring up your score."

"I know," Polly agreed. And added after a moment or so, "I wonder if you couldn't help me with it—you're so wonderful with the mashie."

"Be glad to," Carmichael promised enthusiastically. "Suppose we come out again tomorrow and I'll take you in hand. I believe," he added generously, "that I can make a golfer out of you."

Polly thought of the three silver cups on her book-shelf. But she did not speak of them. Polly was learning.

She learned rapidly after that. After all, despite the M. A. Mildred considered so menacing to instinct, Polly was no fool.

Of the obvious flatteries she became mistress almost at once. Learned to listen respectfully to Carmichael's opinion of books she was sure he had never read, to draw him out on subjects he knew less about than she. All the major and minor keys in which one could vary her admiration of the way he drove a car or played bridge.

Mildred's occasional dropped words of wisdom no longer surprised her. Polly felt that she had discovered many of these for herself. "The one thing every man is proud of is his knowledge of human nature," Mildred had said.

Well, Polly had found that out. "I'm not much of a bookworm, but I'm a great student of human nature." She began to wonder how many million men had said that to how many million listening women.

Of flattery in its subtler forms, Polly was developing her own technique. She learned, for instance, that, all liking for her aside, Carmichael found the Pierces' dear little cousin, welcomed, at home in the big house, more tickling to his self-esteem than the same girl as a college student, living in an inexpensive rooming-house, working hard for a degree in order to teach next year. So Polly saw him as often as possible at Mildred's, against the background of Persian rugs and solid-silver tea-services.

She found, too, that a certain amount of competition made him feel her preference more complimentary. So she encouraged two or three negligible youths who bored her, so that Carmichael might pride himself on taking her away from rivals. Oh, once a clever girl puts her mind on it, there are infinitely varied ways of saying "Aren't you wonderful!"

There was a price, though, to be paid for all this wisdom. Polly found that as Harrison Carmichael liked her better and better, she seemed to be liking him less and less. She realized reluctantly that the sense of mystery which she had felt about him must have been a childish illusion. She was conscious of him as a vain and credulous creature, the kind of man a clever woman "handles."

In February, the office decided to send Carmichael out to San Francisco for six months, to test out possibilities there. If the test proved satisfactory, he would be given charge of the new far-western branch.

The announcement of this—she heard it first through Fred—did a queer thing to Polly. Harrison was, he must be, the commonplace sort of man she had come to know. And yet, despite this fact, the thought of his going away, eventually forgetting her, of her never seeing him again, made her suddenly sick.

He might easily do this. He had shown her plainly enough that he liked her, that he was attracted by her. But San Francisco, she supposed, was full of likable, attractive girls. Surely plenty of them also understood Mildred's technique. At the thought of Harrison's going away from her, free, to fall in love perhaps with one of these mythical girls, Polly was swept by nausea.

And the idea that she could stop it,

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by the technique one of these other girls would use if she didn't, would occur to Polly. She felt sure that it would be possible to say "Aren't you wonderful!" in such a way that it would make a man ask you to keep right on saying it to him the rest of your life.

To one side of Polly, this seemed so sensible, so natural a solution that it was ridiculous to consider anything else. But there was another side of Polly, a side that fairly shrieked with outrage at the idea of tricking a man into marriage.

Part of the time one of these sides was uppermost in Polly; part of the time, the other. And between them Polly was torn and unhappy.

And then one evening, the decision seemed to be made for her. She was spending the night with the Pierces and Harrison had come for dinner. The four of them had just settled before the fire in the library for bridge when Fred's partner telephoned. He wanted to see Fred. Fred wanted Mildred to drive over with him. They turned apologetically to the younger pair.

"You can entertain each other, can't you? We may get back by half past ten, time for one rubber."

Polly, left alone by the fire with Harrison, granted this romantic opportunity, felt that fate must be giving her a sign.

The library was quiet after the clang of the heavy front door.

For some time, conversation was desultory. One subject after another was started, only to die away into the ruddy silence. Polly left the bridge table for the low upholstered bench before the hearth, sat looking pensively into the fire. Now and then Carmichael would poke the logs in restless response to the mood which was slowly filling the room, a mood as inexplicable, as invisible as faint fragrance. A mood that was oddly intimate, waiting.

The clock on the stairs struck again. The man and girl started.

"We don't seem very chatty," Carmichael observed.

Polly's answering smile was wistful.

"Is there something wrong, Polly?" the man asked suddenly.

Polly avoided his eyes with an air of surprised and conscious guilt. "No, of course not," she said hastily.

But her smile was so unnaturally bright, so obviously forced that Carmichael insisted, "But there must be; you're not a bit like yourself." He dropped down on the fire bench beside her. "Come on, Polly, out with it! I know there's something. There's no use trying to fool me."

"I hate you for being so intuitive!" Polly was apparently swept by a quick flash of anger. "I tell you there's nothing the matter!" And her voice faltered slightly.

"Just tell any man in the world that he's intuitive!" Mildred's mocking light advice. "They all fall for that."

Carmichael covered Polly's hand that lay listlessly on the bench between them. "You know you can't fool me," he repeated, with obvious pleasure in the thought. "Come on, out with it. What's the trouble?"

Polly averted her head till he could see only the edge of one flame-reddened cheek. "I'm blue," she confessed. "And I can't make up my mind about something."

"Let me help you," Harrison suggested.

But she shook her head. "You're the last person who could help me," she said. "You see, there's a man who wants me to marry him. A friend of Fred's."

Carmichael looked as suddenly startled as she had known he would. "You're not considering doing that, are you?" he demanded. "It—it isn't anybody you're in love with, is it?"

"Oh, no; I'm not in love with him," Polly agreed readily. "But I don't know."

"Why don't you know? Why should you even consider it then?"

"Oh, I'd have a home, maybe children—somebody who belonged to me, that I could do things for. I'd doubtless get attached to the man, in time. They say you do."

"Polly Davenport, of all the outrageous things! And for you, of all girls." And then suspiciously, "Is he rich?"

"I imagine so. Oh, he's quite all right, really. He's rather good-looking, not dull at all. And young enough—I wouldn't be an old man's darling, you know."

"But why—if you don't care anything about him?"

Polly met his eyes with a lovely pretense of brave frankness. "I want something—after you've gone," she said simply. "And after all, one man will do as well as another. You see, you've rather spoiled men for me."

"Why, Polly!"

"I'm glad I've known you, just the same," she said hastily. "It's not your fault that you make other men seem—well, not quite so wonderful as you are. We've—we've had some good times together . . ."

She let her voice trail off into wistful silence. Wistful, too, were her eyes, looking into the flames. There was a long silence. Suddenly the man leaned forward, caught her hands in his.

"Polly, Polly darling—will you marry me? Forget all about this other man—marry me and come out West with me."

Well, she'd done it! Actually done it! Mildred's wisdom had proved itself.

Carmichael's eager arms were about her, his voice pleading, promising, in her ears. But Polly did not hear the words, scarcely felt his touch which had once thrilled her so. In this moment that should be all exultant triumph, she was conscious of revulsion of feeling that shook her as a puppy shakes a mouse. Every disappointment, every reluctance of the past months swept over her. She was conscious only of an overwhelming hatred of herself.

She wrenched herself out of his eager grasp. Because he was part of it all, she was angry at him, too. Furiously, irrationally angry.

"You don't love me! Don't say you love me—you don't!"

"But I do, darling!"

"You don't—I've tricked you—that's all. Any other girl in the world might have done it instead of me. I've tricked you, that's all. You shouldn't have let me!"

"Tricked me?"

The incredulity of his voice was like kerosene on the flame.

"Yes. You say you love me—you don't even know me. There's been scarcely a word of truth passed between us."

"Oh, nonsense, darling; you're overwrought. You're talking nonsense. Why, you couldn't have tricked me."

The complacent, masculine assurance of him. Oh, but she had done her work well!

"Couldn't have? It was easy. Easy! There isn't any friend of Fred's who wants to marry me. I said that because I knew it would make you ask me. Any other girl could have made you ask her if she only flattered you enough."

"Flattering me? You've been flattering me?"

"Of course I have. From the first moment I saw you. I've let you teach me to play golf—when I know I can beat you. I've listened to you talk about books you haven't read and settle questions you haven't thought about. I've made you feel that you were right at times when

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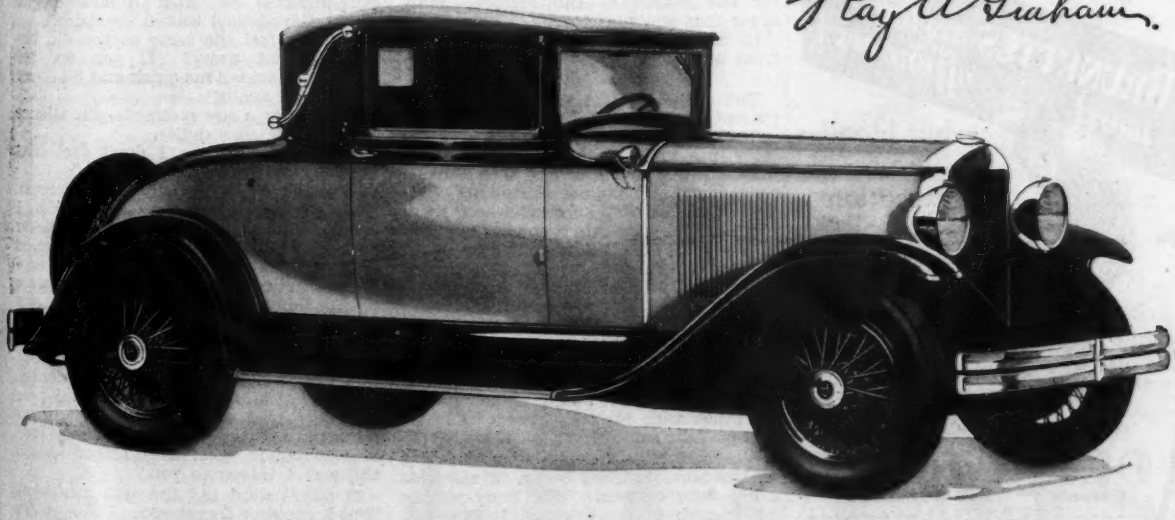

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we both knew that you were wrong.

"I've sworn black was white wherever it would make you feel better pleased with yourself to have it white. I've thought of a million ways of telling you how wonderful you are. And so now you think you love me. Love me—you don't know what it is to love! All you want is a mirror. A lying, flattering mirror!"

Carmichael said nothing, merely looking at her through narrowed eyes.

"If there ever was anything real and worth while about you, I've done my best to kill it. I hate myself for doing it. And I hate you for letting me."

All the inner conflict came flinging out in violence that shocked Polly herself. It seemed to catch her up in its swirling current, whirl her on, despite herself.

"I wasn't any worse than most other girls. Men like us to be that way. You don't care whether we're kind or honest or generous or anything else a human being ought to be. If we're only clever enough about making you feel yourselves wonderful——" Her voice suddenly broke in very violence.

"May I ask," Carmichael's voice was low, level—"may I ask why you considered it worth your while to—as you say—trick me?"

Polly hesitated. Then she faced him. Here was no pretty pretense of honesty. Here was the truth, raw, choking the girl with her distaste for saying it.

"Because," she said, "when I first met you, I thought I'd be glad to get you—at any price."

"I see." Still the level, expressionless voice. And after a moment, wryly, "Well, it's fortunate for both of us that you found out any such ridiculous mistake as that in time."

The front door clanged at that exact moment and the Pierces blew in on a gust of February night. Fred was insistent for one rubber, so Harrison and Polly played, courteously, with a pretense of everything's being as usual.

Carmichael left at the end of the rubber. His farewell to Mildred was elaborate and affectionate; he wouldn't see her again before he left. To Polly, a mere casual good-by. He'd be seeing her several times, of course, it said. This was for the benefit of the Pierces. Polly knew that she would not see him again.

In Mildred's exquisite guest-room, she cried herself to sleep that night.

The operation was successful but the patient died.

That cynical old comment slipped jeeringly into Polly's mind a score of times that spring. She had not seen Carmichael again. He had not written her. The operation had been successful—oh, very!

If she had gone into it to save her own self-respect, she had undoubtedly saved it. And now that she had it, returned intact, like an appendix in alcohol, she found it about as comforting. Self-respect, integrity of spirit—fine to prate about but oddly chill verities to live by.

She had not dreamed that one human being could miss another as she missed Carmichael. She would wake in the mornings with an odd sense of desolation and she could never put it away.

She must have shown that all was not well because Mildred began to manifest a big-sister concern. Was Polly getting out enough in the fresh air? Was she getting the right kind of food at that boarding-house? Mildred was amazingly kind and tactful. She never spoke of Carmichael and she was always dragging Polly off on larks with other young men.

Some of these young men showed signs of incipient interest in Polly. But Polly showed no interest whatever in any of them. Ironic, wasn't it? that what she had believed was the grossest of her flatteries should be proving to have been the simplest statement of fact. Carmichael had spoiled other men for her.

Queer how, now that the thing was all over, so many things appeared in a different light. Not that Polly denied the truth of the things she had said to Harrison. But they seemed such tiny, unimportant splinters of truth.

Suppose he did like to think he played a better game of golf than he really did—hadn't she been excited and pleased the night he had said she was beautiful? And hadn't she known, at the time, that it was an exaggeration of the truth?

That is the trouble with wise cynicism: it lets you down when you need it worst. Polly was with Mildred the day of the accident on the golf course when they thought, for a minute or two, that Fred had been killed. Polly saw Mildred's face turn ashy-gray under the rouge. Oh, Mildred felt something for Fred that went deeper than the satisfaction of being able to handle him.

Polly felt something different for Carmichael. She admitted it to herself, now that she had lost him forever. Something that went deeper than vanity, deeper even than self-respect. Some bit of that mysterious chemistry of attraction that makes one woman love one man, all reason to the contrary.

And she had lost him.

Polly was facing that fact as she sat in the quaint little restaurant where he had taken her first. She found a gloomy pleasure in going there alone for dinner.

She was eating her ice-cream and finding it as wry as Dead Sea fruit, when she glanced across the room and saw Harrison Carmichael.

He saw her at the same time. There was a breathless moment, then he rose and crossed the room to her table.

Mere stiff politeness. Explanations. Yes, the West experiment had been successful; he was back preparatory to going out for good. How had she been? Oh, very well, thank you. All the meaningless tinkle of politeness. Might he join her for demi-tasse? Certainly, she'd be glad to have him. More tinkle.

And then suddenly, cleaving the polite pretense as with a knife-edged sword, Carmichael leaned toward her.

"Do you feel the same as you did before I went away? If you do, for heaven's sake, tell me quick and I'll never bother you again."

Silence for a few moments, the silence of numbling incredulity.

"No," said Polly. "I don't feel that way any more and I never did."

"You had a right to," said Harrison. "Every word you said was true. Oh, I wouldn't admit it for weeks. I've never been so mad in my life before. I've tried to hate you. And even when I was trying, down underneath I knew you were right. But it didn't seem to make any difference in one way, whether you were or not. I kept right on loving you all the time I wanted to strangle you."

"I wasn't right," Polly denied ardently. "Or only at most in a tiny little one-percent corner—I never dreamed there was a man in the world who would ever look at a girl again, after she'd talked to him the way I talked to you."

"I didn't want to," the man confessed, "but I couldn't forget you. Polly, you're the most beautiful girl in the world."

"Harry, I mean it—honestly—you're the most wonderful man!"

And if something less—or more—than the truth was being served for the moment, what recks it? The most inspired musician must have his technique, if only to make it divine.

He Had a Brother

(Continued from page 39)

a hotel apartment, he endured it for several minutes, and so he did not arrive at Judge Rigadon's cocktail-party till almost six-thirty.

There he met a lawyer friend, Dick Souter, who was giving a party at the Vraie Vivienne night club, and——

Next morning, at ten o'clock, Charles Haddon awoke to discover that he was lying in dinner clothes across his bed—his own, this time—and to recall, between gripes of nausea and pangs of headache, that the night before he had tried to fight a waiter at the night club, that Dick Souter had said to him, "For heaven's sake, will you shut up, Haddon?" and that in a state of hurt and noble dignity he had wavered through the miles and leagues, the forests and hills and wide-flung steppes of the night club, and gone home.

But this time Haddon made no good resolutions. Neither did he try to go to the office. "I'm licked. I've got to do something," he muttered.

He made, now, no pretense of being lightly able to "go on the water wagon." He was frightened. He had a bromide, a high-ball, not as things he wanted but as horrible drugs for a sick man.

"Licked! Got to have someone to help me!"

It was June, and business at the firm was light. It was June, and in his boyhood town, Glen Western, there were meadows to quiet sick nerves. And in Glen Western was his brother, Ed Haddon.

He had not seen Ed for three years.

Ed was not, like Charles Haddon, a "success." He was the village druggist, and he had married Mildred Brown—you know Mildred Brown, the daughter of the conductor on the Ragusa and Alfalalfa branch of the N. Y. C.? But Ed, Charles suddenly remembered, was the steadiest, honestest, soberest man living. Dirty shame he hadn't had Ed come down to New York for so long now!

With a not quite sane haste, his hand twitching, Haddon gave a long-distance call for Glen Western and for Mr. Ed Haddon. While awaiting it, he called his office, announced to the chief that he felt a little sick, that he was going away for a week, and that there was nothing on the cards that couldn't be handled by young Rufus Early.

With hot cheeks he imagined how the chief, old Arnault, would worry, and how that young beast Early would snicker about Haddon's "sickness." But——

Oh, hang 'em all! Better to be a little ridiculous than to be dead, as he would be, soon, if this kept up! And he was not coming back in a week. Perhaps never! Perhaps a year from now he would be a country attorney in Glen Western, a plodding, dusty fellow, but sane again and decent and kind.

Then on the telephone was Mildred, his sister-in-law, saying, "Why, that would be real nice if you could come. Oh, yes, sure, you bet, lots of room. Ed's off today, fishing at Purgis Lake. Yes, we'll be real glad to have you. I'll meet you with the car at the seven-sixteen."

He had the whole picture of the village street, the peace of maples, the friendliness of little stores and white houses with comfortable lawns, the smell of lake-breezes, the companionship of home-town boys who called him not Mr. Haddon or Charles or Charlie, but Chuck.

He was disappointed that Ed and Mildred no longer lived in the Grampa Haddon house, with the old "natural

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wood" rockers on the broad porch and the patchy lawn with a twine hammock between two box-elders. Their new house was a stuccoed bungalow, smelling of varnish and mail-order rugs, and instead of the slovenly, good-natured old porch, it had a perky little stoop with red-tiled flooring and four stiff wicker chairs.

As they drove up to the bungalow, Mildred said smugly, "You see, even poor *we* haven't done so *badly*, after *all!*"

Though he had been hysterically glad to see her dependable round face at the station, he disliked her then, and he disliked heartily the guest-room with its mean air of a hospital.

But in the June evening, after a supper of fresh fried pike and tea biscuits and scalloped potatoes and floating island, which tickled him with its memory of boyhood, as they sat out on the stoop there was a smell of unlaundered grass, a rustle of water from neighborhood hoses, a soft whir of motor tires on the dirt road and the immemorial village sound of dogs idly barking. It was utter peace. It was his boyhood. It was the revival of the boy, Charles Haddon, who had been so ambitious and studious and untempted . . . And he definitely did not want a drink!

Then he heard New York.

In town, he had been too habituated to it to hear it. Now, in its absence, his ears suddenly caught the whole bedlam that for years had assailed him—elevated, clacking feet, river horns, insane riveters, voices indignant or boisterous or whining, and the harsh *grrrrrr* sound which motor tires made on hard pavements all day, all night, dawn and noon, noon and twilight. And he was safe from it! He was here!

They had been talking as becomes Home Folks.

"Say, what ever became of that Bill Tyler that used to be the implement dealer?" and, "Do you ever hear from Cousin Myron?" and, "I guess Old Man Warman must be pretty well fixed by now." These dronings had protected the kindred strangers one from another.

Now, as the village silence suddenly roared at Charles, he cried, "You don't know how nice it is to be here with you! New York has, uh—— Well, it's kind of got on my nerves. You know. Overwork, and hard to sleep nights with all the racket and—— But here I feel like a new human being, already."

With no defiance but with an infinite sisterly kindness, Mildred patted his arm. Ed, lounging against the stuccoed wall, stalked over to pat his shoulder.

Mildred murmured, "You poor darling! It must be terrible to fight the city all the time. Well, we want you to rest. We can't give you much in the amusement line, but we'll be awful glad if you find you can rest in our little home and—and you needn't get up till half past eight! If the girl is too busy, I'll fry you an egg for breakfast."

Then they talked almost as frankly as though they were not related.

Mostly it was Charles Haddon who talked. He had been longing for a father confessor. He had been ashamed to tell his troubles to that Micky McShea who went nightly through as arduous campaigns in the crusade for pleasure as himself, but came out of them with a Turkish-bath pinkiness and glow.

The ears of Ed and Mildred almost creaked with intentness as he bewailed the strain of city life: office politics, the demands of clients, the competition, the horrible expensiveness. He had very little to say about drinking and exactly nothing to say about finding himself in strange gutters at awakening, but it was clear enough, even to the innocence of Glen Western, that he had—oh, just now and then—found relief in a stray cocktail when the stress had been too great.

With the delight of the godly in the presence of sin, they snapped at this agreeable hint of scandal.

"Guess you people in the city do quite a lot of boozing, sometimes, don't you?" Ed urged.

He lost all caution and poured out, "Too cursed much altogether!" He might have been warned by their soft gurgle of delight at discovering the clay feet of their bronze brother, but recklessly he burned on:

"Of course I'm temperate. Take mighty good care not to drink too much. But same time—— Oh, you can scarcely realize the tempo of the city. It *gets* you! And there's evenings when you've worked so hard all day that you haven't one ounce of strength left, when you're shaky with tiredness, and yet you have a frightfully important date for the evening. You'd give your left leg to be able to go to bed. And then, of course, a few cocktails keep you going."

"A few?" Ed groaned happily. "Do folks ever take more than one cocktail? Golly! Wouldn't want to tamper with *my* health that way!"

Just then the first neighbor arrived, to inspect the returned prodigal and look for the signs of husks in his hair. Charles was relieved to have the talk rescued from peril and turned into such familiar security as, "Well, Chuck, guess it feels pretty good to be back in a real town again, hey?" and, "Say, remember the time when Hal Evans licked you and you went home crying?"

Actually, Charles Haddon had not recalled that amiable incident for twenty-five years. Now he blushed and felt irritated—felt inferior to the Glen Western against which he had rebelled as a passionate, nervous child. But these smarting recollections were safer than the confession to which, he felt, he had almost been betrayed.

They talked on, the Haddons and intermittent neighbors, till a very late hour, almost till the bawdy hour of eleven, a full hour later than Ed Haddon's decent normal bedtime; talked on the porch, with the serene lights of village homes among lilac bushes and the maples. In the morning Charles slept till nine. He had awakened only to the sounds of cockcrow, of a train whistle far off in the gap of the hills, and these pleasant murmurs had been but assurances of regained security, of the miracle of turning from a nerve-tortured wreck into an eager boy again.

He tramped, he fished, he slept under trees. If there was no particular spice in the conversation at Ed Haddon's table, there was no jabbing worry. Now, when Mildred, as she would put it, "took little digs at him," he was amused.

He won another fortnight's leave from the office. He dropped, as though New York were but a myth and a passing dream, into the old relations with such of his boyhood friends as had not gone off to Buffalo, Schenectady, to the corn lands of the West. And so it chanced that after a week when he had drunk nothing save rare, secret, shamed nips from the one quart of Scotch which he had brought from New York and which he had concealed behind the radiator in his room, he fell into Glen Western's version of a High Whoopee.

The same Hal Evans who had once sent him home bawling was now become Mr. H. Everett Evans, attorney, surveyor and agent for the Bristol and Buenos Aires Assurance Co., Inc. But Hal had remained the village terror. "People

say he drinks!" the village whispered.

Hal was, in fact, in his one lone bald self, the Monte Carlo, the Montmartre, the Broadway, of Glen Western. He had to work hard, in a village so sinless and so interested in sin, but he had by some magnificence kept up his position of Satan in Paradise, and he was proud of it, and they were proud of him for it.

When Charles Haddon arrived, this village terror of an Evans was away. The populace credited him with being occupied with purple orgies in the Roman splendors of Buffalo, though actually he was trying to persuade the farmers of Cattaraugus County to take out lightning insurance.

But when H. Everett returned, he bustled to Charles and he whispered, "Saaaaaay, boy, it's good to have a live one in this burg again! Say, I'll bet the I-Knew-Him-When Club have been calling you 'Chuck'! Well, say, you certainly are 'Charlie' to me, and no mean cracks about it, either! And tonight we throw a party!"

They did, and after this wise was the party.

It was composed of Mr. H. Everett Evans, Mr. Charles Haddon of New York, Mr. Hap Macbeth, undertaker and dealer in Fine Furniture, Mr. Pete Gallup, dealer in Shoes, Hats and Gents' Furnishings, and Mr. Mort Wheeler, motor agent and part proprietor of Ye Olde Glen Western Inn. First, as was proper, they bought two prescriptions from Doc Engel for two dollars apiece. In the interests of conviviality the doc knocked off fifty cents on each prescription, and he hinted that if his Aunt Emmy from Gowanda weren't staying with them, he cer'nly would be glad to come along and show Old Chuck a Good Time.

Since to cash in these golden prescriptions at Ed Haddon's, here in town, would be to betray their honor guest, they drove in Mr. Wheeler's second-hand sedan to the town of Melanchthon, ten miles away.

It was true that Melanchthon couldn't, as H. Everett so well said, "touch a candle to Glen Western for pep and looks," Glen Western had cement pavement on three streets, whereas Melanchthon was paved only on Main Street. And Melanchthon hadn't even a Carnegie Library, while Glen Western—as H. Everett understood it, though he himself hadn't much time to waste with books—had one of the best libraries in that part of the country.

But one thing Melanchthon did have: a drug store whose proprietor was a "real guy." He did not split his prescription rye and, unlike that holier-than-thou Ed Haddon, he was pleased to have a drink with the boys after they had procured their remedy for 'flu.

With the two pints of rye from this haven, the party drove back to Glen Western and up to the side road by the I. O. O. F. Cemetery, which was the one safe refuge for merry fellows. There they passed the two pint bottles from lip to lip, and each of them, except Charles Haddon, told again all the dirty stories he knew. And it was during this orgy that Charles was completely won to virtue.

He drank what would, in New York, have been one-tenth of an evening's ration. He told no stories, and he was not greatly diverted by those he heard. When the mad merry-andrews dropped him at the residence of Ed Haddon, he sat by himself on the porch, rejoicing that he was free of his letch for drunkenness and quarreling, equally rejoicing that Ed and Mildred would never know of this, his one last evening of debauchery.

He went to bed at a quarter after

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eleven—Ed and Mildred had been snoring now for an hour. He awoke at seven, glad of his clear head and the end of his madness.

Now it is fabled by travelers that the inhabitants of India, Africa, and other heathen lands without bathtubs, luncheon clubs devoted to Service, theories of relativity and all the other blessings which we here daily enjoy, have mysterious ways of spreading news, probably by telepathy, so that five minutes after General the Honorable Sir John Spoggins, the esteemed explorer, has changed his shirt, in the jungle in N'Goynga, the incident is perfectly known in Prgzka, thirty-seven kilometers away. But it must be insisted, for the fair fame of these United States, that no jungle magic of telepathy can touch a Gopher Prairie or a Glen Western.

The party had been held in the distant reaches beside the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, from a quarter to ten to a quarter to eleven at night. And presumably there had been no great number of Pinkertons or newspaper reporters hiding there. Yet when Charles came down to breakfast at sixteen minutes after seven the next morning, Mildred looked at him with a curious, excited intentness which indicated to him that she knew all about it. She said nothing, and she said it noisily.

At eight, Charles started for the drug store, with the confiding intention of buying a pack of cigarets. Now, from the residence of Mr. Ed Haddon to his drug store was no great distance; it was, in fact, three blocks, and in Glen Western the blocks are short and quiet. But in that small journey, old Mr. White cackled, "Guess you boys had quite a time last night"; old Mrs. Ebberle whinnied, "Well, I'm surprised to see you up so early after what happened last night"; and the Reverend Mr. Jonas, with the grass-stains on his knees, held Charles' hand in the most uncomfortable manner and lamented, "Mr. Haddon, of course I'm practically a newcomer to Glen Western. Ain't been here but two years. So I ain't one of your older friends. But brother, do you feel that you're giving the Younger Generation the Example that a City Lawyer like you had oughta?"

At the drug store, Brother Ed, after carefully ringing up the fifteen cents for the cigarets, grunted, "Say, Charlie, I want to see you in the back room!"

Far more uncomfortable than he had ever been in arguing a case before the Supreme Court, Charles followed him into that strange den of carboys and strawboard boxes and litters of excelsior.

"Now you look here, Charlie. I ain't one to criticize anybody. 'Live and let live' is my motto. But same time, if you're going to stay with Mildred and me, you gotta act nice!"

In the hundredth of a hundredth of a second, Charles Haddon went through rather an elaborate mental picture. He saw himself telling Ed what he thought. He saw himself—but so politely!—thanking Mildred for her hospitality and catching the nine-seventeen for New York. He saw himself back in New York—and he knew that he could not go back yet, even with the protection of Micky McShea.

With no apparent hesitation he said, "Do you mean our party last night, Ed?"

"You know what I mean, all right!"

"I'm sorry, Ed. There won't be another."

If Charles Haddon had nightly indulged in Babylonian orgies, he could not have been more closely watched. He did have the sense to hasten home and get rid of his now empty bottle of Scotch. He hid it on a beam over the furnace in the cellar. He knew, in the next two days, that Ed and Mildred were searching his room.

His notes on the Sancho case had been disturbed; his shirts, placed with his usual fussiness in the top drawer of the bureau, had been turned over. At midday dinner and evening supper he was sure, from the bright insect-like way in which they were watching, that Ed and Mildred were hoping to find him drunk.

And so it came to pass that because they so righteously suggested drunkenness, he wanted to be drunken.

In the illusion of returning to his boyhood, he had for certain days escaped that strain of New York and of losing his wife which had expressed itself in alcoholic insanity. He had really believed that maple trees and lilac bushes could save him from the suicide which had inarticulately been behind his every thought. But now the leering, peering expectation of Ed and Mildred brought back to him hourly the alcohol which he had tried to forget.

They were convinced that he was somehow getting those several daily cocktails of which he had indiscreetly told, and so, it must regretfully be stated, here in the propriety of Glen Western he went to the devil.

He had no great admiration for H. Everett Evans, but H. Everett was sympathetic, as only fellow sinners can be. H. Everett steered him to the county bootlegger, an immensely fat farmer who had a still behind his corn-crib. In the farmhouse kitchen, Charles sat between the pump and the rusty stove every afternoon. It was a happy refuge.

The bootlegger, chuckling through each cell of his thick body, told of the time when his weighty wife had kept three officers at bay while he smashed every bottle in the house; he told merrily of his term in the penitentiary and how chummy he had become with the warden, and how he had made wine for the warden out of the grapes on the wall.

It was a peaceful place, and kindly. Yet every moment there, Charles Haddon felt guilty. And every moment that he was back in the righteous household of Ed and Mildred Haddon, he looked for return. Daily, either Mildred or Ed managed to remark, "Well, I guess you find it pretty slow here, but maybe if you'd try to lead a nice, decent life for a little while, it wouldn't be so bad for you, even if it ain't quite so gay as New York!"

Charles was conscious that every time he returned from the farmer-bootlegger's they were sniffing at his breath. And now a curious thing happened. He started for New York, for its peace and anonymity—he did not merely start; he fled—yet that flight took him a week.

All that had been the highly reputable and responsible Mr. Charles Haddon of New York dripped from him. He was again little Charlie Haddon, young Chuck; he was again afraid of the power and magic of his big brother Ed.

It was simple, in the end. He used one of the oldest and stalest devices in the world. He borrowed H. Everett's car, drove to Melanchthon, telephoned to his office in New York and had them telegraph to him that the office simply could not carry on without him.

He hoped, in a little-boy way, that Ed and Mildred would be impressed by the telegram with its suggestion that the entire court-system of New York State was held up for his return.

They were not.

He said good-by to them at the station with all the proper drama. He waved and shouted. He pretended to listen while they said, "Now be sure and write!"

And when the dusty and acrid day-coach had rattled away, Charles Haddon fell suddenly into an abysm of terror. This for him was death. He had gone to the only refuge he knew, and it had failed him. Was he now returning to nights of idiocy and mornings of horror?

The train arrived in New York at four of the afternoon, and Charles went directly to the office of Micky McShea. He was a most respectable-looking person as he came into the brown-leather decorum of the Rio and Eastern Importing Company; a rather slight, fragile man, with a curiously high forehead; a man most correct as to boots and tie.

He waited quietly till Mr. McShea should have finished his conversation with Don Antonio Lopez of Brazil; most quietly he entered Micky's private office; most quietly he sat down in an enormous leather chair. And, still quietly, he said, "Micky, I guess I'm through. I got to drinking just about as bad, up in Glen Western. Shall I croak myself? No! I mean it! I can't go on."

And whatever quietness he displayed, it was noisy beside the stillness with which Micky McShea answered:

"Charles, I'm sorry to hear you say that. If you want to pop off, by all means do so. I could scarcely blame you, naturally! Because I've been planning to do so myself!"

"What?"

"Just that. My doc has given me six months to live if I—— Oh, you know! And I don't want to wait in the death-house! He says I could live for maybe another twenty years if I quit drinking, but I don't see——" Micky's voice rose in hysteria. "I can't, Charles! I'm gone! I might as well quit right now. I'm finished. I might as well get it over. Nobody cares a hang. I'm——"

Charles Haddon rose, and there was nothing now of neatness in him. His fists closed while Micky raved:

"Oh, whatzit matter? Let's go out with a bang! Come on, Haddon, let's have li'l drink!"

From the upper left drawer of his desk, Micky produced a bottle of Scotch and flourished it wildly. Haddon snatched the bottle and coldly poured the contents down the wash-bowl.

"Now that's a nice thing to do!" protested Micky feebly. "But what the deuce! I got 'nother bottle! Don't you want drink, 'self?"

The truth was that Charles Haddon very much wanted a drink. He had thought about it all the way from the station.

But he said, and he almost believed it, "I do not want a drink! I've cut it out. I told you I was drinking up home but I decided to quit. Now come on. We're going to get out of this."

He persuaded the protesting, almost maniacal Micky to come with him for a taxi ride to the coolness of Long Beach. He became more and more testy as Micky suggested road-houses at which they might stop. He took Micky back to Micky's Louis Quinze au Moins apartment, fed him crackers and milk, and put him to bed.

When Micky was asleep, it came to Charles that he still wanted a drink. He knew all about Micky's adequate booze cupboard. But he couldn't play a dirty trick like that! He was going to save Micky, if it cost him his own life.

For a fortnight, the first fortnight in five years, Charles Haddon drank no alcohol whatever, though he felt that he needed it in the stress of caring for Micky McShea. Micky took every advantage of being an invalid. He became insanely cunning, he sneaked, he

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tried to get a drink when Charles was napping, so Charles finally had to pour out every drop of that admirable cellar.

And, to be able to manhandle Micky should he really become wild, he took exercise daily, he breathed deeply, he forgot his worries about his law-practise and about his divorced wife, and devoted himself to the care of Micky.

Charles was, fortunately, not quite alone in his care for Micky. The moment he had taken Micky home from the office, he had called for the doctor. Micky's doctor, Bill Cady, M.D., was a sophisticated person who understood that a man could take a drink or let it alone, and in all probability would take it. He was a smiling, tired, jolly, exhausted man—the country doctor in New York, the man on whom all the specialists and costly surgeons battened. He had a small mustache and a steady hand.

He sat with Charles hour on hour after they had coaxed Micky into bed. Apparently he never slept, and when Micky awoke clamoring at five in the morning, Charles was able to get Doctor Cady to come around in half an hour.

With the help of the doctor, Charles had Micky in such beaming health in two weeks that he was able to forget his responsibility and to begin to think again for himself.

They sat, those two men, Charles and Doctor Cady, in Micky's apartment on an evening of early July.

"Well, I think we've got the old boy into pretty good shape now," said Charles. "In a few days I'll drive him up to New England or some place and complete the cure. And I certainly need it myself! I've been giving him my nights and days now for two weeks."

"Yeah," said the doctor.

"So have you, of course. But then, I guess that's just part of your job."

"Yeah, I guess it is," said the doctor.

"But me, of course, I'm not used to it. Well, we pulled it off! And now I'd rather like a drink myself! You see, I had to quit, in order not to show Micky a bad example. I even got rid of all his booze here. But now—— I say! I could have my bootlegger here in ten minutes. Don't you think you'd like a drink? I looked in a moment ago, and Micky is sound asleep, so he won't know about it."

Doctor Cady rose from the wing-chair. He was young, and his mustache was rather unimportant, but he had the manner of one who deals with the sanctities of life and death. And said Doctor Cady, "Oh, the devil!"

"Eh?" said Charles Haddon.

"You blithering fool!" said Doctor Cady. "Haddon, I don't think I can stand it any longer," he continued. "Micky has a lot of endurance as an actor, but I haven't. Man, haven't you ever guessed—do you mean to say you've never guessed—that Micky hasn't needed me for one second, all this fortnight? That he's played at being shot to pieces so you would quit drinking yourself? That we're all of us sick and tired of trying to care for you? That the next time you call me at five in the morning, I'll kill you? Tumble to yourself, man, and quit being a blithering baby!"

Charles Haddon did four things. He managed to swallow such humiliation as he had never known. He shook hands with Micky and said only "Thanks." He went home to face his own soul, nor did he blink the smallness thereof. And he desired to take, and did not take, a drink.

He had found a brother, and for a brother one would do anything.

The Flagrant Years (*Continued from page 95*)

Mr. Smith disappeared. Nobody saw him. He wasn't at his hotel. That's the night my boy was killed."

She knew how wrong this was, but she could not tell him. Instead she said, "I think I know where he was the night you speak of."

"Where?"

"With me."

"He wasn't with you all night."

"Yes; he was."

The vengeful light went out of his eyes and was replaced by a strange look, incredulous, bewildered, hurt.

"Do you know what you're saying, Connie?"

"Yes."

"I think you're lying to me."

"Why should I?"

"To protect Smith." But from his altered voice, she knew that not only had the fury of persecution gone out of him, but even, for the moment, his interest in the killing, supplanted by a concern temporarily more dominant.

"I am telling you the truth."

Slowly he said, "If I'd thought you were that kind of girl——"

"You'd have tried to get me for yourself," she finished hardily. Her nerves were twitching under the strain of this.

He winced. "For myself? It's true enough, perhaps," he muttered. "But not just the way you think. I don't buy in that market, Connie. Money's too cheap."

"I know!" she cried in swift contrition. "That was rotten of me."

He looked at her searchingly. "*Do* you know, Connie, my dear?" She had never before known that hard voice so gentle, with so much appeal for understanding.

"Yes." It was not in her nature to palter with vital facts or with genuine emotions. She had known, she now realized, that Daniels was in love with her almost from the first. Probably she had subconsciously realized it before he had.

"An asinine performance, isn't it, for a man of my age!" said he ruefully. "First symptoms of senile decay. You've got the laugh on me this time, Connie."

"I don't feel like laughing at you," she returned softly.

"No; you wouldn't. Well, I can laugh at myself. After I get used to it."

Her hand went out to brush silencingly across his lips. "Don't! I don't want it laughed at. Even by you!"

"I'm certainly not going to cry about it," was the grim reply. "At least we understand each other now."

"This makes it hard for me to ask you something."

"Go ahead. I can always say no. It's a specialty of mine."

"You're not going to have Ipsy Smith arrested, are you?"

His face grew stormy again. "Because he's your lover?"

It was on her lips to say, "He isn't my lover." But would Daniels believe her? And if he did believe her, would he not then think that the story of the night spent together was false, a mere fabrication to provide Smith with a sorely needed alibi? She said:

"If that one night can be accounted for, doesn't that clear him?"

"No. There are too many other circumstances."

She saw that he was shaken. But she guessed, too, that in his passion for vengeance he would make himself believe in the guilt of the one upon whom suspicion had fastened.

"You can't prove anything because

there's nothing to prove. But you can ruin him."

"That's his lookout," he said brutally.

"Mr. Daniels, I've never asked you anything before," said the girl desperately. "Will you wait a few days before taking any action?"

"Yes," he replied grudgingly. "I'll give him to the end of the week."

After he had left, Connie sat down to think it out. Daniels would hang tenaciously to the belief that Smith had killed Gerald Pontefract until some other more promising clue appeared. How easy for her to use the truth, as a most effective red herring drawn across that trail! And thus expose Varvara, actually as innocent as Ipsy himself of any murderous intent, and Bob, also, to that implacable vengeance.

No; it couldn't be done. In any case she must see Ipsy. She called him up and got the flat refusal which she expected. Undaunted, she made excuses at the salon for next morning and waylaid her quarry outside his own office-building.

"Get a taxi," she said, "and drive me through the Park."

"We'll be followed."

"I don't care. I've got to talk with you. It's ages since I've seen you."

"Good Lord! Don't I know that?" he muttered with such fervor that she gave him a quick, surprised glance as she got into the taxi.

"Ipsy, do you know that they intend to arrest you?"

"Of course. That's why you shouldn't be here."

"But Ipsy; how terrible for you!"

"It might be worse."

"How could it be?"

"Well, for instance, if I had killed Rowdy. I didn't, you know." He spoke casually, but the look that he gave her was vivid with anxiety.

"You needn't tell *me*. But there's so much to explain. Oh, Ipsy, why didn't you get rid of that cane?"

"I didn't think much about it. It's all such foolishness, Connie. Of course they can arrest me——"

"That would cost you your job, wouldn't it?"

His face lost something of its assumed carelessness. "Well, I don't suppose our pious firm would feel very comfortable with a suspected murderer on the premises. There are other jobs, though."

"But isn't there some way you could prove to them, before they can arrest you," she persisted, "that you had nothing to do with it?"

"Innocence is a negative. It's pretty hard to prove a negative," he smiled.

"An alibi would do it."

"Several alibis might, if they covered enough ground."

Now she was coming to it. "Just the last week of the month. If you can account for yourself every other night except the twenty-ninth, it's all right."

"The twenty-ninth?" he repeated. "I don't think I understand you, Connie."

"You haven't forgotten that I was your guest that night?"

"No. I haven't forgotten anything about that night."

"Well, then, there's your alibi, isn't it?"

"Not by a blamed sight! What do you think I am?"

"I didn't expect that you'd call me as a witness," she said sweetly. "I'll do that part of it myself."

"You *will* not! I won't let you."

"How are you going to prevent me?"

"Connie! You couldn't do that! What would people think?"

"Is that so important?"

"Of course it's important, what they think about you. The most important

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thing there is! Look here, Connie, if this was a case of saving me from the chair, I don't say I mightn't be tempted, though I hope I wouldn't fall for it. But they can't convict me. Not possibly." He read the unconvinced obstinacy in her face. "All right," he said quietly. "What good would it do? You couldn't swear that I spent the night there."

"I *would* swear it. If I had to," she retorted with a fierce and sweet shamefacedness.

"Oh, my Lord!" he said. "What can a man do with a girl like that!"

They returned. At the office entrance he delivered his final shot. "If you tell anyone about that night," he declared, "I'll confess to killing Rowdy Pontefract."

"Too late," she replied calmly. "I've already told Waller Daniels."

"Much obliged," said the taxi-driver, having just received a five-dollar bill the donor of which did not wait for change, because he did not trust himself to remain in that vicinity any longer.

Not the easiest thing to bear in Consuelo's harassed existence was the daily meeting with Varvara Pravdina. The Russian's self-control was ghastly. She never spoke to Connie except in perfunctory greeting. She spoke to none of her fellow operators.

The sharper the surprise, therefore, when Connie found the Russian waiting for her at the door, two days after her final agreement with Waller Daniels, and heard her say in her low, even voice:

"Bob is back."

"Back? Here at the salon?"

"No. At the apartment."

"Can I see her?"

"She wishes to see you."

For once Connie scamped the last job of the day in her eagerness to reach her pal. She found her thin and nerve-racked, the light gone from her brown eyes. Ordinarily undemonstrative, Connie grabbed her in a quick, rough, reassuring embrace. Bob began to cry.

"I can't stand it, Con."

"Nothing's going to happen to you," soothed the younger girl.

"Victor says he thinks you know what happened."

"Yes. Not everything. But enough."

"Con, it was too horrible! I came home at three o'clock—and—and found her sitting there—just staring. Staring at him. You couldn't have believed he was dead, Con. There wasn't a mark. No blood. Nothing. That was the worst of it. I wake up at night and have to make up my mind all over again that he was really dead when—when we threw him over the cliff."

"Hush, Bob, dear. Don't try to talk about it. Victor found you, then?"

"Yes. I'd have killed myself if it hadn't been for him."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"How can I with this hanging over me? I'm going away somewhere—where I'll never have to see anyone—anyone to remind me of it."

"You can't do that."

"I've got to do it," was the fierce reply. "Or else stay here and do what Varvara does."

"What's that?"

"She carries poison with her, day and night. When they come to arrest us she's going to take it. That's a trick all those Russians learned. I don't know if I'd have the courage to do it."

"But there isn't any suspicion of you, is there?"

"No. But there will be. There always is. That's what makes it worse. The waiting! The never being sure that you're not going to say something that'll give it all away. And if they arrested some innocent person, what'd we do then? What *would* we do then!"

"I'm afraid that's what's going to happen. They want to arrest Ipsy Smith."

The strained pretty face before her turned to a gray parchment. "But they can't get up a case against him, can they?" asked the girl in a cracking voice.

"There are things that look ugly."

"But not enough to convict him. If they should convict him—I couldn't stand that. Connie, tell me what to do."

"I think you'll have to tell."

At that the tortured face became calm. "I'd tell. I'd tell today. They could send me to jail for what I did. I don't care. It'd be off my soul. But it's Varvara I'm thinking of. I might just as well take a knife and kill her."

"Not if we can put through the plan I'm thinking of." Connie was speaking quietly. "You know who is back of the investigation. Waller Daniels." Bob shuddered all over. "Bob, I want you to let me tell him."

"Oh, my Lord!"

"No; you mustn't take it that way. He's on a wrong trail now. If we can make him understand the truth, I believe he'll let it drop."

"You don't know him."

"Don't I? He's fallen in love with me, poor old boy!"

"Con! You're not living with him?"

"No."

"Have you promised him anything?"

"I haven't yet. I might if it were necessary to—to bargain over this situation. I don't think it will be."

"I see. You would bargain to save Ipsy Smith if——"

"It's partly that. But it's partly for you and Varvara, too. You can't go on as you are."

"I can't! I can't! It's killing me."

"You can be sure of me, Bob. I won't whisper a word to a soul without your permission, and Varvara's and—— There was someone else in it, wasn't there?"

After a long pause the girl said, "Yes. Glozounov."

"Of course. I ought to have guessed. You used his taxi."

"Yes."

"Then you'll have to put it up to him. And will you see Varvara? Or shall I?"

Bob shrank. "You," she whispered. Then, "No. I'll do it myself. I won't be yellow enough to let you take the whole thing." She spoke more sturdily, more like the old self-reliant Bob, now that a decision had been reached.

"And you'll let me know?"

"As soon as I can see them. Tonight," promised the other.

How she managed with Varvara, Connie never knew, but in the morning, the Russian, with the look of one facing a firing squad, said quietly: "You are to do as you think best."

At five o'clock that afternoon, Consuelo Barrett called at the private offices of Waller Daniels. The secretary said doubtfully, "You wish to see Mr. Daniels? I doubt whether——

"Oh, it's you, Miss Barrett! I'm sure he'll be delighted to see you at once." He gave her an ingratiating smile which she found sufficiently displeasing.

Daniels dismissed a stenographer as she was shown in and drew up a chair for her. She asked at once:

"Are you busy this evening?"

"I'm always busy."

"Could you give me an hour?"

"Of course."

"Can anyone overhear us?"

"No. But"—he grinned—"I've got a detectagraph working."

"Please shut it off." He nodded and she continued, "I want to take you to the place where Ponty died."

"Died! Why don't you say 'was murdered'?"

"He wasn't murdered."

"I suppose he died a natural death—with an inch of steel in his heart!"

"Murder means intention," she said. "There was no more intention to kill poor Ponty than I have to kill you."

"Intent or not, he was killed and somebody is going to pay for it."

"Do you realize what that kind of revenge is, Mr. Daniels? It is nothing more than a blind egoism."

His comment upon this was a contemptuous growl.

"Nothing else in the world," she insisted. "To have something of yours destroyed hurts your pride. You've got to get even—a life for a life—to restore your opinion of yourself. It's a false, cheap, shoddy thing, Waller Daniels."

Half stunned by the unexpectedness of this attack from such a source, he muttered defensively, "It's human nature."

"It's the animal in human nature, then. Do you think Ponty would feel that way?"

"Yes. He was a fighter."

"A fair fighter. And you're not trying to fight fair."

"I hear you tell me it," he snarled. "You're trying to beg off for your Smith boy. Well"—his face was evil—"what's the proposition? Maybe we can deal."

"There isn't any proposition," was the even reply. "I'm offering to bring you face to face with the person who killed Ponty, without ever for a moment meaning to. After that I'll leave it to you."

"I warn you!" he cried. "I'm not susceptible to slushy sentiment or tears."

"Have I ever tried them on you?"

"No. No; you haven't."

"Will you call for me at the shop at eight?"

He gave her a long, slow, unquiet look, sighed and said, "Yes."

Three people sat waiting in the apartment on West Fifty-fifth Street. One of them was, as the law might view it, a murderess. The other two were accomplices after the fact. They spoke to each other seldom and in low tones.

The bell buzzed sharply, angrily. The Roberts girl got up to press the release button. Her eyes were feverish. Her throat twitched. Varvara Pravdina, straight, rigid and slender on the divan, had walled herself in behind that mask of resolute fatalism which she had fabricated for herself. The taxi-man who called himself Glozounov stood near the window, tall, grave and with a curious air of command.

Footsteps climbed the stairs. A man's face, harsh and livid, appeared in the opened doorway, half revealed as he held the door back for Consuelo to enter.

"This is Mr. Daniels," said she.

Bob Roberts murmured, "Won't you sit down?"

"I'll stand," the newcomer replied.

He strode to the rear of the room, stationing himself against the wall where he could best hold them all under scrutiny. Connie followed and stood beside him. He announced with formidable calm:

"I understand that you have something to say to me."

Nobody spoke. Varvara sat motionless. Bob Roberts squirmed in her chair. The man called Glozounov studied Waller Daniels' face as an unwilling but fearful believer might await the divination of an omen.

"Well?" snapped Daniels.

"Oh, *say* something!" came Connie's strained appeal.

The Russian woman said tonelessly, "Shall I tell it?"

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The Russian man uttered a monosyllable in his own tongue.

"English, if you please," ordered Waller Daniels.

Varvara Pravdina spoke. Briefly and emotionlessly she told the dreadful story of that night's happenings. She had been asleep on the divan, after a struggle with one of her agonizing headaches.

"My nerfs are not good," she explained apologetically, "since—since certain things that happened to me."

"I know," said Daniels impatiently. Connie had told him of her tragedy.

A terrifying noise had shattered her sleep. She was on her feet before she was fully awake, standing at bay against a giant who had burst through the door and was advancing upon her in the half-light.

"I did not know who he was. I did not know what I did." She drew a shuddering breath and said, like a child, "I was so frightened."

No plea for understanding, no passionate exculpation could have been so piteous, so eloquent, so moving, as that quiet voicing of a deadly terror. Connie marked an alteration in Daniels' set expression.

When the mists cleared from her brain, the Russian continued, and she saw what she had done, she became perfectly numb. All night, it seemed to her, she sat there above the quiet body. Finally Bob came. Then Glozounov. And then——

"I do not think I can go further," she faltered.

"I will speak now," said the man.

"One moment." Daniels' hard stare had shifted to Glozounov. "I have seen you before."

Connie guessed that the diversion was to give him time in which to regain command of himself, for he had grown dead-white while Varvara's toneless narrative was in progress. She explained:

"He has been a taxi-driver here for several years."

The magnate shook his head. "No. Not here that I knew him. Abroad, I think. Berlin, perhaps." He questioned the other man. "Was it Berlin?"

The Russian bowed.

"At court. Before the war. You were something official for your country."

"Military attaché."

"Yes. And the name?"

"The name is better forgotten."

"Ah?" Their eyes held each other for a moment. Daniels assented with a nod. "Very well. Go on, please."

"Do you think you can endure to hear everything?" Glozounov's bearing now was that of an equal to an equal.

"Everything," was the stern response.

He took up the story where his countrywoman had left off. In his slow, careful wording it became an epic of courage and devotion, of iron self-command and daring, undeviating purpose. As a night taxi-man, he knew the environs of New York. To be rid of the body, he selected the loneliest spot within available distance. While one watched outside, the other two got the dead youth down the stairs and supported him as if he were drunk to the waiting taxi.

At the tunnel entrance the two women in the back seat kept talking to the lifeless body between them, rallying it on its supposed condition. Nobody took any notice of them; such parties were too common to occasion remark. Without mishap they located the side road leading to the Palisades.

There the driver put out his lights, picking his way foot by foot. A field had to be crossed. They carried their dead, that strange trio, to the cliff head, and as they passed, a dog far away howled while their blood chilled. Here the speaker hesitated. His tone took on for the first time the reluctance of a surrender to necessity.

"It had to be done," he murmured. "There was no other way."

Crumpled in her chair, Bob choked.

"You threw him over," coolly prompted Daniels.

"There was no other way," repeated the other. "But before——" Again he paused.

"Go on. I want it all."

"Before we did it I said a prayer of my church. And after that Mademoiselle"—he indicated the curled-up form in the chair—"folded his hands and kissed him, and then—the end."

At that grim and tender and futile leave-taking for the dead, Connie's control broke in a tearless sob. She felt the instant pressure of strong fingers on her shoulder, helpfully painful, and caught at them and held to them with both her icy hands until the ordeal was over. She hoped that she was giving to Waller Daniels something of the same support and comfort that he gave her.

The rest was blessed anticlimax. Too shrewd to return in the early hours when traffic was light, the taxi-man waited until after seven, when he joined the heavy stream of city-bound traffic and so got them home. It was he who compelled their appearance at the salon that very morning.

"You seem to have a talent for strategy," commented Daniels acidly.

"I have had occasion to practise it in the field," was the quiet reply. "And afterward in prison."

The magnate moved across the room. "Come, Connie," said he.

Three pairs of eyes followed in a tension of silence until the judge of that self-constituted court reached the door. But Connie could not bear to have him leave thus.

"Aren't you going to *say* something to them?" she broke out in agony.

"Say? To them?" he echoed. "Oh! I see. You want me to——" He raised lusterless eyes. "All this is wiped out," he pronounced with slow effort. "We must try to forget, all of us."

Connie heard Bob's little stifled yelp of relief; saw the living mask dissolve from Varvara's face and the hue and expression of life flood back into it as she turned to the man who called himself Glozounov, and she herself turned and caught at Daniels. He was staggering.

"All right," he said, and thrust her away. "Don't baby me. I can't stand it."

In the car going home, he was wholly himself, wholly the man of affairs again. There was work to be done. The case against Smith must be eased off; not too abruptly quit or it would seem suspicious. Some business pretext could be found for getting him out of town. But Varvara Pravdina must go permanently. Would she wish to return to Russia?

"She couldn't. It wouldn't be safe."

"Somewhere abroad, then. I won't have her in the same country with me."

"Paris," suggested Connie. "She's always hoped to save enough money to live there."

"That can be arranged, perhaps. Later it can be allowed to leak out that the—the man who killed Gerald has escaped from this country, made a full confession and since died. That will call off the reward-hounds. You will have your check tomorrow."

"What check?"

"The reward money, of course. You've given the information."

Connie felt her breath getting tangled in her throat. She began to snivel.

"What the devil's the matter with the

girl now?" demanded her companion.

"I can't bear to have you think I'd touch that money. I can't *bear* it."

"Don't be a fool. Of course you'll take it."

"I won't! I won't! I wo——"

"Don't say 'won't' to me, either," he snapped. "You'll take it and you'll send those two Russians to Europe with it, if you like to spend it that way. Now will you say 'won't'?"

"I'll take it," snuffled Connie meekly.

"That's more sensible. Is Smith going to marry you?" he asked abruptly.

Connie didn't much like that way of putting it, but in her relief she was not splitting hairs. "He hasn't mentioned it," she answered.

"Then, by heaven, he'd better get busy at it! If he doesn't, I will."

"You! You've got a wife."

"She wants a divorce now. Changed her mind. I'm still willing, if it's any use. But you'd have a devil of a life with me, Connie."

"I wouldn't!" she denied indignantly. "I think you're just about the grandest person I know in a lot of ways. Only I don't—I couldn't—— Oh, Mr. Daniels, I'm sorry! I wish I weren't such a darned little fool, but I just am."

"You aren't so bad, at that," he conceded generously. "Anyway, you're what I want. I've always got what I wanted up to now and I expect I had it coming to me to run up against something I couldn't have. There's no fool like——"

"Don't!"

"All right, Connie. I reckon I'd better remove myself from the scene for a while till my brain takes hold again."

"Aren't you coming to the salon any more?"

"Well, that was my idea."

"Who's going to take care of you?" she demanded in dismayed jealousy. "Nobody can drag you out of your bad tempers and your nerve-jazzes the way I can."

"I lived a good many years before I knew you, my dear," he pointed out, "and I dare say I'll live a good many more before I improve this world by going and raising hob in some other. I'll admit that it won't be so pleasant not to drop in and take out my grouches on you—— Good Lord! Is the girl crying again?"

"No; I'm not," she contradicted hotly.

But it was a dismal and subdued Connie who clung to him when he bade her good night.

Murder will out, even of the tabloid newspapers, in time. The clueless mystery died away as a topic of Broadway excitement. Inside rumor, starting with the beauty trade, spread the none-too-plausible account of the ante-mortem confession on the part of the supposed slayer which Waller Daniels had invented for the occasion.

Daniels himself was supposed to be off on a long cruise. The newly formed Beauty Trust had been turned over to one of his lieutenants. Varvara Pravdina and the man called Glozounov had slipped quietly away to the land-without-boundaries of forgotten people. The vacancy at La Primavera was filled by Bob Roberts while she was making up her mind (in the affirmative) as to marrying her Victor.

Varvara's place in the West Fifty-fifth Street apartment was taken by Consuelo. She was not afraid of ghosts; not, in any case, of such a kindly, well-meaning, soft-hearted, generous-spirited, blundering ghost as poor Ponty's would have been had it walked. Ipsy Smith was understood to be keeping away from New York until one or two of the more watchful newspapers had forgotten that

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he was their marked prey for a sensation. Consuelo had not heard from him.

In a new and, to her, mortifyingly distasteful way she had become an important asset to La Primavera. Throughout the trade the theory was held that she had played a motivating though innocent part in the death of Pontefract. What the trade believes, its patrons believe, and eventually all New York.

Whatever its effect upon Consuelo, this *réclame* was of definite benefit to the establishment. New patrons, of the curiosity-itching sort, flocked to the place. It became very much the thing to get a treatment at her hands.

Her business hours became a siege of defense against interrogatory attacks, subtle or brazen, upon her privacy. She was about ready to throw up the whole thing, in spite of increased commissions and tips. Silence, as typified by the little owlet, was her sole refuge.

That wise exemplar of taciturnity failed lamentably to warn her against the duplicity of her friend Bob. Miss Roberts, into whose seemly face the zest of life was returning, beckoned her urgently, one morning, away from a treatment.

"How soon are you through?"

"Five minutes." Connie glanced at the clock. "And then I'm going out to eat."

"No; you aren't."

"Why aren't I?"

"Because you're going to be a duck and take over a client for me. I'm meeting Victor."

"But I'm starving. What is it? Hair?"

"The altogether. From the neck up. I'll tell you, kid; as soon as you're through, I'll have a malted milk and egg waiting for you. That'll see you through."

Connie, quite unsuspicious, agreed. Having completed her job and swallowed the sustaining draft in the wash-room, she returned to her compartment to find her operating chair completely filled by Bob's diverted client. A coat, a waistcoat, a collar and a scarf of modish design were hung neatly against the wall. The remainder of what the well-dressed man should wear appareled a lithe and familiar figure, extended at ease.

"You!" said Connie, a most unprofessional form of address.

"Why should I deny it?" returned Mr. Smith.

"Darn Bob!"

"Don't be violent," he besought. "My nerves won't stand it."

"Have you come here for your nerves?"

"I have come here," he explained, "to have some of the flagrant years removed from my once fresh and innocent countenance. Particularly the last one-half of one percent of said years."

"It's been bad for you, hasn't it?" she murmured.

"It has. Very bad. I haven't been able to see you."

"You're seeing me now."

"At the first possible opportunity, having landed in town an hour ago. And a grand sight you are," he asseverated.

"I don't really mind your appearance," she confessed generously.

"That being settled, aren't you going to begin?"

"You don't expect *me* to give *you* a treatment?"

"You haven't resigned, have you?"

"N-no. But——" Panic of a peculiarly physical kind that had nothing to do with revulsion of the flesh—quite the reverse, indeed!—had seized upon her at the thought of that close contact.

"I am paying cash-money to this well-advertised salon for a facial treatment and such other fancy work as may occur to me. Why, then, the maidenly hesitancy? This is business." He grinned.

That grin accused Connie of being just flatly coy. She raged at herself. Coy! She'd show him. She stood with her back to the cabinet (like a cat at bay, she thought derisively) and asked professionally:

"What treatment did you wish?"

"Something to restore my pristine youth and beauty," was the modest reply. "I'll leave it to you."

"The complete restoration treatment, then," she decided, that being the most painful and expensive form. She would make him pay for that grin!

All operator now, she got out her vials and jars and potlets and scrapers and patters. She moved forward determinedly, took her place behind him and then made the cardinal error of leaning over to survey her subject. Her subject's eyes were looking up into hers and they were filled with a quite unendurable light. Mockery? If so, it was a very tender mockery.

"What's the matter, Connie?" he said softly.

Thereupon, quite without will of her own, she bent over him with eyelids drooped to veil her eyes from the ardor in his. Her lips fluttered down and pressed upon his and were sealed there in a long and eager kiss that sent its amazing message of self-revelation to the very tips of her veins.

"Oh-h-h-h!" gasped Connie. Then, reproachfully: "No fair hypnotizing."

"Feel different about it now?" inquired Mr. Smith.

"I feel—dizzy," she muttered.

"The first three are the hardest."

"Be good, Ipsy," she adjured.

"I'll try," he agreed, "if you'll go on with the treatment."

All her reluctance had magically melted away in that sudden fire. She let her fingers play through his hair. "Do you really want it? It'll sting."

"Let it. I've got several things to say to you that won't wait. And we can't take up the shop's time for nothing."

"We will begin," stated Consuelo primly, "with muscle-strapping."

"We will begin," corrected Mr. Smith, "where we left off. Your last remark of record was that you had given Waller Daniels information highly compromising to my respectability."

"Oh!"

"Is that ointment meant for the *inside* of the eye?" he queried plaintively.

"I'm sorry."

"You ought to be. On several counts. What complicates the situation as far as Daniels is concerned, is that he thinks you were with me the evening of the broken date with Rowdy."

"Well, I wasn't."

"I'm aware of that. Whom were you with?"

Connie silently took the owlet from the cabinet and placed it on the top, facing her client.

"The bird is wrong. This is the time to speak or forever after—that formula comes later, though. The point is, Rowdy told some of the fellows at the club the last night he was there that he had been ditched for me and he was going to get me for it. So, of course, that didn't make it look any too good for me. It might clear the situation if I knew whom you broke that date for."

"Waller Daniels."

Ipsy's breath went out in a low whistle. "Daniels himself! I'm jiggered! Does he know it?"

"No. I didn't tell him. Why should I? It would only hurt him."

"Good little girl! Good little owl, too! He's taught you something. But he doesn't seem to have taught you not to talk too freely about that night in

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Westy Wesbrook's place," said Mr. Smith.

Connie and the owlet were silent.

"You understand, of course, what light that would put you in when it got into the newspapers, as it would have done."

"I didn't care," she said tranquilly.

"That brings me to another point that needs explanation. When you got into that scrape in California—— Please take that spatula thing out of my ear!"

"I didn't know you knew about that."

"D'you mind?"

"No. I was going to tell you if——"

"If what?" For she had stopped.

"If we went on."

"We're going on," he stated with a touch of grimness. "Now! You were as tender of your reputation as could be, then. How come?"

"That was because I couldn't bear to have people think things about me and —and the man in the case. It was just a silly adventure. It didn't mean anything and wouldn't have amounted to anything but for his playing that rotten trick on me. Much good it did him!"

"I think I see. It was because you didn't care anything about him that you couldn't stand the racket. If you did care about a man, that would make all the difference."

Connie regarded the owlet pensively.

"All right. Now we're coming to me. You told Waller Daniels that you spent a night with me. What does he think about it?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, Ipsy," was her quiet reply.

"It's better."

"How is it better?"

"Because I've seen him since. We had a heart-to-heart about it. I gave him my version and told him if he didn't believe it I'd spot him twenty years and thirty pounds and beat his face in."

"Ipsy! What did he do?"

"He believed it," said Mr. Smith simply. "He seems to take a warm interest in you, that gent."

"He does."

"Well, I'd be the last to blame him. I do, myself. Mr. Daniels having been convinced, is there anyone else to consider, anyone to whom you told the glad but misleading tidings of that night?"

"Yes."

"'Hoot!' said the owl," commented Mr. Smith. "However, that's all to the good. In fact, it cinches it. My reputation is completely dished. The only honorable course for you to follow now is to marry me and save the tattered remnants of my virtuous repute. Please listen to what I'm saying."

"I am listening."

"Well, what's the answer?"

"Didn't you mention something about a wife the first time we met?"

"Wife? Did I?" He rubbed his head perplexedly. "Maybe I did. These little matters slip one's memory so. Wife, of course. Let's see; what *did* I do with her?"

"Left her in Hollywood, perhaps," came the helpful suggestion.

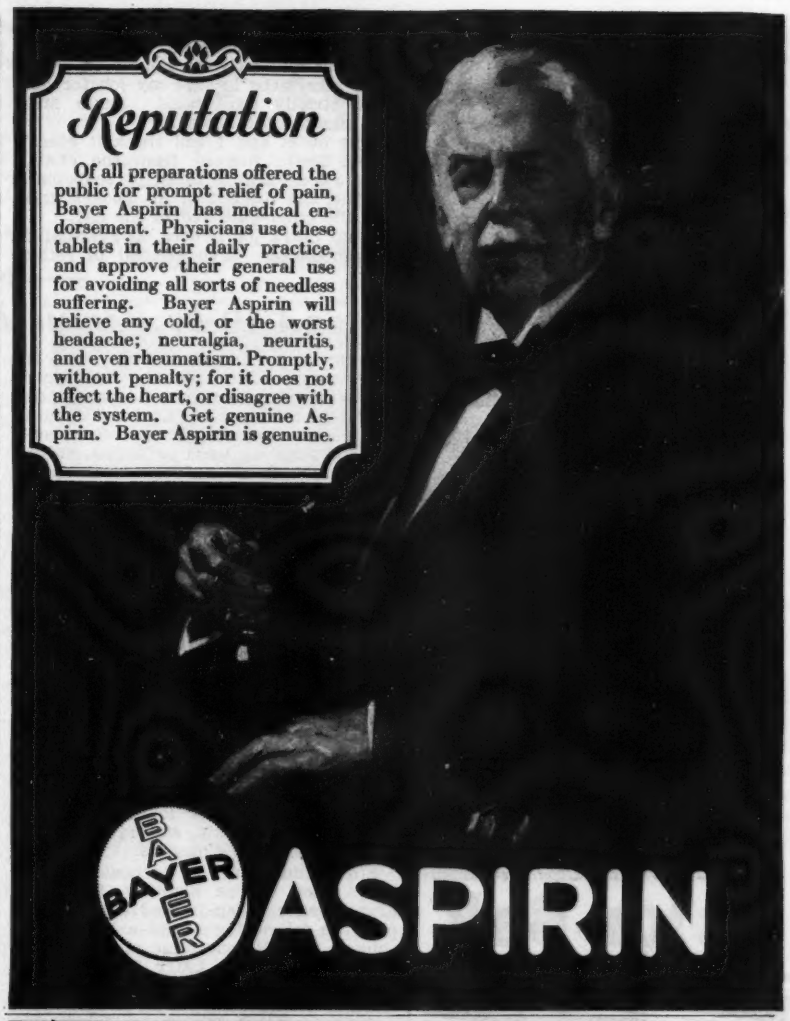
"No. Something more drastic. Poison or bigamy or—— Oh, now I remember! I destroyed her."

"How?"

"Pff! Like that. Just as easily as I invented her."

"Oh, you invented her! What for?"

"To protect myself, of course. I saw at once at our very first meeting that you would want to marry me—— Ouch! My mistake. I mean that I wouldn't be happy until I got you, unless something was done about it. So I made up the wife and threw in the mistress and kids for good measure. Then, when I landed with my present pious firm, which is so insistent on marriage, I dropped the mistress and kept the wife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on. The vacancy is now open to deserving applicants and if you wish to be a girl scout and do your daily good deed, you'll take steps to save my job for me on a strictly legal basis. Again and once more, what about it?"

"The owlet and I will think it over."

Ipsy Smith jumped from the chair, made a long arm to seize the soapstone figurine and drop it in his pocket, and with the other gathered in the girl.

"That bird's job is over, as guardian," he announced. "I've decided to retire him in favor of a more competent applicant. If you will kindly look this way, Connie——"

"Do be careful, Ipsy! That oil smears ter——"

Miss Roberts, back from luncheon, entered in a whirl, intent on telling her pal some news of her own, and stopped dead.

"Hey? What?" she said. And then, as she backed out: "Is *that* the new circulation treatment you were bragging about, Con?"

THE END

5 and 10 *by Fannie Hurst* (*Continued from page 51*)

at dinner or in an opera box, or with whom she danced, catalogued readily according to these tidy emotions.

Whatever Rarick might hold against her, Jenny was given to reminding herself, infidelity by word or action, either as wife or as mother to his children, could never be one of his indictments.

The former, on those not infrequent occasions when she brought this subject to the fore, Rarick let rest uncontroversial, but the latter, which was scarcely true to Rarick, was more than he could hear without rebuttal. The very fact that Jenny's children adored her, caused him to contend bitterly that she misused her power by smothering them beneath bracelets and shields.

Be that as it might, here was Jenny now, standing before her mirror, hugging her shoulders and shaken to the foundation of that temperamental frigidity which had always stood her in such good stead. Ramond Lopez, a gigolo who taught the tango for fifteen dollars a lesson, had suddenly walked devastatingly into her consciousness.

She could trace its inchoate beginnings back to the night of Jennifer's dinner-dance, when he and the Spanish girl, the fellow Nemo and a beautifully sinuous little Russian, had alternated in exhibition dances. Later Ramond had asked her to sit out a tango with him in Rarick's conservatory, of all places.

Jenny was not the one to invite the highly special attentions of slim young men with Latin eyes. She danced with them, dined and cocktailed, even flirted in her rather excited, brittle manner, but outside of that, her slate was clean. The security of that state of her mind was unconsciously apparent in the thrust of her clean, simitar-thin features.

A young wag of a society-writer for a caustic weekly had described Jenny's face as two profiles pasted together. It was enormously apt. Lopez, at Jennifer's dinner-dance, had sat among Rarick's unflowering hybrids, and, with his eyes covering her face like a mask of sweet ether, had solemnly refuted the delicious indictment, paying her, instead, breathy compliments that somehow failed to arouse her usual sure-fire ability to laugh a bad boy cruelly into his place.

At Ramond's lispings, something starved in Jenny had lifted its desolate head. Except for the months of courtship, when an eager, rather timidly idealistic young clerk had wooed the intelligent-looking Jenny Avery on the "Chigger"-infested banks of the Meramec, there had been precious few words addressed warmly to Jenny.

Almost immediately after her marriage, the alienating affair of the twenty-five hundred dollars had mattered terribly in their relationship. All too soon the honey had dried out of the brief flower of marriage.

It had been many a day since close, fervent things had been said to Jenny. Ramond had made her suddenly and hurtingly aware of it. Ramond, half her age, had interpreted her with a melancholy kind of wisdom.

"Why do you try to deceive me, as you do the others, with your icy manner?" he said to her.

"My dear boy," she said, starting to be annihilating in the cock-sure way she had, "you are now in the act of telling me how misunderstood I am."

To her surprise he was neither annihilated nor subdued. He caught both her slim, cool wings of hands in the grip of his own.

"You must not talk like that to me. You do not mean what you say. You are the most interesting woman I know. One cannot bear to be in the company of insipid young girls, once one has known you. Do not pretend, Mrs. Rarick, that you need to be told that you are fascinating. Sometimes I think you are like Dante would have been if he had been beautiful, and a woman. Sometimes I think you are more like Bernhardt. Then I think you are like the best of both of them."

"Why, you foolish boy," she said, the words, from lack of conviction, slow and stiff on her lips. American men simply did not look at one like that! They had not the eyes . . .

"I want to see more of you, Mrs. Rarick. I want to know you. Am I impertinent or just one more admirer? After all, I cannot be what you call in America such a total loss, Mrs. Rarick, or I would not have the good sense to recognize so quickly a brilliant and worth-while woman when I see one. Am I impertinent?"

He was. Yet how amusing of him. Here was no mere patent-leather-haired gigolo with a gift for wearing evening clothes and making middle-aged women horrible. Impudent of him to have insinuated his fingers up under the fur cuff of her long, tight sleeve—in flames. She did not withdraw from them.

There was a letter between Jenny's bodice and her flesh as she maneuvered before the mirror. It was a line from Ramond, confirming the hurried arrangement for this afternoon's cocktail.

> Lest you forget what is unforgetably important to me. This afternoon at five, where the orchids dare not bloom for fear of comparison.
>
> Ramon

The "a" off the Ramond had somehow excited her more than the note itself. A wave of self-pity, not unmixed with anger, drenched Jenny as she stood there. What a starveling she must be if just the ordinary homage and admiration from a nice boy like Ramon could bring about all this turmoil within her.

Not that Jenny was a type to whom the end of every road is the arms of the man she loves. Her temperamental frigidity saw to that. And yet, suddenly standing there, the sense of desiring

a great deal and being not desired stabbed through her consciousness.

Life was passing her by. And for what? For nothing more than a dumb animal response to the instinct to abide by her sense of wifely duty. For what? For Rarick, to whom even her fidelity might be a matter of indifference? For her children? Bless them, they were no worse and possibly not much better than the average.

Life was going to be bountiful to them. Jennifer would marry brilliantly. Avery was sure in some way to be as distinguished as he was rich. She would be crowded out of their lives.

And then what? A specter of an old age with Rarick, whose eccentricities and cloistered habits were sure to grow upon him, stalked down a corridor of her imagination. Then what? Thank heaven, it was still left in her to feel that cut of thrill at the left-off "d."

Ramon was coming.

She handed the small cascade of ruffles to the maid and hurried out, as if she dared not glance back at this symbol of the soiled inner workings of the mind of Jenny Avery Rarick, mother of two grown children.

Ramon was in the conservatory poking in among goldfish which darted about a beautiful wall fountain that Rarick had brought over from a rock garden he had admired in Taormina.

He kissed her hand, and then regarded her in long silence.

The quick picture of half a dozen men she knew, including Rarick, flashed across her minds's eye. How clumsily they would have paid this same simple tribute!

She could imagine that to a young man like Ramon, whose masculinity was not mere maleness, there must be something chapped and funny about the unkissed hands of American women.

Twenty and more years of the perfunctory kisses of greeting and adieu from Rarick had been Jenny's sole share in a world which she was suddenly aware must be filled with the grand passions between women and men. Not that anything she had not received from Rarick mattered, but the slow anger of resentment flared just the same.

Women who had been less meticulous than she of their marriage vows were loved women. There were women of Jenny's acquaintance who had not been meticulous, whose wifehood was far from irreproachable, but who somehow had the gift of demanding full measure of homage from their husbands.

Precious little Jenny had demanded or received. A stab of self-pity, the immemorial self-pity of a woman feeling denied, cut Jenny. Rarick as a husband and lover! It was inconceivable that he could be missing, in his turn, any of those things he denied her. The lover had died back there in the beginning, and for the twenty-and-more subsequent years, she had been living with a husband.

What would even this Latin-eyed youngster think of her sterile kind of life if he knew? Really, his eyes, black velvet ones of deepest nap, were naughty, roving as they did from hers down to the tip of the V-neck which she had calculated before her mirror.

A wave of self-disgust made her redden. She suddenly withdrew her hand to clap it against her chest.

He regarded her with gentle reproach. "Why are you like that?"

"Like what?"

"Shy, like a—like one of those beautiful wild pumas that used to live on the edge of one of my father's estates in the interior of Peru."

Puma! She did not know whether

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to laugh down what she regarded his absurdity or incinerate him with the rebuff of which she was so capable.

"You don't understand the strange wild beauty of these graceful creatures. All aloofness. You must not think the comparison odious, Mrs. Rarick."

What were you to do with a boy like that, whose sweetness was so indomitable?

"You're a silly boy for making me indulge your whim for a cocktail in this ridiculous conservatory of my husband's, where nothing ever really blooms but unpronounceable, unwearable species, and expensive botanical things are always about to happen and somehow don't."

The impersonal portion went sailing over his head.

"I know it is only a little glass house, but it cannot ever seem quite that to me, since it is where you first let me dare know you a little better."

"I'm afraid, dear boy, there is nothing to know."

"You do not expect me to believe that?"

No, she did not, but she said it again.

"You are a liberal education to me."

"How liberal?"

"I am tired of all your pretty girls here in this country who have no faces in particular. You have a face."

"My dear boy, are you given to profound observations like that?"

"You must not make me ridiculous. I mean you have a face that hangs like a cameo in the memory."

She looked at him and blushed with the surprised sweetness of a girl.

"You naughty Latin boy. I am old enough to be your mother."

"I am glad, though, that you are not. Fancy the tragedy of having to be no more than son to Duse or Cleopatra or Bernhardt."

"My son doesn't feel that way," she said, clambering back to what safety ledge she could.

"Don't say that. It hurts me."

"What?"

"'My son'—in that tone. I am jealous, Mrs. Rarick—not of him, but of all the life that has claim on you."

She had the impulse to rise and rebuke him, and instead, let his hand wander again toward the thick fur ruff at her wrist. Then a butler served cocktails, and they were silent and at nice distance while he puttered, but the eyes of young Lopez were over her face with the sweetishness of an anesthetic mask.

"I'm going to send you along home now," she said, and rose. There were no lights; a thick hush closed them in.

"I don't want to go home, Jenny."

Jenny. The impertinence of his saying that. The dearness.

"I don't want to go home, Jenny, without something to tide me over until next time."

"Impertinent," she said, frightened in an exultant way beyond anything that had ever happened to her and putting out a stiff arm to ward him off.

He used the arm as a lever to draw her toward him. In the silence of their glass enclosure, he dipped the back of her neck against his arm as he sank his lips down onto hers.

Racing home from a charity bazaar, to change her clothes for a tea-dance at the St. Regence, Jenny found a surprise awaiting her.

Avery was home.

An envelope addressed in his large free hand was handed her by the maid in the Breton cap.

Dear Moth:

Hullo. Surprise, eh, what? I'll wait in my bedroom until you pop in on me.

Av.

Avery home!

The first thought that flashed through Jenny's mind as she stood with the note in her hand flooded her with such self-disgust that, on the heels of it, she went hurrying to Avery's room, as if in expatiation.

If only she had gone straight from the bazaar to the St. Regence without bothering to come home and change into a taupe gown with a high neck ruche of chinchilla that Ramon liked. It made Ramon nervous to wait.

A lump of mortification was in Jenny's very soul as she sped to her son. Was Avery ill? Crazy thought, but this was the first time she had seen Avery in the two months since—Ramon. Would he—could he—sense anything different? No. No. No. She need not reproach herself where her children were concerned.

Would—Avery—being home—make a difference to Ramon? He had never seen her with her boy. With Jennifer, now, it was different. But Avery—Avery at eighteen had a grave, rather precious quality.

His blond straight youth, while boasting a maturity of appearance that matched some of the young fellows who trailed around Jennifer, was shot through with the most knowing perceptions. Would Avery, with those curiously delicate perceptions, sense that, in the two months since she had seen him, strange and turbulent emotions had been sluicing through the slim being of his mother?

How annoyed Rarick would be if something casual were bringing Avery home in the midst of his semester. He had come down so flat-footed against it. Surely Avery could not be ill!

He was standing in a striped-flannel dressing-gown tamping tobacco into his short-stemmed pipe when his mother entered. The contents of a large pigskin bag littered the room.

"Good old Moth! I was afraid it might not be you. Peacock tells me Father often gets home nowadays around four."

"Avery, you're not ill?"

"Nothing so pleasantly explanatory of my sudden return to the magnificent fold of the family," he said, giving his parent a kiss.

"Avery, you're not in trouble?"

"Not the kind you think."

"What other kinds are there?"

"Deep psychological fee-fie-foe-fum ones."

"Avery, don't tell me you've started to be foolish about a girl—or anything like that!" she cried, flashing a glance, even in the suspense of her sudden suspicion, to her wrist watch.

"No, I'm off women," he said with an elaborate grandeur and innocence of them that made her take his long pale cheeks between her hands and kiss him.

"Darling, tell me what has brought you home in this sudden fashion. You know how set your father is against it. Tell me, son. I've only a moment between appointments."

"Mother, be a brick and cancel. How can I talk to you if you've only a moment? I must see you before Father comes in. Please manage."

She stood fluttering between her indecisions. After all, the important thing was that Avery was well. Some schoolboy predicament, no doubt, that seemed enormous enough to the schoolboy.

Ramon hated to wait. Waiting acted as an actual physical depressant upon him from which he was slow to recover. Jenny had learned that. Their most violent quarrel had resulted from her arrival twenty minutes late at a small tea-room which they were beginning to frequent for its obscurity.

Jenny's virtue as wife and mother had been founded on no principle of life or religion. That she had happened to possess it up to now had apparently been a matter of no counter-forces sufficiently strong to imperil it.

Raging to see Ramon, who in five minutes would be beginning his wait for her, Jenny regarded this slender son of hers, while turmoils battered her. He was not an easy son. Never had been.

There had been long and frequent sieges of difficult child illnesses and curious phases of mental reserve. His schooling had not been an easy matter to settle, what with his father's desires, the boy's and her own. She had won her points, where Avery was concerned, too slowly to have them appear won.

The years at Newberry and now his freshman year at Eastern had drawn Avery out of his reticent inhibited boyhood precisely as she had predicted they would. Avery was pretty much of a regular fellow now. In fact, she was fond of admitting, a little slyly and with innuendo that was without foundation, that he was too much of a fellow.

Avery, always more or less at shy odds with life, with his father, and even with Jenny herself, had not been the gay and uncomplex youngster that Jennifer had been. Even now, he was sometimes dark and turbid water to her. Had she failed him as confidante on those occasions when he had seemed to want to grope his way into her understanding of this or that plight of his?

Once, on one of his Easter vacations from Newberry, Avery had tried to read to her excerpts from a private journal which he had kept for three years.

She had felt deeply the spirit which prompted the confidence, but was conscious of having failed miserably to understand what to her had seemed the rather embarrassing vaporings of a young mind floundering to climb out of some sophomoric morass. It was a phase of adolescence, she concluded, as she dismissed the sense of failure that had followed these private disclosures of some of the mental travail of her son.

As a matter of fact, of course, a boy's father was the proper confidant at such time. But secretly Jenny gloried in her strategic position in the minds and hearts of both her children. It was a sort of trump-card up her sleeve.

Was she about to fail again for her coveted place in the eyes of her son? If Avery were impelled once more to place before her the difficult and even embarrassing torments of his expanding and maturing mind, would it not be better, after all, to evade the issue than to fail in it?

Let Avery have it out with his father! Let them become acquainted. It was not fair to continue to stand as buffer between them. Great responsibilities that had to do with his father were ultimately to descend upon this boy. Better to try to have him cross the stormy Niagara gorge that divided the two of them.

But in her heart Jenny knew that the source of all this hurried disposition of her immediate predicament was the fact that Ramon was waiting. He must be sliding in and out of his waistcoat pocket a platinum and diamond watch, the thickness and diameter of a silver dollar. Jenny's first gift to him.

"Mother, I know I'm putting the cart before the horse, to try to make you understand the result first and then give you the reasons that led up to the decision, but the fact is, I'm done with college."

Then it was something schoolboyish! Let him have it out with his father. Eastern was the ideal college for a son of the rich. Important connections. Socially right. Proper setting. Ramon was waiting ten minutes by now. High time Avery and his father were making each other's acquaintance.

"You talk as if such decisions were a matter of course, Avery. I'm surprised."

"I knew you would be, Mother. That's why I want like the dickens to talk to you before explaining to Father. Or maybe you'll talk to him, Moth?"

"I cannot always be taking sides with you against your father, Avery. After all, he is your father and my husband and must be respected."

That, ever since the advent of Ramon, was part of her new psychology of atonement to her husband. Her son looked up at her in startled amazement.

"Out of whose book of life have you torn a new page, Mother? Not your own!"

Now he was going to be abstract! That was the difficulty about being able to understand Avery. It made her proud of what she was pleased to call his depth, but just the same he was forever vaporing about life. As such.

It was a thoroughly concrete affair to Jenny, life was. You talked about your own life, or the life of someone in whom you were passionately interested. Just life, as a subject, was sermon matter or something you did not discuss except under precious circumstances.

"You've only three more years at Eastern, Avery. There is something about the idea of a college degree! It's an asset in after-life." (Ramon was capable of going off, after waiting a half-hour.)

"Mother, I want terribly some time to myself. In Europe. On my own. I'm fed up. College is all right for a certain sort of fellow. I'm wasting my time at it."

"That's ungrateful, Avery. I've almost won your father over about your boat."

"Mother, I need to tell you a few things about myself. I'd have told you long ago, you're so sweet. But I do hate like the dickens to say them."

Then it was to be in the key of the writings in that journal of his. Darling, silly Avery! Ramon was waiting.

"Avery, I cannot stand the strain of the rôle of go-between for you and your father any longer. Isn't it manlier for you to face him yourself? This is too serious for me. You yourself must ask him for what you want."

"Why, Mother, do you know I've never really wanted anything before? It is you who have always wanted for me. That's what makes it impossible for me really to get at Father. He thinks I'm the fellow who has wanted all the things I've never really wanted."

So! It had come home to her. So much sooner than she could have dreamed. It was for this she had practically alienated her husband, worn down her vitality, sacrificed her peace of mind. From the infancy of her children, Jenny had been fighting for what she wanted for them, and here was her son interpreting it for her in a way that robbed her of any of the fruits of sacrifice.

"Avery Rarick," she said reproachfully, "I cannot believe my ears."

"Mother dear, you mustn't take it that way! Let me explain."

Ramon was waiting.

"Listen, dear, I must go."

"Mother, I haven't hopped onto this decision today or yesterday. I'm no go at college, Moth."

"That's a pretty disheartening thing to have to hear after the long wrangle I had with your father, who wanted a state university. Really, Avery——"

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Feen-a-mint is made like chewing-gum purposely. For by chewing you relieve constipation quickly, surely and pleasantly . . . This is the secret of its world-wide use today . . .

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Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

"I'd be no go at any college, Mother. It's hard to explain—even to you."

"Yes, Avery," she said, trying to bite down an impatience that was almost a frenzy within her, "I should think it might be." Ramon was waiting.

"Mother, I've only been carrying one course at college. You might as well know and have it over with."

"You've made excellent connections. Donnie Chattenfield told Jennifer that Raymond is inviting you to Whitecastle for the Christmas holidays."

"Mother, doesn't it surprise you that I've only carried one course and that a dead-cat one in current events?"

"Of course it does."

"It doesn't really, old darling, because you've never thought about it one way or another. But anyway—even my address at college has been a fake one, Mother. I've faked."

"Avery!"

"I haven't been living on the campus. The college canning factory began to tin my brains so I moved out of it. I've rooms up on the hill with an artist and his wife."

"Why Avery Rarick, how could you!"

"It's the only thing I could do, Mother. I'm not cut out for the college factory. Matter of fact, if I am cut out for much of anything, I haven't found out yet what it is. That's what I want to talk about. It isn't that I haven't been working. I have—after a fashion—worked, if you'd call it that!"

"Oh, Avery, don't meander. Talk to the point."

"Right, Mother. I mean I've been scribbling. Writing a little. Verse and stuff. Pretty rotten. Wouldn't like to see it, would you? Might give you a better idea of why I think a couple of years on my own—knocking about Europe—alone—would put me straight with things. Moth, you're not listening!"

"That is all stuff and nonsense, Avery. You are to bide your time at college and next summer take that trip to Norway and Sweden with the Stanley-Blake twins."

"I don't give a hoot for those saps."

"'Those saps,' as you are pleased to call them, will some day be two of the most powerful men in America."

"I tell you I need to be alone, Mother. To find myself."

"Oh, Avery!"

"I know! I sound like a letter to a newspaper. Well, I'm capable of writing one like this. Editor Daily Bunk. Dear Sir: What should a young man of eighteen years of age do who simply cannot get interested in life as he sees it about him? I cannot find myself. I'm a perfect failure to date, and unless I pull out, may remain so for the rest of my days on this supposedly glorious earth. What's wrong with this picture?

"Letter from Editor to Morbid Young Man: Your symptoms, young man, include indifference to whatever you do and the belief that a congenial task would reveal your hitherto unappreciated values. As you see the world, it is sadly out of joint and you wonder why others are so indifferent to the pearl of a great price hidden in your personality. Young man, behind your inability to connect with life lurk an egregious self-centeredness and an exaggerated idea of your own consequence."

"Avery, I can't bear it. You're too funny to be borne. Stop it, idiot! How can one take you seriously?"

"But I am serious, Mother. I'm clowning Hamlet for you."

How slenderly handsome he was, his father's son around the eyes and brow but son of his mother in the lean lithe figure.

"Avery, I simply must go. My advice is to pack yourself back to college without even letting your father know about this—brainstorm."

"Mother, I'm in hell!"

"Then you *are* in trouble, son," she cried, sudden terror dilating her eyes.

"I know, Mother; I know. Sounds like tommy-rot," he cried and struck his breast with a gesture that immediately became sophomoric to her once he followed it up with words. "Can't you understand? The hell is here inside me. I must get away. Alone. To think it out. It's too cluttered-up here. I can't stand the clutter. Give me a year or two on my own, Mother. Get Father to. I want to think my way out."

"Of what?"

"How do I know? How can I try to tell it when you sit there thinking of other things? When you won't understand?"

How dear he was! How inexpressibly dear. Hurtingly young. Silly sensitive sophomoric dreamer. She wanted to take him in her arms . . . Ramon was waiting.

"Mother dear, be a brick. Put it up to Father before I have to face the music. Make him see that I need a couple of years away—to myself."

"I simply must go, son."

"He'll never understand, Mother. Coming from me, the suggestion will only antagonize him. I can't be myself with Father—any more than I sometimes think he can be with me."

"Hush, Avery."

There was one principle of hers which Jenny had never even bent, much less broken. She could not bring herself to discuss her husband's shortcomings with his children.

"I must go!" she cried wildly. "If you insist upon coming home from college with such ideas, son, it is manlier that you should face your father yourself. Tell him just what you have told me."

"Not in a thousand years. He'll want facts. I haven't any."

"Here he comes. Tell him now."

"Mother, for heaven's sake! You wouldn't do that——?"

For the first time in her life, Jenny would. She was off, frantic with haste, just as Rarick, attracted by his son's voice, paused at his door to peer in.

For several years now, Rarick had been cultivating this habit of extricating himself from his office at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was not easy except that he had found that the closing of his multifarious day, whether at four or six or eight, was sure to leave an overflow of affairs.

The year that Rarick instructed his chauffeur to enter his office at precisely the stroke of four and hand him his hat, the office force began to refer to him as "the old man."

As a matter of fact, it was Rarick's conclusion that these few precious hours of late afternoon, if properly induced, could be made to stack against the credit side of health and vitality.

His golf consisted of those hours spent in the forestlike silence of the library. He could sit in its dim splendor and out of his organ, "Father's Folly," there came pouring, to his pressing of a button, the storied action of "Tosca" or "La Bohème" told in the illuminated stained glass above the triple grin of keyboards. Musical cataracts that leaped in glory over the din of a day that had been lived to the tune of dish-pans, hair-nets, lingerie ribbon, and small dolls.

Countless and ever-fascinating devices lurked within the Gothic maw of this

pretentious instrument. Symphony orchestras, Japanese bells, bird notes and cymbals, violin solos, chimes of Normandy, a reproduction of the Vatican choir with the lifted faces of the singing boys rising chastely above their surplices.

To Rarick, there was something of Avery in these pale soprano boys, a look of spiritual contact, until he jerked himself away from a comparison that invariably seemed ridiculous.

Avery, indeed. Speed-boats. Plus-fours. Oriental pearl studs. A growing suspicion that all was not open and aboveboard about his college had been Rarick's.

The suspicion moved up a notch at the sight of his boy, standing in the French flannel dressing-gown, with his lean pale face plastered with a look of panic that was positively grotesque. The flash of Jenny's sable coat as she sped down the hall had not been lost upon him, and now there came to him rather belatedly the consciousness that he had been hearing her voice and Avery's all the way along the corridor.

The thrill which he invariably experienced over this narrow young person he called son shot through him before his first resentment had time to leap out.

Good youngster! A bit too thin. Needed filling out. A bothered look to him. What made him gape like a fish that has just been landed, hook and all? The scent and the echo of Jenny still lay on the air. Conniving again, filling Rarick with a riling sense of outsider in his own home. Some scrape had brought him home, no doubt.

"Well, Father, here I am."

The little man stood in the doorway, shoulder-high to his eighteen-year-old son, head up, hand thrust into the groove between his coat buttons. After all, your prisoner was innocent until you proved him guilty. Illness, or whim, or unavoidable difficulty might have brought Avery home.

"This is a surprise, boy. At least to me," he could not help supplementing.

Hang it, why had he added that? It threw the boy still further off his ease.

"I guess it is sort of a surprise to me, too, Father. One of those decisions a fellow kind of makes for a long time without knowing he's doing it. All of a sudden it's made! If you see what I mean."

"I see," said his father in the polite tones of not seeing at all.

"Will you sit down, Father?"

The boy did have oyster-shells under his eyes. Ill health? Dissipations? What?

They seated themselves, facing one another on two straight chairs. It occurred to Avery miserably that he and his father were forever facing one another on straight chairs.

With his tongue as thick as a rusk in his mouth, the determination to unbend came flooding over him. A fellow had a right to a decent break with his father. Old gentleman wasn't God. Regular enough fellow, no question, if you once broke through the crust. Low-down of Mother to leave him flat—but here goes.

"You see, Father, here's the situation," began the son of Rarick.

They were going to get on! Sometimes a man and his son just naturally came to a place where they began to get on. Avery was old enough now to understand . . .

"I'm mighty anxious to hear it, son."

Now that was a handsome enough beginning of the old gentleman! Many a fellow and his gov, after starting it off on the wrong foot, had hit a pace. Not a bit improbable but what the old gentleman might be the one to understand more quickly than anyone else that a fellow needs to get his balance. Lord, though, could anyone understand except the fellow who was living through this particular hell?

"The situation is this, Father."

"Yes, son." Patience. Patience. Shouldn't expect a lad to come directly to the point like a business man. What the dickens was the trouble with him? Well, it was a good time to get at him. This fine straight fellow on the chair before him was his son. The pleasurable years were about to begin. The time had come to draw this boy into his life. This boy was no stranger. This boy was his! "Yes, son?"

"The situation is this, Father." What in the name of heaven was the situation? Sitting there facing his father, frantic for point of contact, words seemed to log-jam in Avery's throat.

You didn't sit opposite one of the Titan business men of the country, of the world for that matter, and tell him that your soul was hurting you. You didn't sit opposite the director king of a string of banks, a merchandise king of two continents, and tell him of the strange torments, the nervous panic, the despairs, the ecstasies, the strange stirrings of the desire to love and be loved, or the yearnings for some power to express the wonder and the pain of those first faint stirrings.

It was one thing to pour forth these torments and ecstasies and loneliness into your journal. It was another to sit facing this remote man, your father.

One did not dare to say to one's father, Life is too much for me, Dad. One did not quite dare bring to the point of discussion the desire to create—the desire to live beautifully—the need to be alone to work it all out.

And yet—strange little man—he liked his organ with the horrible stained-glass operas. The fires in the stones of the earth had witchery for him. The salty wisdom and humor of the old fossil he kept up in the yellow suite tickled and delighted him. What the devil was the truth of this man, his father? What the devil was the truth of himself?

"Go ahead, son."

"As I had been saying to Mother just before you came in; or rather, it's been running through my mind——"

He and his mother had had their heads together as usual. She had been first in his confidence. This was the method, cooked up between them, of approach to the ogre. Jenny was a good mother, no getting around that, but a man was entitled to the first-hand confidence of his boy!

Was the old gentleman stiffening already?

This boy was his. The only thing on earth he could train into being closely and intimately his. There were a hundred things he needed to say to this boy if ever they were to prepare for the intricate problems that lay ahead.

A good way to begin was to give in. Why not on the speed-boat! That was what he was most probably wanting.

The way to get at these youngsters was to give them things. Things. The way to get at Avery was the way of indulgence. Youth wants indulgence.

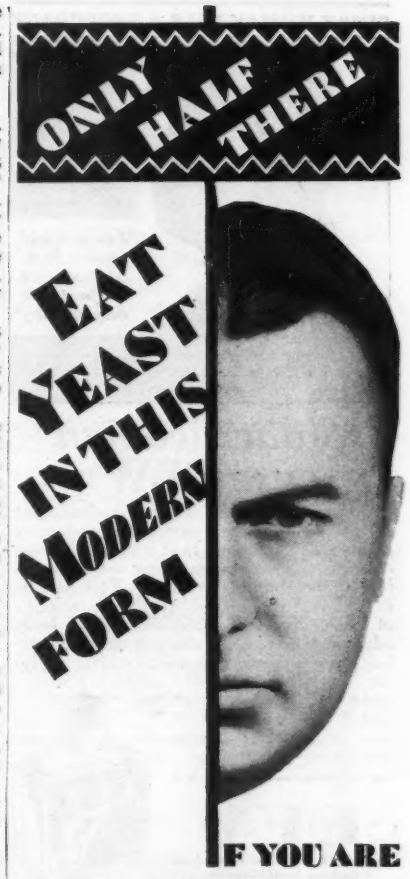
"Well, I suppose if there is something you want, son, you're beginning to be of an age now where you've got to depend on your own good judgments."

"That's mighty fine of you, Father."

"I sometimes have my own ideas about these things, Avery. Some day when you don't have to get back to college, we'll take time off and——"

"But Father!"

"——talk some of these things out.



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JUST smooth this fragrant, ivory-white vanishing cream on your swollen, aching, burning feet—and all the fire and pain is drawn out in 3 seconds.

That's because Coolene, as it is called, contains a marvelous new combination of penetrating oils and healing unguents, in addition to frankincense and myrrh—two soothing ointments used by the ancients to relieve foot tortures caused by hot desert sands. These ingredients reach the cause of foot trouble—the inflamed, congested nerves and veins, bringing glorious foot comfort in 3 seconds—or no cost!

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COOLENE

We haven't ever had much to say to each other about you and your relationship to this big world you are preparing to grapple with. It's a bigger and more complex world than falls to the lot of most youths. I'd like to talk to you along those lines."

"But Father, that's not what I want to ta——"

"It's all right, son; I understand all this may be a bit premature. No hurry. I think I know what's brought you down from college today. Want you to start back at once."

"But Father——"

"Don't like sloppy attendance. Don't like sloppy anything. Wait a minute. Hold your horses. You're going back with what you came down for. I don't like speed-boats as a general rule. But I figure you're getting to an age when your own judgments should count. I'm glad to give in. Is that all right with you, son?" said Rarick, and took out his check-book.

They sat there knee to knee in their straight chairs, their faces seeming to swim together as twilight came to blur them. Rarick, a sudden sliding blur to his son; Avery, a sliding blur to his father.

"Is it all right, son?"

"It's all right with me Father—if it is with you—I guess."

"You guess?"

"I mean it's all right with me, Father—if it is with you."

The pen of Rarick began to splutter along his check-book.

The consciousness had long since begun to dawn upon Jenny, in whom the impulse to climb was an acquired, rather than an inherent characteristic, that she had started off, socially speaking, on the wrong foot.

The advent of the John G. Raricks from out of the Middle West had not been a planned campaign, for the reason that the need for strategy had simply not occurred to her until the propitious moment had passed, and the house of Rarick had settled. Subsequently, her mistakes had been fast and successive. After the dust of the publicity attending the purchase by John G. Rarick of the famous Ficke mansion had been laid, Jenny, appalled by the lull, had snatched with more nervousness than diplomacy at old relationships, mostly families of wealth and no particular social position whose migration from the Middle West had preceded theirs.

Thereafter, the Raricks bobbed about in uneven waters, sometimes riding up to a social crest, but in an erratic, unstable way that was precarious; and then, just as likely as not, sliding down again into the valleys between the waves.

No gainsaying the fact that the Raricks were invited to six houses outside the Social Register for every one within. Jenny's awareness of Social Register discriminations did not even begin to dawn upon her until well after the move, when that dawn came up like thunder.

Time was not slow in coming when she was to encounter the difficulty of rounding up a formal dinner composed of the people she came gradually to realize were the right ones, and when she was to scorch under such mortifications as sending out thirty-six invitations to the alleged right ones and having twenty-eight regrets come home to roost heavily upon her heart.

It was not exactly in the spirit of snubbing. The Raricks were not sufficiently in the running for that. It was just that in settings where even great wealth required proper exploitation, the Raricks had somehow not arrived right.

Jenny's mistakes had rebounded most cruelly on Jennifer. Passionately Jenny had wasted heartburn on the futility of wishing that Jennifer and Avery had been born to her in reverse order. An eligible son, somehow, millions in his offing, would have accelerated social matters. As it was, Jennifer, always popular, whirled nevertheless in three worlds. A bohemian one, which her set invaded in "slumming parties," an outer-fringe one which represented wealth and perhaps a bit too much gaiety, and, far too occasionally, the one without the walls which Jenny had mistakenly planned to hurdle by running high jump.

It was not, Jenny felt sure, that Rarick money could not have accomplished anything that Rarick money set out to do; it was that Rarick money had not taken its psychological moment.

These realizations began to marshal themselves into Jennifer's younger and more nimble mind the first year that she was out of Miss Pratt's School for Girls. To begin with, Miss Pratt's School had been a mistake. The daughters of millionaires attended, all right, but not the daughters of the socially right millionaires. Jennifer kept a stiff and even an impudent upper lip about it all, but in talks wtih her mother, those lips of hers could drag at the corners.

"Where do they get off, leaving us out! I wouldn't give a plugged nickel to go to the Monkton-Becks' cotillion. I thought cotillions went out with bustles, anyhow. But what do you bet they don't forget Father's name on their hospital subscription list?"

"Let them get it!"

"Don't be silly, darling. You know perfectly well Leila Monkton has as good as got you down for five thousand."

Jenny did. "Well, just the same," went on Jenny, "what can you expect? Your father never accepts a thing. People don't know how to approach us, the women of the family always either asking permission to bring another man, or attending alone."

"Nonsense, Mother. Fewer and funnier husbands is the social cry of the hour. Bring your own gigolo. Don't kid yourself along, darling; that's not the reason we're zero. There's nothing mysterious about it, Mother; we've treated the exact science of social climbing inexactly, that's all."

"But just the same, Jennifer, this is a country where money is supposed to buy everything."

"And so it does, if you know how to go about spending it. Money will buy anything from a plush horse to an Aubusson tapestry. You're out of luck if you go after the plush horse when Aubusson tapestries are the swanky buy. We should have employed a social interior decorator to keep us from making mistakes such as cultivating plush horses like the Ben Wimans or the Maxfield Doons. Not that I would give one blondined Wiman hair in order to crush into the Monkton cotillion. But just the same, you've got to know your onions."

"Do you know, I sometimes think," said Jenny contemplatively, "that there's such a thing as being too nice. There is nothing more ghastly than the hung-on smile of trying to be too amiable."

"Perhaps, socially speaking, darling, we haven't got 'it.'"

"Nonsense!" said her mother. "You have every kind of 'it.'"

"Oh, I get by in a crowd. That is, if I can manage to care enough. I'm so darned half-baked! Even the desire in me to be something besides the thing I am, is half-baked, or I'd go be it. I've got a brain, Mother."

"Use it, Jennifer," said her mother. "On Berry Rhodes."

"You're being disgusting, darling," said Jennifer.

"Don't be an idiot, Jennifer; you're too intelligent."

"In other words, the beautiful and reluctant daughter of wealth must jerk her family into social security by marrying the scion of a great family. What is a scion, anyway?"

"Jennifer, you're being coy. It's horrible."

"Honestly, Mother, you're the one who's being idiotic," cried Jennifer, and began to flush in waves.

"Berry is a person on his own; you've said so yourself. Why not come out and own you like him?"

"Mother, you pain and surprise me!"

"You're not clever in the rôle of ingénue, darling. A little awful, in fact."

"Well, all right, if you insist. He's a bad boy, but I like him."

"You like him because you have the good sense to believe in my adage that it is as easy to fall in love with the right one as with the wrong."

"That adage gives me shivers down my spine, but then, so does Berry."

"Leslie Edgerton hasn't asked you to her dance tonight merely because she loves you, darling! Berry got you asked there. She must have thought it the better part of wisdom not to refuse."

"It's all off between Leslie and Berry."

"Are you sure, Jennifer?"

"That's the devilish part. I'm not."

"Jennifer, there's one thing I must say for your father. He never played for small stakes in his life."

"There was all that talk that Leslie's trip to Europe was a trip to Brooklyn to have a baby—Berry's."

"You know that if that were true, it would have been marry-the-girl at the point of the merciless Edgerton tongue!"

"Berry's a queer, evasive devil of a darling-on-wheels. I don't know where I get off with him."

"Find out."

"Of course he got me asked out to the Edgertons' tonight, but I don't give a darn. I'm going! With him. I like him, Mother. Hang it, I like him," said Jennifer. "He's a bad boy, I tell you, but hang it, I like him."

"You know perfectly well that he is better than the average would be in his position. He has everything, and besides, a clever girl can settle him down. Jennifer, if you would!"

"You mean if I could."

"You can."

"I will."

The great-grandfather of Leslie Edgerton had once been governor of a Confederate state. It had cost a grandfather of Leslie Edgerton one million and a half dollars to run on a foredoomed ticket for President of the United States.

The father of Leslie Edgerton had married a Miss Henrietta Crosby, of Crosby, Connecticut, and had retrieved the million and many more by subsequently inheriting, by proxy of this wife, the Crosby watch factories.

The paths of the Raricks and the Edgertons crossed at Bailey's Beach, public charity functions, bridges, bazaars, teas and occasionally in a purely social way.

Jenny had ventured to include the Edgertons in what had been the largest dinner-dance of the season. When they regretted, one of the high-water-mark hopes for their dinner had fainted within Jennifer and her mother.

A Rarick had never set foot on Parmley, where the Edgertons sometimes kept open house all winter on their enormous estates skirting Tarrytown.

Jennifer was about to set foot there

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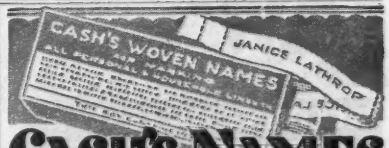

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now. A small, bizarre-looking foot in a white fur sandal that was mounted on a four-inch ivory heel.

Parmley ran back into the Pocantico Hills. The house itself rose off a cleared eminence in the heart of four hundred heavily wooded acres. A terrace, tiled in bright blue, shone around it like a lake. Marble stairs flanked by balustrades and lions led to the blue-tiled terrace from lower ones of green turf.

The building itself was a long low one of enormous width, no particular depth and a whiteness to it as if a Mediterranean sun were perpetually beating down. Some wag had tagged it "Carnegie Library" because of this low width and the pairs of Carrara lions that crouched beside the four flights of marble staircases.

The Edgertons had decided to have a sense of humor about this white elephant. Henrietta Edgerton promptly christened it her "white bête-noir" and had the coping of a superb swimming-pool, which was out of natural rock, elaborately inlaid in black and white symbolic beasts of two heads and four tails.

The white crash of this house into the finest stretch of forest land within its radius from New York was a sore point with Tom Edgerton. It had cost easily over a million and a half and there it stood, an affront to his taste, his intelligence and his dignity. It was the sort of home a war-millionaire might have erected out of an overnight fortune.

Truth of the matter was, and bitterly he knew it, Henrietta had been deep in an affair with the architect who designed it.

Tom's sop to his sense of the ironic was to be unfaithful to his wife on every possible occasion, in this house which had turned into a monstrosity because she had insisted upon giving carte blanche to her lover, the nincompoop young architect who had created it.

"We're a pretty lot," Leslie Edgerton had once said to her father. "We're a pretty lot, Dad. The only thing virgin around here is the soil. If!"

Jennifer and Berry tilted into the three-mile driveway of that virgin soil on two wheels at a forty-mile clip. They had driven out in Berry's underslung, boat-shaped roadster. Jennifer at first had remonstrated, holding out against cramming herself, in her slim sheaf of baby-ermine gown, into a crouched position in the natty sports car.

"You're a dog, Berry, even to ask it. I'm not dressed for a football game."

"Come along. Be as boyish as your bob. I'll wrap you in a raccoon coat and that little white mitten you're wearing for a dress won't turn a hair," he said, and hurried her out.

She liked his riding her down this way. Old cave-man stuff, she told herself. Putrid-old. But she liked it. Wasn't often a fellow with millions, only grandson of Rodney Rhodes, and more millions to come, came in a package like Berry. Personality. Brain. Brawn.

At least if Leslie had to have a nervous breakdown it had been a little worth while to have it over Berry. Jennifer had heard she had a nervous twitch to her face nowadays that was part of that nervous breakdown.

"Nervous?" he said, letting out a rip of speed as they cleared the city line.

"Not to the point of breakdown," she said, and tilted a look at him.

"You girls give me a pain in the neck," he said. "Innuendo. All lies."

"I'm sorry, Berry," she said. "And I'm glad it's all lies."

"That's right," he said; "be yourself," and smiled at her with white teeth set in a face tanned by sun.

"What self is that?"

"The self I like. You're a darling, Jennifer. I strongly suspect you of having brains, too, and you're brainy enough to keep them carefully concealed under that Joan of Arc bob."

"Give me a light, Berry."

He flicked on his lighter and held it for her while the car sped swift and sure under his lone-hand grip.

"Oh. You burned my lip. Let's stop anyway, Berry. I can't smoke in this open boat. Draw in here."

"You little designing designer," he laughed, and drew up. "It's darling of you, though, to want our ride to last."

"It's darling of you, Berry, to have got me asked out to the Edgertons' tonight. I'm on."

"Nonsense."

"I don't give a hang for them or their parties, except for you——"

"By heaven, I think you lisp. Let me thee your tongue."

"There!" She darted it at him, curving it upward into a shell.

"Let's see it again."

His quick close kiss went against the second dart of pink.

"You sweet sweet," he said out of its long endurance.

She pushed him back. "Berry, let's you and me be low-down honest."

"I choose the first. You be honest."

"If you had half an idea of how honest I'm going to be, you'd climb out and hitch-hike your way back to town."

"Fortify me for that exigency—this way," he said and kissed her again.

"Berry, you and I weren't born yesterday." He made to kiss her again. "Don't do that."

"You egged me on."

"I know, but——"

"You are so blamed honest, Jennifer, it makes a fellow want——"

"But now I'm going to be serious, Berry."

"It can't be done, Jen. I'm immune."

"Berry, marry me."

He tightened as if a lock had sprung.

"Certainly. But I haven't my music with me."

"Berry, get this. I'm serious. Marry me. Don't answer. Just listen. You're no angel, Berry. Lord knows I'm not. I like you—a lot. I want you to respect that. I'm pretty crazy about you. You're a bad boy, Berry, but neither of us is sprouting wings; I think it's a swell plan and I'm sober. I'll marry you, not to reform you, but to reform with you."

"The only way to get me to marry the girl, Jennifer, is to point the well-known gun."

"Bing," she said and cocked a finger.

"I don't know whether you're spoofing me or not, but let's not be serious tonight, Jennifer. Isn't it enough—this night—us—this way?"

She let her head swing back against his arm. "Confound you, darling," she said; "you're standing up the girl."

"Jennifer, let me know you tonight—afterwards—my rooms?"

"You go plumb to the devil, Berry," she said, pushing him with high laughter. "Step on her; we'll be late! And if you don't behave, the girl will leap from the car and her mangled remains will be found on the roadside by an early morning farmer carting his carrots to market. Daughter of Dime Millionaire leaps from speeding car of son of rubber-heel magnate!"

"Jen! Nee! Fer!"

"Step on her, I said."

It was to her high, fast and incessant laughter that they tilted into Parmley on two wheels at the forty-mile clip.

Cosmopolitan EDUCATIONAL GUIDE

PROFESSIONAL—Continued from page 22

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At the last moment, and to the rushing of innumerable servants, the Edgertons had turned their dinner-dance out of doors. The suddenly limpid October, the imminence of moon, the belated perfume of last white honeysuckle had pressed their way into the ballroom, which was spread with fifty tables and elaborately laid out across one end with a complete bar, brass rail, polished counter, battalion of bottles and glasses and the faithful verisimilitude of a sprinkling of sawdust.

The milky light of one of those pale nights that never become quite dark poured down upon the blue-tiled terrace. Tables had been dragged out there. A hurried platform for musicians was being set up. Lanterns were run up in the groves and along the edges of the swimming-pool.

A formal party had suddenly gone violently informal. Tom Edgerton, already convivial, had conceived the idea, along with the change of party policy, of dragging out a vast iron pot on a crane to boil corn on the cob in the open. The bar was being set up in a pergola. When the first guests arrived, Leslie Edgerton, in a bouffant white gown with wired pannier and a tumbler in one hand, was still in the act of trying to convey to a gardener her idea of how a small red bulb should dangle from the pointed left ear of a marble faun.

It was true that every few moments her rather pretty heart-shaped face twitched as if her nervousness were a prankish jack-in-the-box. The small red electric bulb refused to dangle from the left ear of the marble faun. She grasped it from the servant and, leaping to a stone bench, began to adjust it herself.

She was in that position when Jennifer and Berry and a smattering of early guests appeared on the wide marble staircase. At sight of them, she swung herself by the neck of the faun, legs out on a rigid horizontal, and began kissing him against his chilly lips.

It started out as that kind of party.

The way, Jennifer had long since decided, to feel at ease at what she called these closed-corporation functions was to pretend to be as intimately a part of them as everyone else was, or pretended to be. A sense of not belonging assailed her and seemed to lock her tonsils and stiffen her heart on those occasions when she penetrated into the social fastness of these safely entrenched families.

The way to keep a stiff upper lip when you were ill at ease, and inwardly frightened, was to see to it that you were conspicuously Miss Rarick.

You listened, when the two on either side of you at dinner leaned across you to indulge in familiar discussion of an important social function to which you had mysteriously not been bidden, with a smile as bright as platinum drawn across your face.

You let them make up a party around you to go cruising in Florida waters on the yacht of the father of the boy who had just kissed the back of your neck, and laughed at some sally as if you were not stinging at the omission.

The lively Miss Rarick was loud in her laughter. That was part of the stiff upper lip. She was daring in her dress, but impeccably so, never erring beyond the bounds of chic. A good fellow up to a point, and that point, as she was fond of putting it, an exclamation point.

When Jennifer walked down the wide staircase of the Edgertons' famed blue terrace with Berry at her right and a one-armed chap named Roger Madison, descendant of a President, at her left, her heart was in her mouth, insolence in her smile, and a burning humiliation before Berry beating about in her.

Perhaps he had never realized she was not spoofing. He had, though! He had. He had. He had jumped like a sprung trap when she had come out with it. Perhaps he had thought her a little spifflicated. No, no, no, he wouldn't. They had not even stopped for cocktails before they drove off. There came that hateful Irene Annescey. How did one address her? Hello, Irene? Or just Miss Annescey?

Miss Annescey solved it. "Hello, Berry; haven't seen you since three A. M. Good party at the Ruhls', wasn't it? Hello, Roger. Say, you're driving with us over to Edgecombe from here for a sunrise cocktail. Howdo, Miss Rarick."

Confound them. Confound life.

With the exception of a center table which seated twelve, the flock of surrounding smaller ones were for six. Berry and Jennifer were at one which adjoined the larger one, presided over by Leslie.

Berry's absence from that center table was one of those elaborately casual maneuvers which usually fail of their purpose and become merely elaborately maneuvered.

"Berry's been banished," said a Miss Steen der Venter, who was a town legend because she continued to refuse to sell or build on fifty fabulously valuable feet of vacant lot on Fifth Avenue, but maintained it as a playground for her three poodles. "I scent a diplomatic move!"

"I'm making him eat at second table, Van Steen; his manners are too atrocious for first!" cried Leslie, whom Berry had once accused of overhearing any reference to him, no matter how large the crowd.

Almost immediately the occasion began to progress. The amusing feature of the bar kept a steady stream of young men skating across blue tiles, imperiling waiters and returning with assorted tumblers of assorted drinks.

A Miss Flavverdale, impoverished, but one of the right Flavverdales, began by insisting upon carting Berry off before the fowl course, with a napkin filled with dinner rolls to be crumbled into the goldfish pond.

"I want to stay with my field-mouse!" bawled Berry, and began to stroke Jennifer's ermine.

"Don't be an idiot, Berry," said the efficient Miss Flavverdale. "I'll buy you a five-and-ten-cent one."

"Was that a dirty dig?" said Jennifer to a beautiful boy beside her, whom she did not know, but who was in the first throes of getting drunk on champagne.

"A dirty dig," he repeated, rolling his luminous blue eyes. "A dirty dig." Apparently his conversation, at least at this stage, consisted in repeating the last three words of what was said to him.

"The beautiful next to you, Miss Rarick," sang out Leslie Edgerton on a sudden surge of geniality when she saw Berry hauled away, "is Jules Wiley-Barre. He's going to cut a tooth for us later in the evening!"

A Wiley-Barre! A thrill shot through Jennifer. Despise herself for the snobbery of it as she would, it was impossible not to bristle with awareness among names that were whole planetary systems in the social firmament.

This naughty-eyed, beautiful-eyed boy, whose knee had to be shoved away again and again as it approached hers, a Wiley-Barre! Here, gathered at these fifty tables, were the youngsters of the mighty ones of the land. Madison. Rhodes. Flavverdale. Wiley-Barre.

She leaned toward Wiley-Barre. "I thought you were Bobby Shafto who

went to sea with silver buckles on his knee."

The youth she thought was Bobby Shafto was asleep; his chin resting in fascinating precariousness in the shallow crystal basin of his empty glass.

Before the crash came that was to gash the Rossetti-looking Wiley-Barre chin with splintered glass, Berry was back.

"Glory, what a night!"

Its glamor was out over Jennifer. Its pollen fell in sheen across her flesh.

"It was on such a night as this——"

"——that I made the worst mistake of my life," said Berry.

"Leslie's been looking for you, Berry," said Irene Annescey.

"Finders—keepers," said Berry under his breath to Jennifer.

"Mean that?"

"If I ever meant anything, I mean it. Find me, Jennifer."

"You won't let me."

"Try me."

"Don't be darling to me, Berry, unless——"

Beneath the table his heavy palm clamped down on her knee. "How can I help it, when you are darling to me?"

"How do you mean that?"

"I'll tell you later."

"I'll not drive back with you alone unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I darn please," she said, and turned to talk to Wiley-Barre.

Tom Edgerton began to beat a tom-tom in an effort to drum up trade for his boiling pot of corn-on-cob.

Most of those who ventured never quite reached the boiling pot. The gardens lay embalmed in a night through which the moonlight poured like spring showers. Marble curve of benches gleamed in among hedges. Islands of shadow crawled back into the groves. The waterfall that fed the natural swimming-pool made silver-tipped commotion. The dinner broke into dancing. It was as dreamy as absinth to tango out there under the stars.

Six Hawaiian boys with shellacked hair sang to Argentine music. A jazz band alternated. A Spanish slit of a girl, with hips that she managed like a spaniel shaking off water, danced with Ramond Lopez. Her bold, sinuous beauty went through you in points of excitement. Slitted eyes of Ramond, braced for her whirling body to spin into the close insinuating haven of his arms . . .

"Oh. Berry, they're wonderful!" said Jennifer.

His body, through it all, as they stood in the thick fringe of onlookers, had been crushing against hers. It had been her dance with Berry.

"Come on, Jennifer, let's get out of here. I need a drink. I need eleven drinks." They backed off without much disturbance, moving hand in hand down the broad reflecting steps; moving slidingly toward the grove above the grotto of the swimming-pool.

Patches of moonlight covered the floor of the grove like lily-pads. Water, skedaddling down rocks to feed the pool, was the only sound . . .

"Life ought to be sweeter to us than it is, Berry. What's rotten with us?"

He stared, with his head in her lap, at a patch of pale sky.

"What say?"

"You're not listening."

"I can feel your voice. It makes darling little vibrations."

"I begged you not to get tight, Berry."

His eyes fluttered heavily and closed as he began fumbling on the moss for the frosted quart bottle and two glasses with which he had fortified himself.

"You can't get tight on champagne, my field-mouse. You get divine."

"You've stood me up frightfully, Berry. What if I were to go home and blow out that portion of my anatomy called brain, with a mother-of-pearl pistol?"

"I'd embalm you in a block of ice and keep you in a casket of rose quartz."

"You are as slippery as a glass eel."

"You don't know the half of it, my darling, or the half of the half of it!" he cried, and rolled over and dug his face into the soft fur moss of her gown. "Lord, I'm ten kinds of a fool."

"Sweet ten kinds."

"Rotten ten kinds."

"Tell me one of the kinds."

"Fee-fie-foe-fum. The kind that daren't like little white field-mice."

"That daren't?" she said, and lifted her head as if to listen. "Why?"

"Let me alone," he cried into her lap, "with your whys and your whys and your whys. Why are all you girls such why-hounds?"

"Sh-h-h. Berry's tight," she said, smoothing his hair.

"Just go on doing that—and talk."

"Why should I do all the talking and you all the evading?"

"Is this evading?" he said, and reached up to stroke her cheek.

"Berry, Berry, what is it we want?"

"I know what I want."

"I feel as if I belonged in one of those psychological novels they're writing now."

"The darling has read a book and everything."

"Where nothing happens except in the tortured brain of some tortured author's brain children. The cross-eyed school of literature that looks inward, and does nothing about it but look and look. Life isn't that way. Life moves. Life is motion. Time doesn't pass. We pass. Maybe I'm in a mess, but I don't intend to sit in it and stew."

"Stew in my arms, darling."

"I hate you when you're tight. Am I tight, Berry?"

"Not tight. Divine."

"Let's be good, Berry, and live so that after it's all over, it will have mattered whether we have lived or not."

"You're good, Jennifer. You're a good gal. That's what ails you."

"You're no good, Berry. That's what ails you."

"You're what ails me."

"Then for heaven's sake, Berry, play fair with me. Oh! Get up, Berry. They're throwing light on the pool. It may slip up here. How long have we been away? What will Leslie say?"

A cone of light swung through the grove. He dragged her swiftly back.

"Don't go, pussy."

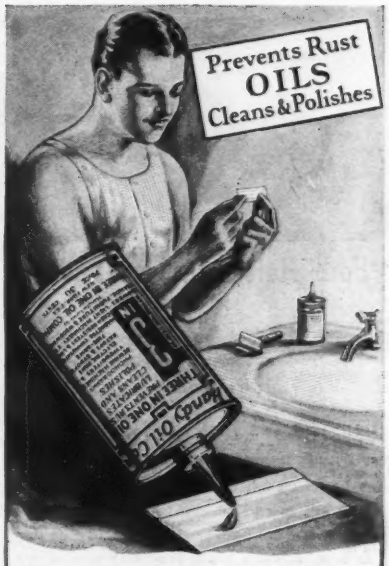
"Berry, we must."

"Don't go."

"Look, the crowd is coming down to bathe. There's Elsie Risdon in a bathing-suit. She never travels without it. And Ramond. He looks as if he is painted in gold-leaf. It's beautiful. It's terrible. Where on earth did Tom Edgerton get those striped trunks? Bacchus gone wrong. Grape leaves in his hair, or is it confetti?

"This is one of those swimming parties of the idle debauched rich that they read about out in Dubuque and turn Bolsheviki or try to imitate. Look, there comes—this is awful."

They crept to the edge of their ledge which looked down on the half-natural, half-contrived grotto. Slim silhouettes, all fays in the moonlight, sat on the coping and dangled bare legs into the moon-reflecting pool. A slope of hillside marched down to the pool, enclosing it like a crater. Figures were strewn over the hillside, helping one another down



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declivities in monkey-chains of twos and threes.

The Spanish dancer, clad in a mere dash of suit, the exact henna of her flesh, leaped down from crag to crag like a bit of lightning zigzagging off the edges of rock. The Falstaffian figure of the overstout young Philip Londo swaggered down. The Spanish dancer leapfrogged over him, took the tip of the diving-board and sliced downward like a thin blade.

Voices in the moonlight had the musical flow of water. From the ledge over which they peered, secure, arm in arm, their bodies flat to the soft moss, seeing, unseen, it was a scene off Veronese canvas set to music by Stravinsky and directed by the Buxom figure of Tom Edgerton, who went stamping among his guests in his striped trunks, dragging reluctant maidens to the water's edge and immersing them.

"Berry, there's Leslie! In the black suit. She must be looking for us! Why the dickens did we do this, Berry? It's this loony moonlight. We've been gone over an hour. Leslie shouldn't let herself get this tipsy. Thank goodness, she's going to dive. It will sober her. Berry, hadn't we better slide around to the house and get into bathing-suits and ooze quietly into the crowd? Oh, Berry, I hate to."

He raised his tousled and troubled-looking head. "Guess we'd better."

It made her wild that what she had said should have this power over him.

"Berry," she cried and caught his face in the cup of her hands and drew it to hers so closely that their eyes were single wheels, "Berry, darling—tell me the low-down—let me hear you deny the horrid rumor that you and Leslie—— Oh, no——"

Following a loud series of shouts through cupped hands which Tom Edgerton was directing at an electrician, the entire scene below suddenly slipped into the incredible beauty of a moon-silvered darkness, the cone of searchlight shooting upward like a great nosing tusk of ivory, drenching the hilltop forest in glare, drenching the figures of Jennifer and Berry, lying there so closely face to face on their bed of moss.

To the bathers beneath, it was as if the heavens had opened to reveal Berry and Jennifer, bathed in incalculable amperes of luminosity.

The figure on the tip edge of the diving-board was a figure transfigured.

"Leslie!" cried Henrietta Edgerton to her daughter. "Leslie, don't!"

The spring-board began to jiggle. It made a creaking noise. Then came the voice of Leslie, poised on the tip of the spring-board, her arm shooting out as her silhouette became a cross.

"There you are," screamed Leslie.

"Leslie!" shouted Henrietta Edgerton.

"There you are," Leslie called up to the glare on the hilltop. "Pretty ones! I'll tell the world. I'll tell the world."

"Leslie!"

"World, that's my husband up there. We were married yesterday. Never mind why. Keep this marriage a secret for him a few weeks so he can settle his affairs! The devil I will! What affairs? His five-and-ten-cent affairs. The devil I will!" screamed Leslie, and dived.

The love-affairs of Jennifer and Jenny, doomed to tragedy from the beginning, suddenly pale in the light of a greater tragedy in the life of the Raricks—in Fannie Hurst's June Instalment

A Prisoner in War *(Continued from page 57)*

thought, and she spread out the cards again to begin another game. But a moment later she felt a cold breath on the back of her neck. It was as though the window curtains had been blown apart by a sudden gust. When she turned round, not frightened yet, she saw that the curtains were apart a foot or so.

And then she became frightened, as even an old governess has a right to be in war time. For there were two hands grasping the edge of the window-frame and raising it very quietly and carefully, and beyond the hands there was the figure of a man vaguely revealed in the outer darkness by the dim light of the oil-lamp.

"Who is that?" asked Miss Jenkins sharply.

A voice answered in English, quietly: "It's all right. It's ab-so-lute-ly all right!"

She saw a leg—a muddy leg in khaki and puttees—come across the window-sill. Then the figure of a young man climbed through the window quickly. He swung round and shut the window and pulled the curtains across so that no gleam of light should be seen outside.

Then he turned and laughed quietly, humorously, as though pleased with himself, and she saw that he was a young British officer. He was muddy from head to foot, his tunic was torn, his hair—reddish hair—was tousled and his face wore a mask of whitish dust.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Jenkins, no longer frightened.

"Sorry to burst in upon you like this," said the young man. "I saw your name on the plate outside when I was sheltering in the doorway from a German policeman. *Mademoiselle Jenkins. Institutrice.* Then I heard you say, 'Drat the wretch.' 'English,' I thought, 'and here's my chance.' I hope I didn't put the wind up too much?"

Miss Jenkins had never heard that strange expression before, having lived on the wrong side of the line while English youth was inventing a new language of its own.

"I thought it was the wind that blew the curtains," she answered. For a moment she searched his face to know whether he might be one of those dear boys whom she had taught in the old days: Philip Arkwright, Julian Harcourt, Frank Lavington, Jacky Broadbent. No; none of those would have grown into this young man with reddish hair and a square-cut face.

What did it matter, after all? He was English, and one of that great army of youth for whose victory she prayed—for peace, anyhow, so that they might be saved.

"Oh, my dear young man!" she said, in a whisper. "Why have you come here? How did you get away from Them?"

In time of war everybody spoke of the enemy as "Them."

"Do not speak loudly," she added hurriedly. "There is one of Them upstairs, and another coming."

"Wow!" He looked alarmed for a moment. Then he laughed quietly and sagged as though suddenly tired.

"I did a bunk," he said. "Idiotic in a way, because I'm sure to be copped! But it looked so easy I took a chance on it. Couldn't resist the impulse, you know. There were a couple of hundred of us—East Surreys and all doggo—after being rounded up in the last little scrap and marched down from Menin. They got us down to the rail-head to entrain for

one of their prison camps. *Pas bon pour les soldats!*

"In the darkness I slipped behind a truck, crawled up the jolly old line, dodged half a dozen sentries, prowled like a cat into the back streets of Lille, got the wind up every time I heard a footstep, slept a bit in somebody's back yard—no sleep for three nights, you know—then woke like a frightened chicken because I heard someone speaking German, moved on a bit, hid in your doorway—and—well, here I am! Delighted to meet you, Miss Jenkins."

"Hush!" she whispered. "Those footsteps!"

It was a heavy tread coming down the street. A military policeman of the German army of occupation doing his night beat, to see that no civilians were scurrying through the darkness, after late visits to friends' houses against regulations.

The young officer listened intently, and Miss Jenkins held her breath . . . The footsteps passed.

"Thought he might be after me," said the boy smiling, after licking his dusty lips for a moment.

He came farther into the room, glancing round with a kind of amusement at the photographs of boys on the mantelpiece and a picture of an English farmstead on the wall above the writing-desk and the text of "God is Love."

"Feels like home," he remarked.

"An old English governess," she told him. "Always praying for you dear boys."

She caught hold of the strap across his shoulders and drew him towards her and kissed his dusty cheek.

"Oh, my dear!" she said, and suddenly her eyes were wet behind her pince-nez. "It's the first time I've had an English officer in my house. These four cruel years! All this death! Forgive an old woman's foolishness!"

He put one arm around her as the tears behind her glasses trickled down her worn cheeks.

"A dashed silly business—war!" he said. "I'm fed up with it. Still, it's worse for people like you. Rather a bore, eh?"

He held her tight and laid his cheek against hers, just like some of the small boys she had taught years ago, so that she had a sudden sense of happiness which she had not known since the war began. It was as though she were back again in Eaton Square with Julian Harcourt, who once told her that he loved her and would marry his "dear Jenky" when he grew old enough. He was seven years old then . . .

"Lord!" he said, after making her sit down at the table where the cards were laid out. "My lips are fairly cracked with thirst, and I'm as hungry as a man-eating tiger. Any chance of a drink of water and a hunk of bread before I hop off? Sorry to bother you, Miss Jenkins."

"Gracious alive!" said Miss Jenkins. "What a silly old wretch I am! I might have known that you were starving to death, poor dear!"

The saucepan was on the fire with some onion soup simmering for her supper. In the cupboard by the fireplace was a piece of war bread, and two little cakes which Agnès de Merville had brought round that afternoon. She took them out of the cupboard and put them on the table while the boy stood watching her hungrily. Then a terrible thought struck her.

"You mustn't have your supper here!" she gasped. "Captain Giesberg is coming back from the Kommandant's office. He always looks in to say good night and have a little chat."

"Friendly of him!" remarked the young officer, staring at the cakes.

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"Some of the Germans are kind to me," said Miss Jenkins, and then as though he might be shocked by those words, she explained that in war time one could be polite without being friendly.

"Same as in the trenches!" he remarked, and took a little stroll round the cakes on the table.

Certainly he must not have his supper downstairs, she insisted. Captain Giesberg might come in at any moment.

"If you don't mind coming up to my bedroom, dearie—but you must take your boots off and creep up like a mouse. Captain Schiffer is in the little room at the end of the landing."

"Just as you like," said the young officer politely. "Those cakes look very jolly. Extraordinarily alluring!"

He sat down to take off his boots, but he was so tired that his head drooped on his chest and he would have fallen asleep if he had not suddenly jerked up again.

"Sleepy as an ooloo," he explained.

Miss Jenkins went down on her knees, and though he tried to prevent her, she unlaced his muddy boots and helped him take them off.

"I'll go first," she whispered. "You carry the bread and cakes. Mind the eighth stair from the bottom. It creaks!"

He tied his boot-laces together and slung the boots round his neck before picking up the bread and cakes.

"Rather a lark!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "Do you think I might bite into one of those delectable pastries on the way up? Bad manners, I know, but war's war, alas!" He had half a cake in his mouth before he reached the eighth stair, which creaked so loudly that Miss Jenkins, carrying an oil-lamp, stood still and began to tremble.

She heard the boy behind her give a chuckle and she said, "Sh-sh!" quietly.

Captain Schiffer's door at the end of the landing was tight shut. There was a smell of tobacco which told her that he was smoking his pipe over one of the books which helped him to forget the war. She led the way into her own bedroom and shut the door stealthily.

"Here you are safe," she told him. "If you'll stay here quietly I'll go and fetch some soup."

"Frightfully kind of you, Miss Jenkins! Soup, eh? Lordy, Lordy!"

He sat on the edge of her bed with his boots still slung round his neck. He was getting interested in the hunk of war bread.

"I'll hop it as soon as I've had this little banquet," he explained with his mouth full. (How often she had told her boys not to speak with their mouths full!) "I don't want to get you into trouble, you know. Harboring an escaped prisoner! They might put you up against a white wall. Horrid thought!"

"You must stay here tonight," she whispered. "I couldn't let you go out again, and you so tired, poor boy!"

"Oh, Lord, yes!" he said. "With luck I might get back to the English lines. You never know your luck, do you? My word, this bread is the best I've eaten for a long time. Priceless!"

It was hunger that made it seem so good—that dreadful war bread.

Miss Jenkins put her finger to her lips. "I'll go and fetch the soup."

"And after that I'll hop it," he repeated. "With a million thanks and a sense of repletion. I'm awfully glad I met you, Miss Jenkins!"

He smiled at her over the hunk of bread as she opened the door and listened before going to fetch the soup.

He did not "hop it" that night. When she crept back again with the bowl of soup, she saw that he had fallen sideways on her bed with one arm hanging loose. He was fast asleep.

For a little while she stood watching him, with pity and tenderness.

How young he looked to be a British officer! Just a boy, like some of those she had taught in the old days. There was a smile about his lips as though he dreamed of pleasant things.

He did not stir when she stooped over him and kissed his tousled hair. Surely there was no harm in an old woman like herself kissing this boy who had gone to sleep on her bed!

It gave her a strange sense of joy to have him there. She had been so lonely—so exiled from England—so far from all those young men of her own country who had been fighting and dying during those four years of war. Now she had one of them all to herself. An old English governess with a boy to mother! God was kind to her.

She placed the bowl of soup on the dressing-table where he might see it when he woke. Then she turned down the lamp and crept downstairs again. In her sitting-room she lighted another lamp. She would be perfectly comfortable all night sitting up in the armchair, and she had quite forgotten that she had gone without supper.

It was only a few minutes after leaving the bedroom that she heard Captain Giesberg come in. He stopped for a moment outside her door, as if wondering if she were still up at so late an hour. Then he tapped, according to his habit.

"Come in!" she called.

He spoke in German, which she understood very well, having been governess to a family in Dresden when she was a young girl.

"Still awake, *gnädiges Fräulein?* I was kept late tonight. My chief was in a temper and would not let me go. This war knocks one's nerves to pieces."

He was a stout young man with a pale face and horn-rimmed glasses which gave him a student look, though he had been badly wounded before getting on the staff and doing office work.

"You must be tired," said Miss Jenkins politely. Sometimes she rebuked herself for not hating this young man and other German officers who had been billeted in her house. She was perhaps a little weak in the hating way and could not think of them all as *sales Boches*—like Agnès de Merville and other French girls.

Perhaps it was because she had been so happy in those old days at Dresden with a German family who had been kind to her. There was a young man there—a friend of the family—who had made love to her. She had kept his letters until the beginning of the war.

In any case it was difficult to hate young men who were courteous and obliging, because of her age, no doubt. Sometimes she prayed for wounded Germans as well as for her own poor boys, and hoped God would remember that she was a patriotic Englishwoman.

"One of the English prisoners escaped today in Lille," said Captain Giesberg, who gave her bits of news like that.

Miss Jenkins drew a sharp breath. "Haven't they caught him?" she asked.

"They are bound to do so," said Captain Giesberg, speaking in English now. "Then he will get some poor French family into trouble for hiding him. It's a serious crime in war time."

"There are so many serious crimes in war time," said Miss Jenkins dryly. "In Lille we are hardly allowed to breathe. *Alles verboten!*"

Captain Giesberg laughed. "Not quite

as bad as that." For a moment he lingered without saying anything, and then she saw that his face looked unusually grave. Then he said some mysterious words. "Perhaps Lille will breathe more freely before long. This war can't go on forever."

Miss Jenkins glanced over at the calendar on the mantelpiece—that calendar which had falsified all her prophecies.

"Why not?" she asked. "There are lots of boy babies to grow up and get killed."

She spoke sharply, with a kind of anger against his optimism that the war should ever end.

Captain Giesberg shook his head. "Things are going to happen—rather quickly," he said, and she heard him give a deep sigh. Then suddenly he seemed to smell something.

"There is a strange odor in your room tonight, *gnädiges Fräulein*. A queer, damp, dusty smell. It is like when your English prisoners pass down the street in their muddy uniforms from the trenches."

"I smell nothing," said Miss Jenkins quickly, but she looked old and white.

"It is my fancy, perhaps," he admitted. "Well, *gute Nacht, gnädiges Fräulein*."

He moved forward a step or two and stooped to kiss one of her wrinkled hands, as though she were his own mother, or some great lady, instead of an old English governess who prayed for the victory of England and France.

Then he left the room, closing the door quietly, and presently she heard his own door shut upstairs, and later his boots drop on the bare boards. She felt very anxious lest that noise should wake up the boy in her bedroom, causing him to move about and betray himself. But all was quiet for the next hour, and the hour after that, until she fell asleep in her armchair, with her spectacles on her nose and her chin on her chest, and the old oil-lamp burning wastefully throughout the night . . .

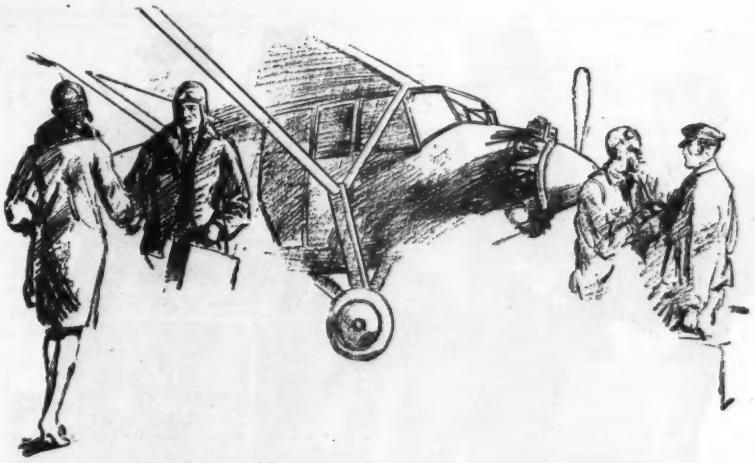
Lieutenant Richard Haviland, of the East Surreys, did not "hop it" next morning, as he had every intention of doing; nor next night, as he insisted rather urgently; nor the day after that; nor even the week after that. It was her fault, of course. Every day when he argued about it she would say, "Tomorrow, dearie! I can't bear to let you go, especially with that cold on your chest. Let's talk about it tomorrow."

She was like Scheherezade in the "Arabian Nights," always inventing some new story to postpone a cruel ending to this new comradeship. It was raining too hard . . . The moon had come up, so that he would be seen by the German sentries . . . Mademoiselle de Merville had brought a new cake made of real flour. It would be such a pity to go before eating it . . .

She pleaded with him to stay as Juliet might have pleaded with Romeo for one more minute of ecstasy—this wrinkled old woman who loved him as a type of all those English boys for whom she had prayed during four long years of war.

Really, he did not want to go, except to keep her out of trouble for harboring an escaped prisoner. That was what made him yield so easily. He knew that the chance of getting back to the English lines was less than one in a million.

He knew also that if he were captured in the streets of Lille he stood a fair chance of being shot as a spy. And "dear Jenky," as he called Miss Jenkins, was a charming old lady who made him feel as if he had come home for the holidays after some illness full of bad dreams.



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Cleveland to Chicago	once daily		$45
Detroit to Chicago	once daily		$30
Chicago to San Francisco, via Omaha, Salt Lake City, and Reno	to Omaha twice daily beyond Omaha once daily	Omaha	$47
		Salt Lake City	$146
		Reno	$191
		S. F.	$200
Chicago to Twin Cities	once daily		$35
Chicago to Cincinnati, via Indianapolis	once daily	Indianapolis	$17
		Cincinnati	$35
Chicago to St. Louis	once daily		$30
Chicago to Atlanta, via Evansville, Nashville, Chattanooga	once daily	Evansville	$36
		Nashville	$48
		Chattanooga	$55
		Atlanta	$65
Atlanta to New Orleans, via Birmingham and Mobile	once daily	Birmingham	$15
		Mobile	$35
		New Orleans	$50
Miami to Havana	once daily		$55
Los Angeles to San Francisco three routes	once daily each route		$50
			$60
			$80
Los Angeles to El Paso, via Phoenix, and Tucson	once daily	Phoenix	$32.50
		Tucson	$45.
		El Paso	$77.50
San Francisco to Portland	once daily		$68
San Francisco to Portland	once daily		$45
San Francisco to Seattle	once daily		$80
San Francisco to Seattle	once daily		$55

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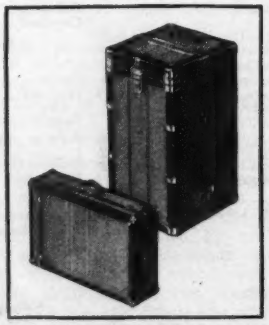

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For at least a week he was not bored at all. It was wonderful to sleep in a little white bed, after trenches and dug-outs—and for safety's sake Miss Jenkins insisted that he should use her bedroom while she slept—very comfortably, she assured him—in her armchair downstairs. It was amusing, for at least a week, to play snap and beggar-my-neighbor with her for hours at a stretch in the little sitting-room, when they had the house to themselves because Captains Giesberg and Schiffer had gone to their office in the Kommandantur.

Then there was a lot to talk about, or at least dear Jenky did a lot of talking, and it was entertaining, for at least a week, to hear the old lady talking about her life as a governess. She forgot sometimes that those small boys of hers who had found it so difficult to learn the chief rivers of Europe and the elements of Latin Grammar had grown up. She spoke of them still as though they were youngsters. There was one of them—Julian Harcourt—of whom she spoke most, and Lieutenant Richard Haviland startled her one day by a surprising suggestion.

"There's a general of that name. Rather a bird! Commands an army corps or something. I dare say he's the fellow you used to teach."

Miss Jenkins poohpoohed the idea. "Julian could never become a general. He couldn't even learn the fifth proposition of Euclid, poor boy! A most delightful young gentleman, but not exceptional in intelligence, I'm afraid."

"Then certainly he's a general," said this escaped prisoner of war, with a dark irony which was lost on the old lady. He spoke with the bitterness of first lieutenants against those high and remote powers who controlled their destiny in dirty places.

Boredom crept upon him after the first week. It was a dreadful strain not being able to smoke cigarets. And his limbs felt cramped for want of exercise.

"Hell's bells!" he said once. "I think I'll take a chance of getting back. Better get shot than die of boredom."

Those words were spoken aloud, but there was no one to hear them. Dear Jenky was downstairs in her sitting-room with one of her young ladies—Mademoiselle de Merville—to whom she was imparting the mysteries of English composition. During those lessons it was necessary for Richard Haviland to stay upstairs—getting more and more bored.

There was one incident which relieved boredom for a few minutes almost too well. Young Haviland was playing cards with Miss Jenkins one afternoon and frightening her now and then by becoming a little noisy.

"Snap!" he shouted, before grabbing a nice little pile of cards full of queens and jacks.

"My dear Dick," she whispered—she called him Dick now—"for mercy's sake, don't get so excited. Supposing a German policeman hears you!"

Dick didn't seem to care and laughed at her for being so nervous. Then he stopped laughing and listened intently. There was someone on the doorstep. There was someone putting a key into the lock. It was a man who gave a nervous little cough and he knew that it was Captain Schiffer's cough, because he had heard it upstairs when that German officer was going to bed.

Miss Jenkins heard it too, and Dick Haviland saw a look of terror in her eyes. She whispered to him. "You must hide. Quick!"

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There was only one place to hide in a small square room barely furnished, and it was not a very good place. That was behind one of the window curtains which did not reach the floor. He slipped away from the table and took cover there—only just in time.

Captain Schiffer tapped at the door and came in before Miss Jenkins had time to answer. He was a tall young man with close-cropped hair in the German style and spoke English with a guttural accent, but quite fluently.

"Excuse me, Miss Jenkins, but I thought I heard you cry out when I stood outside. You are quite well, I hope?"

Dear Jenky was standing with her back turned to the window, so he did not notice how her skin had gone gray with fright. Her wrinkled hands plucked at her skirt, which she spread out so that it might hide Dick's boots, which were terribly visible below the curtain.

"I have a little cough," she said calmly, although her heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. "One of those hacking coughs which catch an old woman like me now and then."

"It is strange," remarked Captain Schiffer; "I thought I heard you cry out some word like 'snack' or 'snap' quite loudly and almost fiercely, like a man!"

"It was perhaps the word 'drat,'" said Miss Jenkins. "It is a little swear-word permitted to old ladies when they get annoyed."

Captain Schiffer laughed good-naturedly. "Forgive me for intruding. I came home to fetch some papers which I left upstairs this morning. *Auf Wiedersehen, gnädiges Fräulein.*"

Miss Jenkins would not let Dick Haviland come from behind the curtain—though he poked his head out and grinned at her—until Captain Schiffer had gone upstairs to fetch the papers, and then had departed quickly and banged the front door behind him. After that she sank back in her chair, overcome by this tense episode, and—much to the amusement of Dick Haviland—conscience-stricken by her behavior.

"I used to beg my dear boys never to tell a lie—to hate lying worse than death. And yet the lies came to my lips as fast as I could think of them. May God forgive a sinful old woman who only wanted to save a young life."

"If I know anything about God," said Dick Haviland brightly, "He'll be very much bucked by such a brave old lady. You played up wonderfully, dear Jenky! That bit about 'drat' was a giddy inspiration."

"War is terrible!" exclaimed Miss Jenkins. "It is made by the Father of Lies, who is Satan. None of us can escape that evil spirit."

Well, that episode was a relief from boredom, but it lasted only a few minutes. And it was in the middle of his second week with Miss Jenkins that Dick Haviland became so enormously bored with his imprisonment that he did something indiscreet and found a wonderful cure for boredom.

It was on an afternoon when dear Jenky, as he called her, was busy with one of her pupils and when he was stuck up in the bedroom with the Old Testament as his only choice of light literature. He read the soul-cry of Job and felt very gloomy about it.

He also felt an inward ache in the region of the belt which did not tend to make him more cheerful. He had quarreled at luncheon that day with Miss Jenkins because she had given him more than a fair share of her meager supply of food.

She had cheated him flagrantly on the subject of potatoes until he had

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caught her out and threatened to leave the house instantly and deliver himself up to the nearest German if she tried to starve herself for his sake. All the same he had not had enough to eat, in spite of that French girl's gifts of cakes which helped things out a bit.

It appeared she was getting suspicious of dear Jenky's sudden and enormous appetite. She marveled that her last batch of cakes had disappeared so rapidly, and accused Miss Jenkins of giving them to her detestable Germans upstairs.

"Hell's bells!" said Dick Haviland.

He thrust the fingers of both hands through his hair, gazed ferociously at a text on the wall above dear Jenky's bed, stared at the polished boards, and then —as though a sudden and illuminating idea had come to him—laughed quietly and went downstairs to the sitting-room.

He opened the door stealthily and heard dear Jenky explaining the difficulties of avoiding a split infinitive, whatever that might be.

Opposite Miss Jenkins, with her elbows on the table and a little pointed chin resting on her clasped hands, was a girl who seemed almost miraculously beautiful to Mr. Richard Haviland, who had not seen any girl for a long time. Her face was pale and her hair black, and she had long dark eyelashes which hid luminous eyes capable of the most remarkable expression—as Dick Haviland was aware when suddenly she raised her head and looked at him as he stood there in the doorway.

"As I was saying, my dear——" said Miss Jenkins.

She was aware, perhaps, of her pupil's inattention, for suddenly she turned her head around and gave a cry of dismay. The boy had promised her faithfully not to show himself to any of her pupils, who might get into severe trouble with the German authorities if they were incriminated by any knowledge of this escaped prisoner.

"Sorry, Miss Jenkins!" said Dick Haviland, advancing into the room and looking like a small boy who had stolen the sugar. "But I simply couldn't resist the temptation of coming down. I'm dreadfully weak in English grammar. It would be an awfully good idea if I might join in your lesson, don't you think?"

The French girl had jumped up from her chair. For a moment she had looked frightened, as though this young man might be a German, but Dick's English speech reassured her, leaving her not frightened but amazed.

"Who is this gentleman?" she asked Miss Jenkins in English.

"My dear," said Miss Jenkins in a whisper, "I rely on your secrecy. This young man has escaped from Them. He has been here ten days. It is a great joy to me—though I'm dreadfully anxious."

"Ah!" exclaimed the French girl, and her dark eyes lighted up with a mirthful smile. "That is why my little cakes disappeared so rapidly. I was becoming frightened of your appetite, *chère mademoiselle!*" She looked shyly at Dick.

"They're frightfully good cakes," he assured her.

"Shall we not be introduced?" she asked demurely.

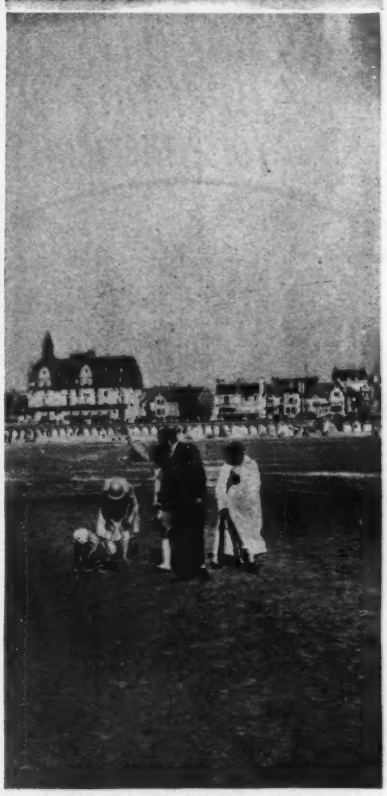
Miss Jenkins introduced them. "Lieutenant Richard Haviland—one of our English heroes; Mademoiselle Agnès de Merville, my most devoted pupil."

"Felicitations on your escape," said Mademoiselle de Merville.

Then suddenly she turned round and embraced Miss Jenkins excitedly.

"But you are wonderful, Miss Jenkins! And so wicked not to tell me before! And it must be so charming to have an

France



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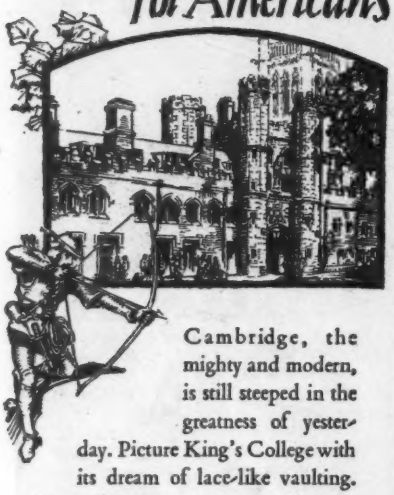

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English officer in the house! But how do you hide him from those dreadful Germans? Oh, it is all like a melodrama—a novel by Alexandre Dumas. I will make cakes all day long."

The lesson on English grammar did not progress at all that afternoon. They were mere absurdities on other afternoons when Dick Haviland pretended to be vastly interested in the niceties of English composition and made jokes across the table with Agnès de Merville.

Dear Jenky pretended to be cross with him, but it was a poor pretense. It gladdened her old heart to see youth at her table, smiling into each other's eyes. She invented excuses to leave them alone—a handkerchief to fetch from upstairs; the glasses she had forgotten.

And one day, coming down again after one of these little subterfuges, she was flustered, but not angry, to find that boy Dick standing close to Agnès de Merville. The girl was holding on to his cross-belt, and her pale face flushed a lovely color when Miss Jenkins came in after rattling the door-handle.

She noticed that the boy was not bored any more, and made no further suggestions about "hopping off." But he began to take dreadful risks which frightened her terribly. Every night now, after dark, he went out in a suit of dark clothes which Mademoiselle de Merville had obtained somehow from one of her friends—the pre-war clothes of a brother who had been killed.

He poohpoohed the idea of danger and vowed that he looked exactly like a Frenchman of Lille, although no Frenchman she knew had red hair like that. Besides, there was no young man of his age left in Lille. All those who had not escaped from the Germans in time, or were not fighting, had been bundled off into concentration camps.

Any German policeman who noticed his youth would stop him and demand his card of identity, and then he would be arrested and tried as a spy. It was worse than if he had worn his uniform. For an English officer to be caught in Lille in civilian clothes would mean only one thing at a German court martial.

Miss Jenkins implored him not to be so rash, but he protested that he would die without a little fresh air and explained that he always kept to the dark streets, with a watchful eye for any German.

He pretended that he was anxious for information about the military situation. He believed that the Germans had the wind up about something. They were moving their guns, and lots of troops were marching after dark.

But she knew that he went out to meet Agnès de Merville in some dark doorway where he could hold her in his arms. There was something in his eyes which told her that when he came back each night after being away an hour or so. He had the look of a young man who had been on a visit to Paradise, though it was Lille in war time.

"It's queer," he said one evening, after coming back like that, "but it seems to me that the guns sound louder. Agnès thinks so too. I wonder——"

They sounded louder then, and the windows rattled heavily. Then one night the worst of all happened, as it was really bound to happen.

He had come back with that look of Paradise in his eyes, and had just sat down, when there was a heavy clump at the front door.

"Who is that?" asked Miss Jenkins in a low voice, with a look of terror.

For the first time she saw that he was frightened.

"I had an idea I was being followed," he whispered. "One of the German police, a big brute of a fellow who flashed his bull's-eye at me in a doorway. I did a bunk."

Again there was a knock at the door.

"Slip upstairs," said Miss Jenkins in a whisper. "I shall have to open the door."

He hesitated for a moment, as though doubtful whether he ought to leave her to deal with the situation, and then put his arm about her and said, "Dear old Jenky! Thanks for everything," and went quickly out of the room.

She waited until he had had time to get upstairs, though now the knocking was thunderous.

In the passage outside she staggered a step or two. Then she remembered that she was an English governess. She had been with the best families. Her boys had always been brave.

She opened the door and spoke in German. "Who is there? I am an old lady and rather deaf."

A big German stood on the doorstep. By his uniform she knew that he belonged to the military police.

"You have a young man here," he said sternly. "I wish to see his identity card."

"You are mistaken," answered Miss Jenkins in a rather shrill voice. "Two of your officers are billeted here. There is no stranger in my house." Even while she spoke, she prayed God to forgive her.

"You lie," said the German. "I saw him come in here. He was running from me. I must search the house."

"I forbid you to come in!" cried Miss Jenkins. "Captain Schiffer and Captain Giesberg live here. I shall protest to the Kommandant."

"You have a civilian here," said the German. "I know my duty, old woman."

She stood barring his way, a frail, thin old lady who had no strength to resist him when he put a big hand on her chest and pushed her back. He had unstrapped his automatic and strode into the sitting-room, glaring round tigerishly. He flung the window curtains aside and looked under the table.

"I will have you punished!" cried Miss Jenkins angrily. "This is an outrage. It is unpardonable. Captain Giesberg is a friend of the Kommandant."

"Das geht wohl!" he answered gruffly, and the stairs creaked as he marched up them, regardless of her.

She followed him, clinging to the banisters, with one hand pressing against her left side where her heart thumped. If he went into her bedroom all would be lost . . . He went into her bedroom, and she stood in the doorway, unable to move a step farther because of an awful thing there. Dick Haviland was in hiding somewhere, perhaps behind the window curtains. But on the bed lay his tunic and breeches. He had left them lying about, with his usual carelessness. The German policeman stared at them.

"So!" he said, with a deep gasp. *"So! Mein Gott! Ein englischer Offizier!"*

As he swung round from the bed, his eyes glared with a kind of fury, and his automatic shook in his big paw.

He was just a second too late . . . Miss Jenkins, standing there in the doorway, frozen with fear, saw the window curtains open as though rent by shell-fire, and Richard Haviland spring at the throat of the big German like a young leopard.

They fell together with a crash, rolled over and over on the bare boards. She could hear the German grunting, gurgling, choking, and the sharp breath of the boy. She could not see their faces but only a flurry of legs and boots and arms and straining bodies.

A helmet rolled over into the fireplace. The bed, her little white bed, came crashing across the floor and smashed into the wall, shaking down the text that hung there.

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"For mercy's sake!" cried Miss Jenkins.

A sudden weakness overcame her so that she faltered forward with her hands outstretched and nearly fell.

It was when that struggle on the floor seemed to have ceased.

The German lay quiet, except for a grunting noise in his throat. Dick Haviland was on top of him, clutching that massive throat. The boy turned his head towards Miss Jenkins. His face was white, but there was a kind of smiling glitter in his eyes.

"Sorry, Jenky dear!" he gasped. "Do you mind—handing me that gun? Carefully!"

On the bare boards, just beyond his reach, was the automatic which the big German had dropped in his writhings.

Miss Jenkins went towards it, and stopped and stretched out her hand to it, shutting her eyes as she did so. She felt its cold steel against her fingers. It was the first time she had helped to kill a man. She was sorry that he would have to be killed. War was like that. One life or another.

She was holding that thing in her hand when someone in the room spoke sharply.

"What is this about? Miss Jenkins! *Gnädiges Fräulein!*" It was Captain Giesberg who stood there with his eyes staring wildly through his glasses.

She was speechless and could not answer him. She swayed a little, and she was glad when he put his arm about her to save her from falling, and took that thing from her hand.

It was Dick Haviland who answered.

He stood up from the body of the German, who tried to rise but fell back.

"That's all right," he said. "I surrender. Blast it!" Then he gave a queer husky kind of laugh. "Darn funny! But not fair on Miss Jenkins. Sorry."

Captain Giesberg gazed at him mildly. "I shall be glad if you will consider yourself my prisoner," he said politely. "Afterwards it would be good to explain a little."

But before that explanation was made, first aid had to be given to Miss Jenkins and then Captain Giesberg spoke sternly in German to the policeman, who had struggled up and stood at attention before his officer. His big neck was still red and swollen where Dick Haviland had clutched it. Not long afterwards he left the house, sullenly, like a tiger that had been robbed of its prey.

It was then that Richard Haviland told the story of his escape to a German officer who listened with amazement because he had stayed so long in the same house.

For a moment or two after this story Captain Giesberg was silent. They were downstairs in the sitting-room, having left Miss Jenkins upstairs on her bed. It would have been easy, perhaps, for a lieutenant of the East Surreys to kill this German staff officer who did not look strong or warlike, but he had given his parole as a prisoner and (as he said afterwards) he hated the idea of making a mess in dear Jenky's sitting-room after that brawl in her bedroom!

Captain Giesberg spoke solemnly.

"It is my duty, sir, as a German officer, to conduct you to the Kommandantur."

"I hate to go," said Dick Haviland with an attempt at humor. "Quite like home here! Still, I understand."

"Nevertheless," said Captain Giesberg, in his slow, mild way, "there are perhaps moments when duty must be interpreted by common sense. Tonight it is possible that English prisoners might be an encumbrance to our Headquarters' Staff, in this town. If you will be kind enough to consider my words in strict confidence, it may interest you to know that the

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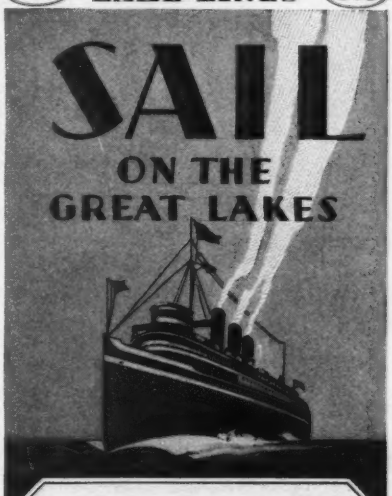

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German army of occupation is moving away from Lille—in accordance with orders from the German High Command—and strictly according to plan. It is perhaps the beginning of the last phase."

His voice broke a little. In that German soul there was the coming shadow of defeat, an agony of broken pride, and yet perhaps a sense of thankfulness that this war would end at last.

"Strike me pink!" cried Dick Haviland.

So the Germans were clearing out! They had got the wind up. The unbelievable was going to happen!

"I am packing up," said Captain Giesberg. "Perhaps you will excuse me, sir. My friend Captain Schiffer will be coming back soon. I advise you to stay quietly in this room."

He stood stiffly for a moment and clicked heels.

The people of Lille could hardly believe that the Germans had left. They did not quite believe until the first British soldiers came across the bridges which had been blown up by German gun-fire.

Then they went a little mad. The streets were thronged with seething crowds of men and women hysterical with joy for this deliverance. They waved English flags which they had hidden in their cellars four years before.

They sang, and shouted, and wept, and laughed. They surged wildly about English officers and men—the first to come across the broken bridges—tearing off their buttons as sacred relics, kissing their grimy hands and dusty faces, almost killing them with gratitude and enthusiasm and joyfulness.

In those crowds was Miss Jenkins. She had put on her best bonnet, but it had fallen a little askew in this wild turmoil of the streets and gave her a rakish look. She carried a union jack which she waved every time she caught a glimpse of British khaki, and she was singing, "A long, long way to Tipperary," with the tears streaming down her face, for joy that death was retreating from the armies of youth.

For some time Dick Haviland guarded her from the pressure of the crowd, while his other arm was clasped by Mademoiselle de Merville, whose eyes shone like stars in her pale face. Then he lost the old lady in this maelstrom. She was held up by some of the citizens of Lille who were struggling to get near an English general with one of his staff officers.

The English general, who was a handsome man with a brown mustache and smiling eyes, was making a speech in bad French. He was saying something about being enchanted to enter with British troops into a city which had suffered so much during four years of war.

"Je suis enchanté——"

Then suddenly he caught sight of an old lady with her bonnet askew, waving a union jack.

His French suddenly failed him. He faltered and stared with a look of incredulity. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "No, impossible! It's Jenky! Good Lord! Dear Jenky!"

Brigadier-General Julian Harcourt, regardless of ridicule, forgetting his dignity, remembering a nursery in Eaton Square, put his arms round the old lady with the flag and hugged her tight.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted a thousand voices. *"Vivent les Anglais!* A long, long way to Tipperary! *Allons, enfants de la patrie!"*

There was a pandemonium of joy in the streets around the Bourse. In Lille that day it was good to be an Englishman and to wear a coat of khaki.

I know, because I happened to be there.